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THE NEW YORKER

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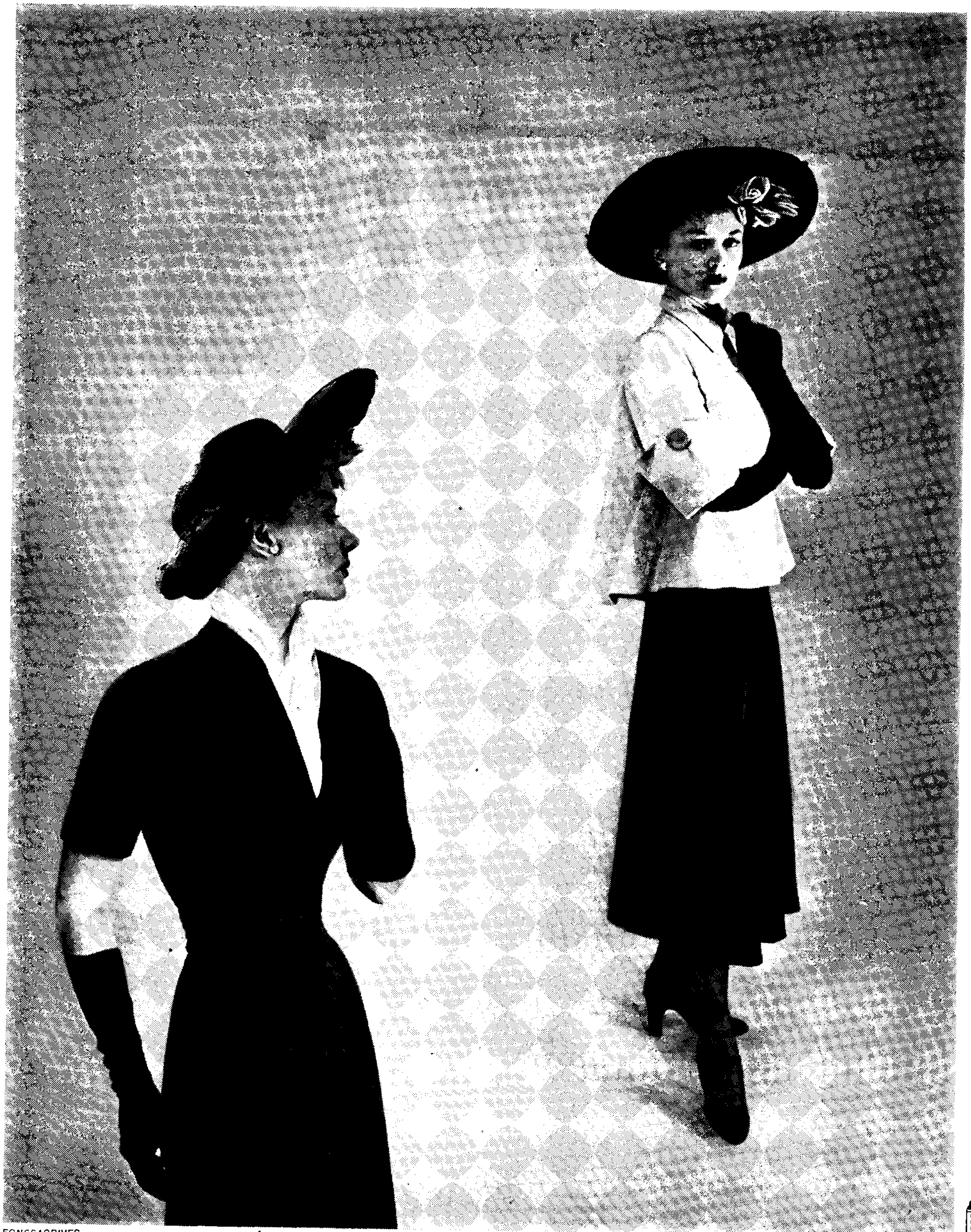

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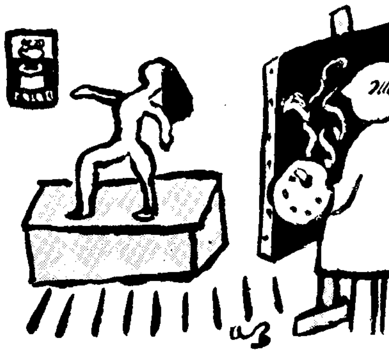
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Command Decision—Even though this play about a heroic officer and the bitter choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, it is a sound, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cup of Trembling—Elisabeth Bergner is very talented and appealing in this otherwise exasperating account of how a dipsomaniac got the way she is. Millard Mitchell, Anthony Ross, John Carradine, and Arlene Francis are among those who try to straighten her out. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

For Love or Money—Young June Lockhart's really exemplary performance is all the important news about this comedy. John Loder and Vicki Cummings assist her with the silly plot. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Habimah—The Palestinian repertory company, presenting a series of plays in Hebrew. The schedule for this week and next is as follows: "David's Crown," Thursday, May 13. . . . ¶ "The Golem," Saturday through Thursday, May 15-20. . . . ¶ "Oedipus Rex," starting Saturday, May 22. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Wednesday, May 19, and Fridays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, May 20.)

The Heiress—Ruth and Augustus Goetz, aided by Jed Harris's resourceful direction, have turned the Henry James novel concerning the brutal jilting of a plain girl into an absorbing play. Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the capable cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy to the World—Lively staging is not quite enough to save this rather untidy mixture of Hollywood humor and political argument. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt are very decorative in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Man and Superman—Mr. Shaw's 1903 essay on women and marriage has been accorded a splendid production by Maurice Evans, who also stars in it, but it still shows its age. Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Molly—The Goldberg family of radio fame comes to something that is well short of life but intermittently amusing. With Gertrude Berg, who wrote it, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Medea—Judith Anderson giving what may easily be a historic performance in Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the tragedy. She is respectfully abetted by Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 15.)

Mister Roberts—One of the best books about the war made into one of the most rewarding stage comedies in several seasons. Henry Fonda, David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan lead an excellent cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York City Theatre Company—"The Alchemist," a fast and, naturally, rowdy version of Ben Jonson's play, will be presented through Sunday, May 16. The company's next offering, which opens on Thursday, May 20, will be four of Eugene O'Neill's one-act plays, "The Moon of the Caribbees," "In the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," and "The Long Voyage Home," performed under the collective title "S. S. Glencairn." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Play's the Thing—A fine cast, including Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, and Faye Emerson, in a very nice revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Riviera. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Meg Mundy gives an extremely touching performance in Jean-Paul Sartre's generally effective melodrama dealing with the race problem. "The Happy Journey," by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Strange Bedfellows—A comedy about some early suffragists that has its funny moments but also, unfortunately, a great many foolish ones. With Joan Tetzel and John Archer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' tremendously compelling and eloquent drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter head the superb cast. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize and Drama Critics Circle Award. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** Josephine Hull, that rabbit, and, now, Jack Buchanan. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Hope's the Thing—A group of three short plays, "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," "Home Life of a Buffalo," and "Gone Tomorrow," written by Richard Harrity and produced by Eddie Dowling, with a cast headed by Mr. Dowling, Will Geer, E. G. Marshall, Ray Dooley, and Dan Reed. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—An elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made a pretty soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are below standard. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Six of the nineteen numbers in this revue contain the Hartmans, and these are all wonderful. The other sketches, which include Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton, are fairly routine, but perhaps it doesn't matter. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' preposterous Mack Sennett ballet are the high points here, but it is all quite good sport. With Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hold It!—A musical comedy with Red Buttons, Johnny Downs, and nothing whatever to recommend it. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Inside U.S.A.—Beatrice Lillie, back in a revue that might be funnier but could hardly be handsomer. She is assisted by Jack Haley and a great dancer called Valerie Bettis. Arthur Schwartz is the producer and Howard Dietz wrote the lyrics. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—The ballet is the butt of most of the jokes in this comedy, and Nancy Walker delivers them hilariously. Jerome Robbins has arranged a couple of nice dances, though by no means his best; Hugh Martin is responsible for the songs; and in the cast are Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and (through Saturday, May 15) Alice Pearce. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI

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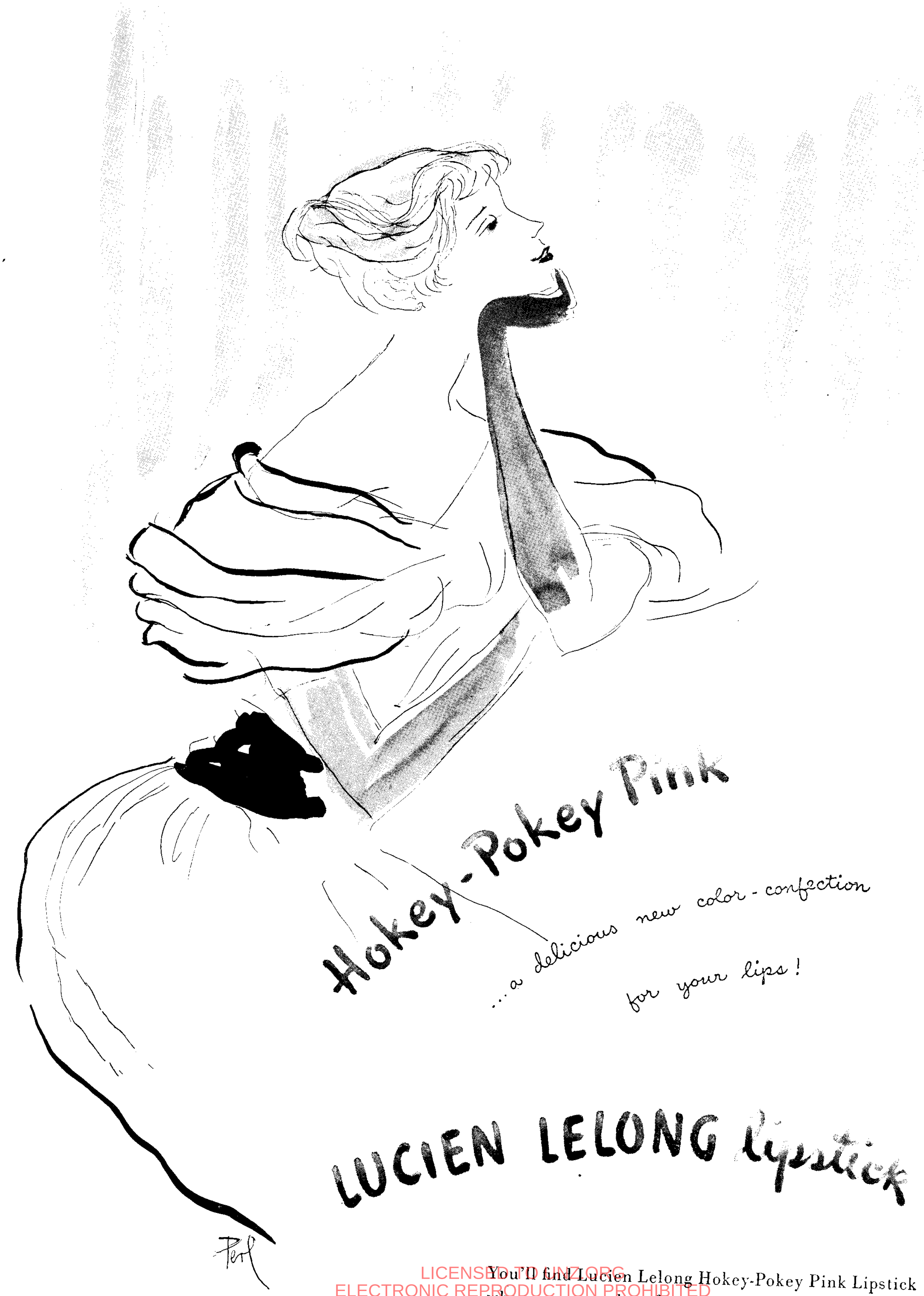
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Make Mine Manhattan—This revue offers at least two superlatively funny numbers and some others that are funny enough. David Burns and Sid Caesar are the leading comics. Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book, and Richard Lewine turned out the songs. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sally—A revival notable chiefly for Willie Howard's comedy and an abundance of Jerome Kern songs from several sources, including the original "Sally" score. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **brigadoon:** Melodic Scottish whimsey. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **finian's rainbow:** A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oklahoma!:** Grandpa himself. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(Since there are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, it's a good idea to investigate further before going to the theatre.)

The Vigil—A play by Ladislas Fodor, with Henry Wilcoxon, Maria Palmer, and Ian MacDonald, produced by Alexander Markey. Opens Friday, May 21. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Society of American Magicians—Two evenings of abracadabra. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Saturday evenings, May 15 and 22, at 8:30.)

The Lambs Gambol—The Lambs' first public shenanigans since 1941. (Waldorf-Astoria. Friday evening, May 14, at 8. For tickets, call BR 9-8020.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every night, unless otherwise indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—It's way downstairs on Park Avenue, just above the New York Central tracks, but it's cool and airy just the same. Jules Lande's orchestra. No music on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The Bowman Room has Carlos Molina's rumba band and Harold Nagel's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose in an inexplicable mood; i.e., violin music and pretty girls dressed, literally, to the teeth. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

Le Directoire, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers on the dead run in the briskest song-and-dance act since the Palace really was the Palace. Other points of interest: Ted Straeter's piano and orchestra, Gao's rumba band, and a stage that has its ups and downs.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Many a Yale football game has been won on the playing fields of this ornate establishment. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—If you think the décor is just an Arabian Nights dream, pinch it and you'll see that it's real, all right. Cocktail-time piano

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(except Mondays), by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and José Curbelo's rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The minutes pass into hours almost imperceptibly within the boundaries of this feudal domain. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—An unpretentious show in the Cotillion Room, which also has Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Florence Desmond and her inimitable imitations, supported (in a manner to which any comedienne would like to become accustomed) by Stuart Ross at the piano. Mark Monte's and Florian ZaBach's orchestras for dancing. Closes for the season on Saturday, May 15. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a sumptuous arrangement of colorfully upholstered waiters, banquettes, and musicians, is the place for those who are fond of sparkling wines and dancing. Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mondays, and may shut down for the season on Sunday, May 16.

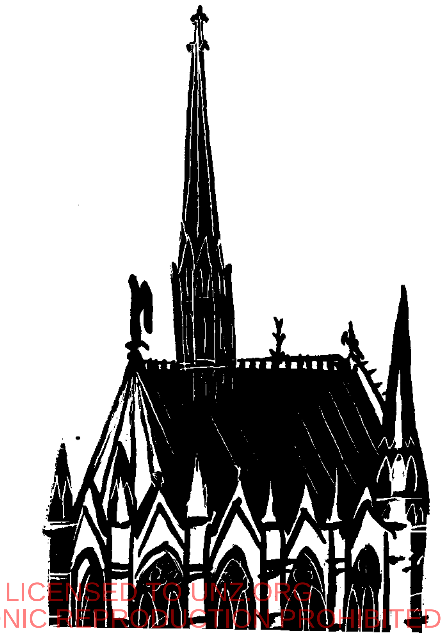
Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's string orchestra turns out circumspect dinner music in the lavish Oval Room; no dancing.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A *fête champêtre* of the most elegant order, with nary a red ant to disturb your picnic basket. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, rustling up rococo music in the plushy Café Lounge; also, a small and not especially memorable show. Tea dancing every afternoon. No show Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Innocent youth trying to act like grownups, and grownups often acting like children. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. Tea dancing Sunday afternoons.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Carl Brisson concludes his own annual series of Pop Concerts on Tuesday, May 18. The following evening, Suzy Solidor, a recent arrival from Paris, France, will take over. Dance music, after nine, by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.



Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof reopens on Thursday, May 13; opening night is a benefit for the George Junior Republic. Donald Richards sings and a dance team explodes now and then. Emil Coleman's orchestra and, at supper, Mischa Borr's band. No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Glossy piano playing by Les Crosley; on Sundays, John Kelly does the honors. . . . **coq rouge**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio perform for dancing (after eight-thirty) and Beverly Paterno sings in this amiable standby. Closed Sundays. . . . **dorset bar**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): Ralph Strange's piano (after eight-thirty, except Sundays) in this handsome stage set. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano after nine-thirty in this ancient grotto. Closed Sundays. . . . **barberry room**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox's piano music (except Sundays), for people who hate to get out of those overstuffed chairs after dinner. . . . **penthouse**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Maxine Sullivan, that chipper hummingbird, offering a largely new repertoire in this tiny treetop after ten-thirty every night except Sundays. George Kreisler also weighs in, with some musings on human frailty. . . . **little club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A cozy throwback to the twenties, with Faconi urbanely fiddling at dinner and the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **little casino**, 243 Sullivan St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, operating a personally conducted tour through a lively segment of prewar Paris night life. Garland Wilson, Norene Tate, and Mae Barnes all help to make it a success. Closed Mondays. . . . **perroquet**, Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): After dinner is over, Hugh Shannon plays piano (every night except Mondays) right in the middle of the dining room and sings some of his the-world-is-well-lost songs. . . . **café trouville**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A comfortable oasis, with Mary McNally at cocktail time and Harry Taylor after nine, both stroking a baby grand. Closed Sundays. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): A calm little glade, with Roger Stearns at the piano all evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Andalusian hubbub in a jovial cellarette; dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **one fifth avenue**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Hope Emerson, telling us that life's just a snare and a delusion, and Tony Craig, balancing her with a few sentimentalities. No show Sundays. . . . **encore**, 9 E. 48th St. (EL 5-8226): The mainspring is Mervyn Nelson, who is very funny when he doesn't get too unwound. Pierre Cartier, the Deep River Boys, and the Cedric Wallace Trio are also in attendance. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, working within a highly rewarding Broadway frame of reference, plus (after the theatre) the songs of Lisa Kirk. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **club ebony**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (PL 7-5314): Life after dark in the Damon Runyon vein, of interest principally to sociologists and admirers of Billie Holiday's quite wonderful way with a sad song.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

blue angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Phil Gordon, one of the gayest troubadours who ever sat down at a piano, plus Robert Lamouret and his prop duck, and June Richmond and her lively songs. Nan Wynn, a torch singer from the Coast, will also start operating this weekend. The Ellis Larkin Trio and Harold Cook provide a well-educated background. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Some bright humor by Jay Marshall and Louise Howard; blues by Melrose Colbert;

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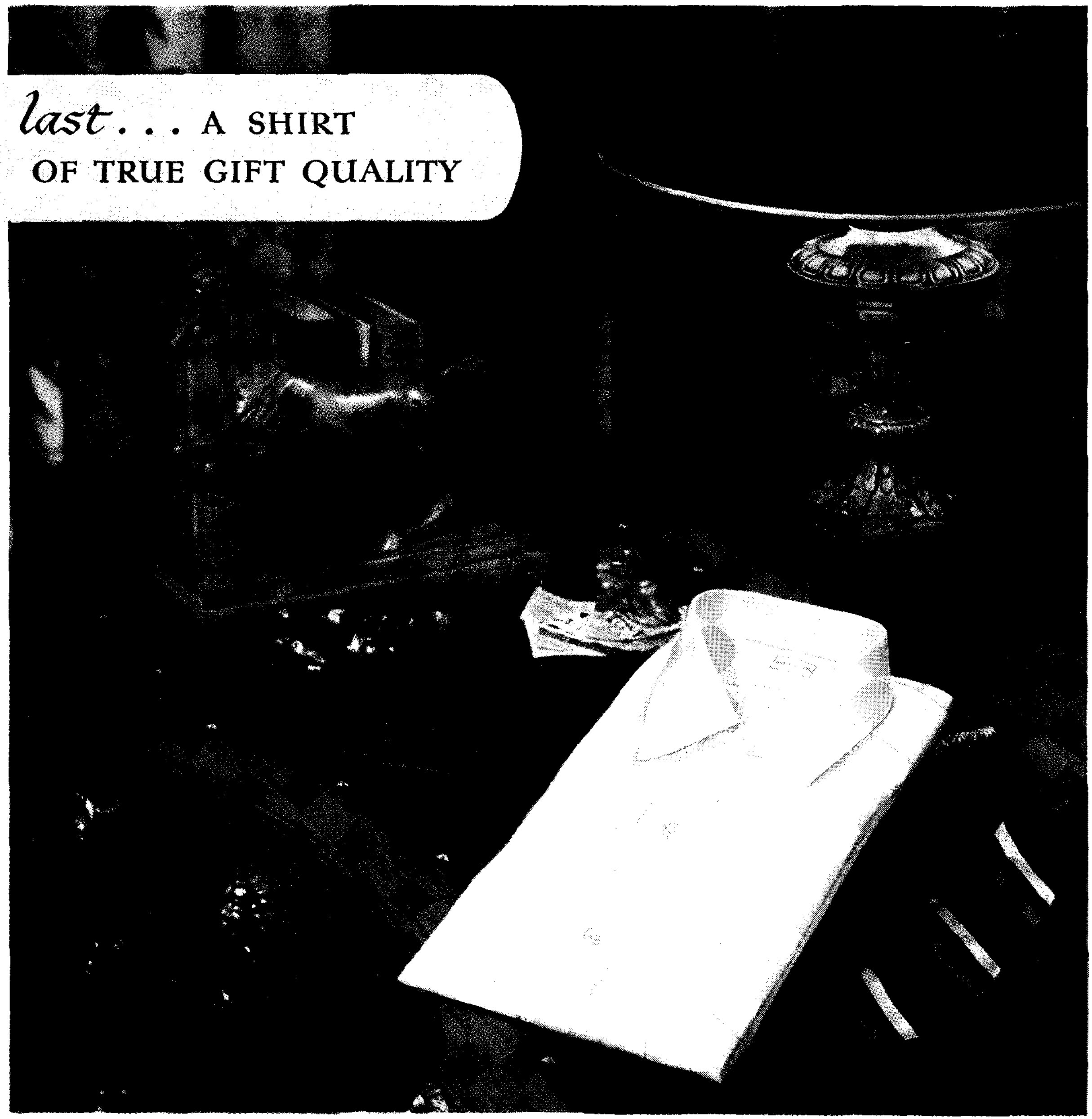
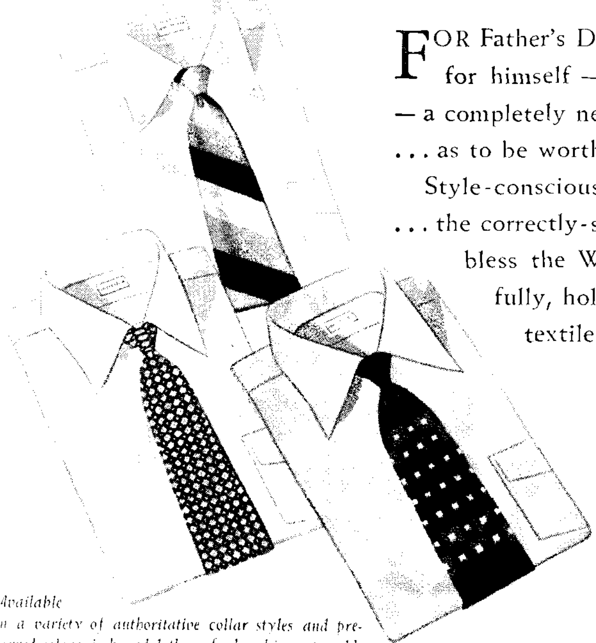


PAUL D'OME



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and dance music by the Ram Ramirez Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Julius Monk at his old stand, supervising the pleasant antics of Patricia Bright, Muriel Gaines, the Normann Paris Trio, and Delora Bueno, a highly ornamental new Brazilian nightingale. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A boisterous show involving Timmie Rogers, Gene Rodgers, Ed Hall's masterly dance band, and Cliff Jackson's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual setting for Spivy's down-to-earth words to the wise. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8630): Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, by night a pillar of fire, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. In between, the unique Joe Sullivan at the piano. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of eminent visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Bob Haggard, and Ernie Caceres, all merrily rattling the windowpanes. A jam session on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-0600): Art Hodes, still wreathed in his Mephistophelian smile, presiding over his accomplished trio. There's a jam session every Monday night. Dancing. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Custom-made fancy work by Art Tatum on the piano. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): This big Spanish wine cellar is enlivened by the muted but turbulent rhythms of Wilbur de Paris's dance band, which includes Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. No music on Mondays. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-7835): Harry the Hipster Gibson, sparring cleverly and humorously with his piano.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Woody Herman's orchestra will be replaced on Tuesday, May 18, by Boyd Raeburn's band. Monday nights, when there is dancing only until nine, a fill-in band does the honors. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Ted Steele's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays and only after eight-thirty on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. . . . **NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): An ice show and Ray Eberle's orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Larry Clinton's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO—A rather rambling retrospective, from 1909 to the present, of works by this important abstract sculptor. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through May 22.)

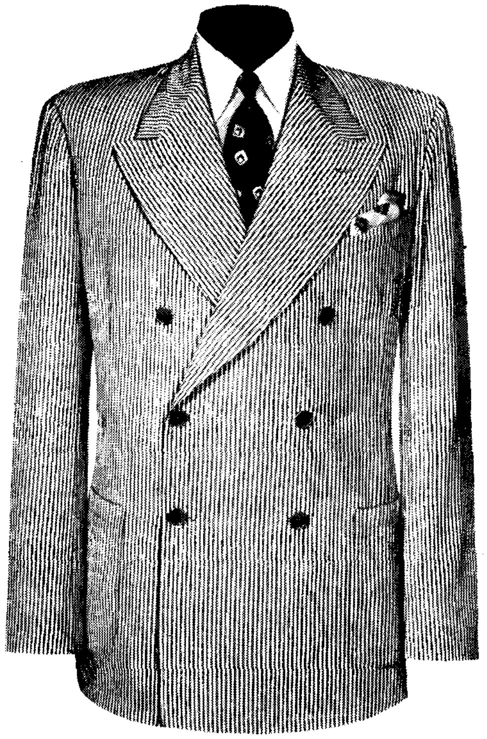
EUGENE BERMAN—Some new paintings by one of the leaders of the Neo-Romantic school, mainly Mexican in theme and more powerful and less mannered than his previous ones. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through May 22.)

DRAWINGS—Outstanding work by Peter Blume, Kurt Seligmann, Stephen Greene, and other moderns. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through May 28.)

JAN GELB—Mild mysticism exemplified in a show of paintings, drawings, and prints. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through May 19.)

PAUL KLEE—Forty paintings, most of them recently brought to this country, by this master of delicate simplification. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 22.)

JOHN LAFARGE—A loan exhibition of works by the nineteenth-century romantic painter, many of them the product of a trip he made,



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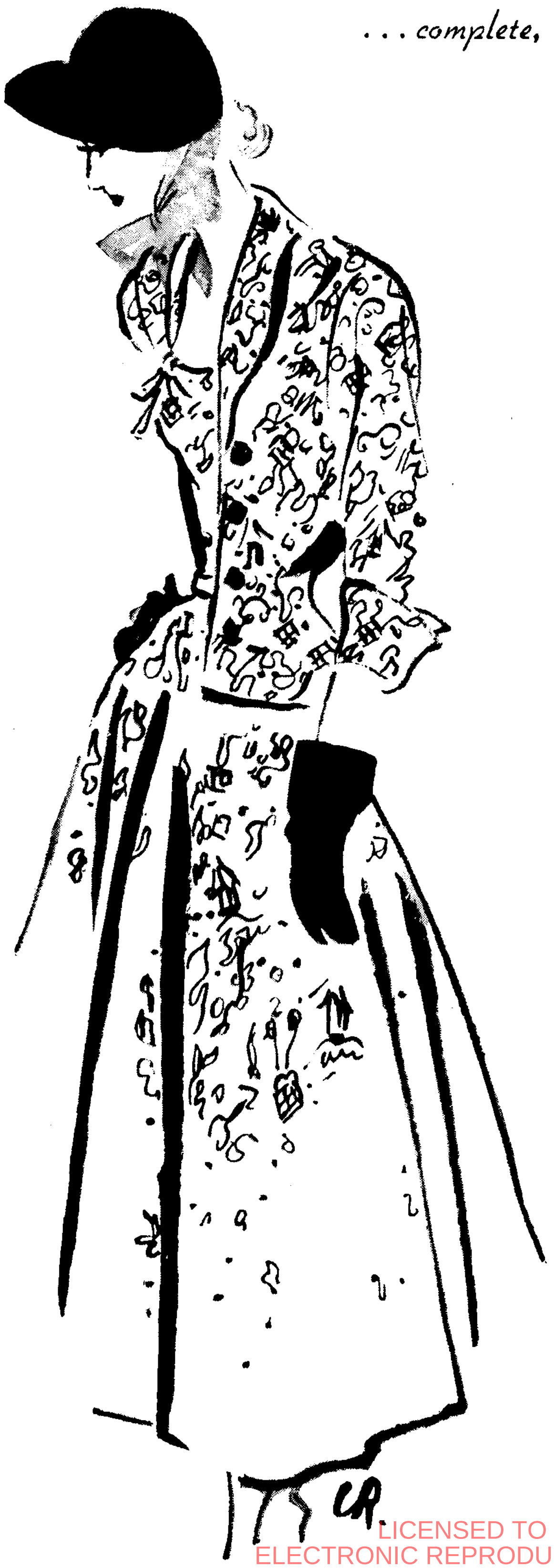


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

late in his career, to the South Seas. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through May 15.)

Wifredo Lam—The Cuban abstractionist, in a new set of savagely oracular paintings. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through May 15.)

Jacqueline Lamba—Abstractions, done in sharply segmented patterns, sometimes a little awkward in their arrangement. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through May 15.)

Le Corbusier—Paintings, very purist in style, done mostly in the nineteen-twenties, when he was still using the name of Jeanneret. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through May 22.)

Jack Levine—First one-man show in nine years of paintings by a man who has made quite a name for himself as a social satirist. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through May 28.)

René Magritte—Oils, drawings, and gouaches by one of the leading European Surrealists, whose clarity and wit soon ought to make him better-known than he is in this country. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through May 29.)

Modern French—At the **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Utrillo, Bombois, Vlaminck, and other contemporary painters; through May 28. . . . **CULTURAL DIVISION OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY**, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.: Recent prints by Matisse, Picasso, Braque, and others; through May 22.

National Association of Women Artists—The annual exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.)

Frederick Papsdorf—The Detroit primitive, in his first exhibition here in some years, shows paintings that are almost Dutch in their neatness. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through May 22.)

Pablo Picasso—Fifteen paintings, all dating from the war years and all just arrived in this country. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through May 29.)

Anne Poor—New paintings, showing this young artist's progress toward a fresh and perceptive style. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through May 15.)

Prints—Etchings and lithographs by modern French artists, including Matisse, Rouault, and Vlaminck. (Binet, 65 E. 57th St.; through May 25.)

Phil Reisman—Lively paintings of city scenes, which come off best when they aren't too cluttered. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through May 15.)

Sculpture—The first outdoor show to be put on by the Sculptors Guild since 1942. Among the exhibitors are José de Creeft, Lu Duble, Hugo Robus, and William Zorach. (18 Washington Square N. Daily, 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30.)

Rudolph Weisenborn—Well integrated if somewhat harsh abstractions. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through May 29.)

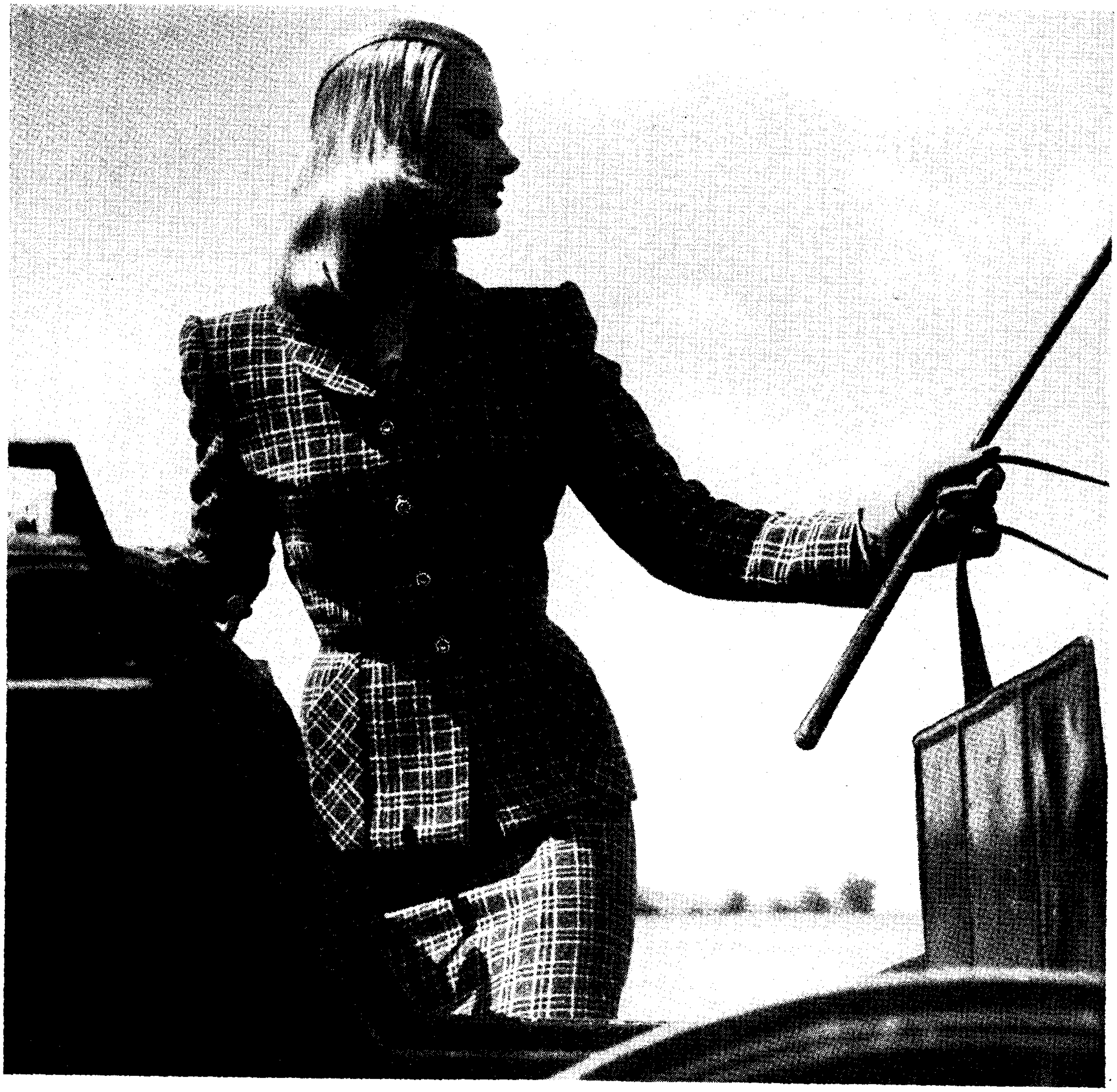
Some of this Week's Openings—At the **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Emlen Etting; through May 29. . . . **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57th St.: Robert Motherwell; through May 29. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Ben-Zion; through June 5. . . . **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Maxwell Gordon; through May 29. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Sonia Sekula; through May 28. . . . **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th St.: Earl Kerkam; through May 28. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57th St.: Sibley Smith; through June 5. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **SALPETER**, 128 E. 56th St.; through May 29. **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.; through May 29. **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57th St.; through June 25. **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8th St.; through June 12.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's second annual show of prints. (Tuesdays, 1:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and drawings by Ben-Zion; also, miniatures, caricatures, and illustrations by Arthur Szyk. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through July 31.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—



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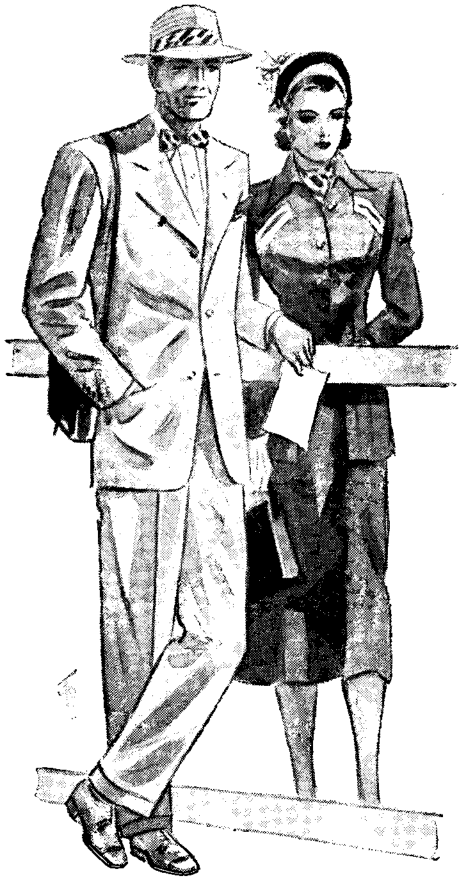

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A hundred and fifty of the paintings from Berlin museums that were found by the Third Army in the salt mines at Merkers, Germany; a benefit for the relief of German children in the U.S. Zone. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 9 P.M. Starting Monday, May 17; through June 12.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of Pierre Bonnard's paintings; through July 25. . . . ¶ A show by eighty contemporary photographers; through July 11. . . . ¶ Art work by children of eight countries, including Jewish children who were in concentration camps; through May 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Kandinsky, Hilla Rebay, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

CARNEGIE HALL POP CONCERTS—Thursday, May 13: Viennese music, with Elaine Malbin, soprano, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, May 14: Italian music, with Rosalie Maresca, soprano; Guido Bussinelli, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 15: Mozart and Mendelssohn, with Adelaide Bishop, soprano, and Maurice Wilk, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 16: Robert Russell Bennett conducting a program of music by Vincent Youmans, Cole Porter, and Jerome Kern. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 18: Palestinian music, with Sidor Belarsky, bass, and the Temple Emanu-El Choir. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 19: A George Gershwin evening, with Mario Braggiotti, piano, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 20: A program of Spanish dances. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21: Duke Ellington, Bill Robinson, and Fats Waller's music. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22: A program of Victor Herbert, Rudolf Friml, and Sigmund Romberg, conducted by Anton Coppola. (Nightly at 8:30.)

DOCTORS ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Ignace Strasfogel conducting. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday evening, May 13, at 8:30.)

COLUMBIA MUSIC FESTIVAL—Thursday evening, May 13, at 8:30: A program of organ and choral music by Carl Weinrich and the Princeton University Chapel Choir. (St. Paul's Chapel, Amsterdam Ave. at 117th St.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 14, at 8:30: Chamber music by the Juilliard String Quartet, with Beveridge Webster and Leonid Hambro, pianists. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 15, at 8:30: Folk music, with Pete Seeger, Brownie Maghee, and others. (McMillin Theatre.) . . . ¶ Sunday afternoon, May 16, at 2:45: C.B.S. Symphony, Dean Dixon conducting, with Paul Doktor, viola. (McMillin Theatre.) For tickets to any of these concerts, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.

SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE CHORUS AND DANCE GROUP—Directed by Norman Lloyd and Bessie Schoenberg, respectively. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Thursday evening, May 13, at 8:30.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Robert Shaw directing. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Sunday evening, May 16, at 8:40.)

ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Cosimo di Pietto directing. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, May 20, at 8:30.)

UKRAINIAN FOLK CHORUS—George Kirichenko directing. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, May 22, at 8:30.)

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certs. (Palladium Ballroom, Broadway at 53rd St. Saturday afternoon, May 15, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Boston, Friday, May 14, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, May 15-16, at 2 P.M.... ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Tuesday and Thursday, May 18 and 20, at 2 P.M., and Wednesday, May 19, at 8:30 P.M.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 2 P.M.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, May 13, at 2:30 P.M.... ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday, May 14, at 2:30 P.M.; Saturday, May 15 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.; and Sunday, May 16, at 2 P.M. ... **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday, May 18, at 8:30 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, May 19-20, at 2:30 P.M.... ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 2:30 P.M.

CREW—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Regatta. (Charles River, Cambridge, Mass. Saturday, May 15.) ... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta. (Lake Cayuga, Ithaca, N.Y. Saturday, May 22.)

DOG SHOWS—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City, L.I. Saturday, May 15.) ... ¶ Long Island Kennel Club. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I. Sunday, May 16.) ... ¶ Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. Saturday, May 22.)

HORSE SHOWS—New York Military Academy. (Cornwall, N.Y. Friday through Sunday, May 14-16.) ... ¶ Newburgh Saddle and Bridle Club. (Newburgh, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, May 22-23.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 15.)

RACING—At **JAMAICA:** Daily at 1:30 P.M.; through Saturday, May 15. The Gallant Fox Handicap, May 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.) ... **PIMLICO:** Daily at 2:15 P.M.; through Saturday, May 15. The Preakness, May 15.... **BELMONT PARK:** Weekdays at 1:30 P.M.; starting Monday, May 17. The Toboggan Handicap, May 17; the Swift Stakes, May 19; the Metropolitan Handicap, May 22. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track at the times given above.)

TRACK—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Outdoor Track and Field Meet. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Saturday, May 22, at 12 noon.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M., starting Friday, May 21. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club championship races on Long Island Sound. (Larchmont, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, May 22-23, at 2 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATRE—Presenting "The Rose and the Ring." (Cosmopolitan Club, 129 E. 65th St. Thursday and Friday, May 13-14, at 2:45 and 5 P.M., and Saturday, May 15, at 2:45 P.M. For tickets, call BU 8-6877.)

MOVIES—Films of interest to small fry are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—A special session of the General Assembly, to discuss the Palestine question, is now in progress at Flushing Meadow. Four or five hundred seats for each plenary meeting are available to the public. For tickets, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go.... ¶ Meetings of the Security Council, the Trusteeship Council, and General Assembly committees occur from time to time at Lake Success. For information, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126.

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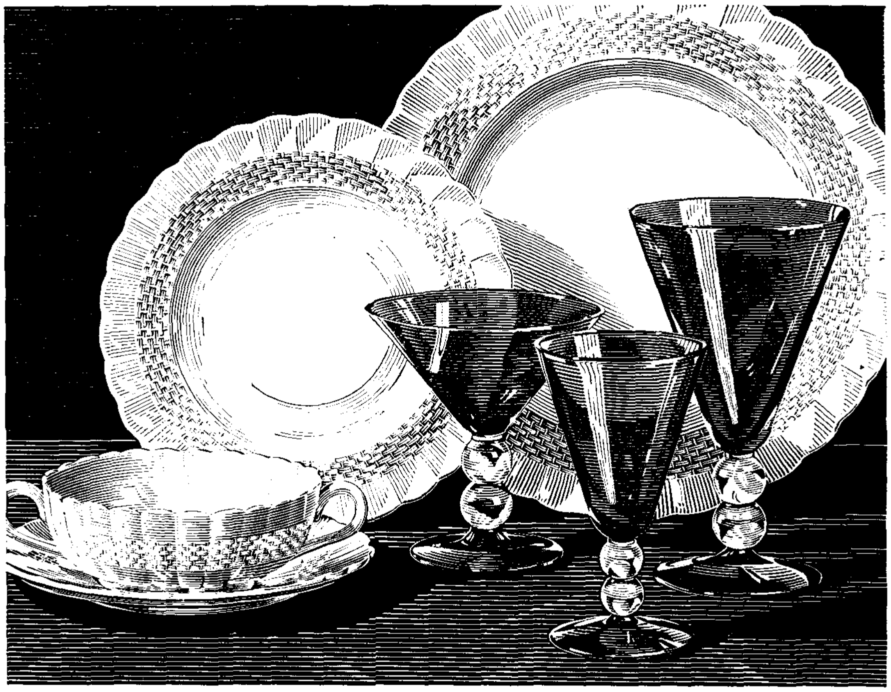

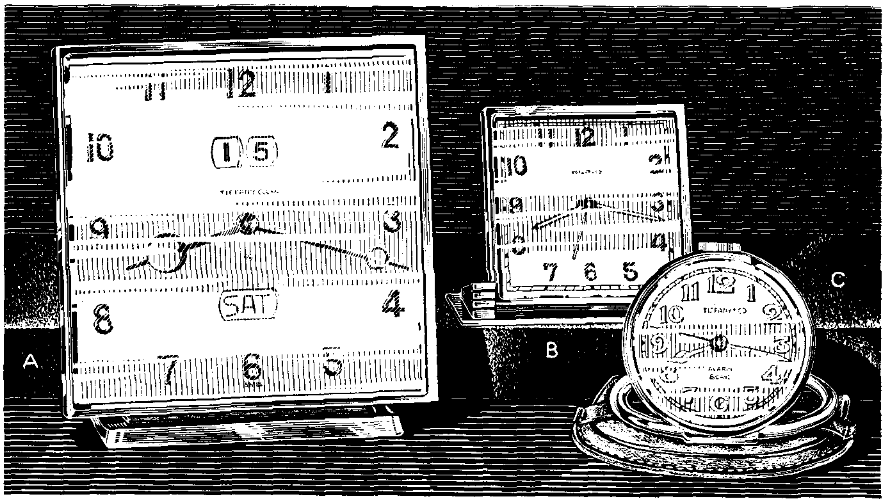

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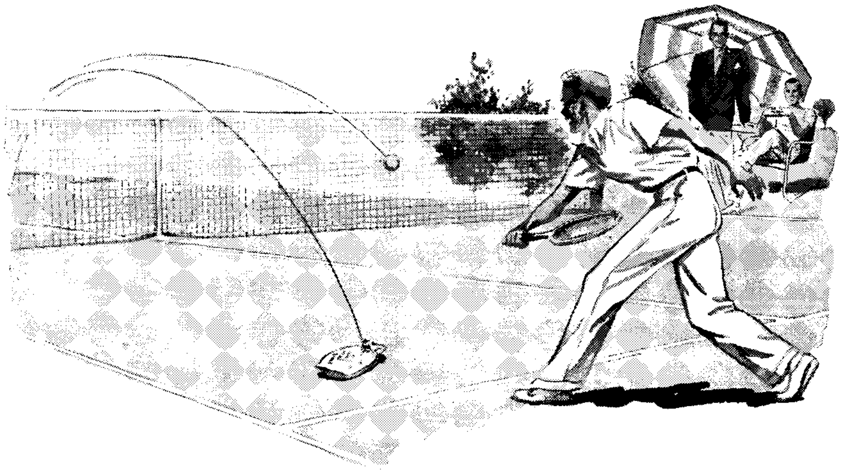

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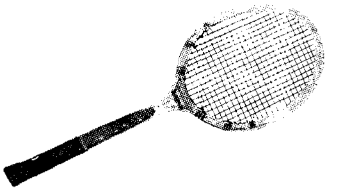

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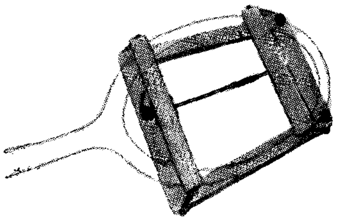

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

York. (New-York Historical Society, Central Park W. at 76th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

SCENES OF BROADWAY—Prints, drawings, paintings, and photographs of life along Broadway, from its cowpath days to the present. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

FLOWER SALE—The annual display of blooms on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral, sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association. Also on hand, taking spiritual nourishment from the occasion and singing a few songs, will be the members of the Department of Sanitation Glee Club, in whose professional lives there are, Lord knows, mighty few flowers. (Tuesday, May 18, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.)

FLOWER SHOW—Tulips, iris, and other seasonal blooms. (Horticultural Society, 598 Madison Ave., at 57th St., 16th floor. Wednesday, May 19, from 2:30 to 4:30 P.M.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Men and Stars." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Oriental objects of art, collected by Alexander G. Mosle and others. (Auction, Thursday, May 13, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ American eighteenth-century furniture, collected by the late George M. Curtis. (Exhibition, Thursday, May 13, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, May 14-15, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ First editions, French illustrated books, and autograph letters, from the collections of the late Frank W. Crowninshield, the late Mrs. Henry I. Riker, and others. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, May 13-15, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday and Tuesday, May 17-18, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Segonzac, Rouault, Monet, George Grosz, and Matisse, owned by the late Frank W. Crowninshield and the late Harris Whittemore. (Exhibition, Saturday, May 15, and Monday through Wednesday, May 17-19, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday and Thursday, May 19-20, at 8 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Milton Katims conducting, Saturday, May 15, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Dean Dixon conducting, Sunday, May 16, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Pop Concert of Gershwin music, Wednesday, May 19, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ The Juilliard String Quartet, Friday, May 21, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Seymour Lipkin, piano, winner of the Rachmaninoff Fund Award, Monday, May 17, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Racing: The Gallant Fox Handicap, at Jamaica, Saturday, May 15, at 4 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ The Preakness, at Pimlico, Saturday, May 15, at 5 P.M., WCBS.

DRAMA—"Daisy Mayme," with Ethel Merman and Dean Jagger, presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, May 16, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION—Newsreel, daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, May 16, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Baseball: All home games of the Dodgers are shown on WCBS, of the Yankees on WABD, and of the Giants on WNBT. . . . ¶ Golf: Celebrities Tournament, in Washington, Sunday, May 16, at 11:30 A.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Racing: The Preakness, at Pimlico, Saturday, May 15, at 5:15 P.M., and the Toboggan Handicap, at Belmont, Mon-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Big Clock—The murder of a publisher's mistress provides some diverting running about in this adaptation of the Kenneth Fearing novel. Ray Milland and Charles Laughton are appropriately active in the proceedings. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, BR 9-8738; through May 18.)

The Brothers—An English picture dealing with a lively group of illicit-whiskey distillers in Scotland who have a great deal in common with our own Hatfields and McCoys. Among those present and well accounted for are Patricia Roc, Will Fyffe, Duncan Macrae, and Finlay Currie. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Call Northside 777—How a reporter gets a scrubwoman's son out of the penitentiary, into which he has been unjustly flung. The pseudo-documentary film is quite leisurely, but there are spurts of solid melodrama. With Richard Conte, James Stewart, Lee J. Cobb, and Betty Garde. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; May 13.... ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 15.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 16.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; May 14-17.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 17-19.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting May 17.... ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting May 19.)

Dear Murderer—An English account of marital laxity spiked with sudden death. Greta Gynt, Eric Portman, and Jack Warner give excellent performances. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50th, CI 5-4878.)

The Fugitive—A screen version of Graham Greene's novel "The Labyrinthine Ways," directed by John Ford, that contains more sound than substance. As a priest harried by an anti-clerical government in Latin America, Henry Fonda is something less than persuasive, and the rest of the cast aren't much better. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; May 14-16.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attack on anti-Semitism that frequently offers homilies instead of drama but is, nevertheless, a short step in the right direction. Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire are in the cast. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting May 19.)

Marius—The first part of the famous Pagnol-Korda trilogy about life in Marseille. The late Raimu furnishes most of the entertainment. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas have a fine time in this film about the housing difficulties, urban and rural, of people in and around Manhattan. Funny stuff, based on the book by Eric Hodgins. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Not Guilty—In the role of a doctor regarded by most people as somewhat less bright than the average, Michel Simon has quite a time in this movie trying to prove that he is smart enough to have committed three perfect murders, as, indeed, he has. A nice bit of lethal trivia, done in French. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-0583.)

Paisan—An arresting Italian piece that considers, in six episodes, some of the results of the invasion of Italy. Directed with vast skill by Roberto Rossellini, who created "Open City." The cast is made up mostly of amateurs, and the dialogue is in English, Italian, and German. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Search—A glimpse of the awful effects of war upon the lives of the children of Europe. As a small, stricken Czechoslovakian boy, Ivan Jandl, a nine-year-old refugee from Prague, is utterly convincing, and the professionals who surround him—Aline MacMahon, Montgomery Clift, and Jarmila Novotna—are first-rate, too. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966.)

Sitting Pretty—Some of the more peculiar aspects of baby-sitting, with Clifton Webb, as a gelid but comic guardian of a brood of rowdy little ones, and Richard Haydn, as a neighborhood nuisance. (Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through May 17.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; through May 18.)

State of the Union—Spencer Tracy, as a political candidate, and Katharine Hepburn, as his large-hearted wife, manage to breathe enough life into this movie version of the Lindsay-Crouse play to make it very amusing. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—Errol Flynn as the outlaw. With Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and Technicolor. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; through May 14.... ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; through May 18.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly nonsense cooked up by Noel Coward. An English picture, with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; May 14-16.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting May 18.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family. Michèle Morgan and Raimu, with an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 15.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 16.)

It Happened at the Inn (1945)—Adventures of a bunch of crotchety French individualists who run a rural café. In French. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; May 16-19.)

Love on the Dole (1945)—The troubles of the unemployed in an English mill town. George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. A British film. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; May 16-19.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; through May 18.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers involved in the musical world. (Gotham, B'way at 47th, CI 5-9516; starting May 15.)

Tawny Pipit (1947)—An English piece that deals with bird watchers. With Bernard Miles. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting May 18.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies on the following schedule. Through May 16: "Le Million" (1931), with Annabella, directed by René Clair.... ¶ Starting May 17: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), with Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

● ● ●

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th (CI 6-4642)
MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Homecoming," Clark Gable, Lana Turner.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Through May 14: "Casbah," Yvonne De Carlo, Tony Martin, Peter Lorre.
From May 15 (tentative): "Big City," Margaret O'Brien, George Murphy.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
Through May 14: "Whispering City," Helmut Dantine, Paul Lukas.
From May 15: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
STATE OF THE UNION.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through May 18: **THE BIG CLOCK.**
From May 19: "The Sainted Sisters," Veronica Lake, Joan Caulfield, Barry Fitzgerald

Through May 17: "Letter from an Unknown Woman," Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan.
From May 18: "Another Part of the Forest," Fredric March, Dan Duryea, Florence Eldridge.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Iron Curtain," Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
May 13: "Unconquered," revival, Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard; and "Who Killed 'Doc' Robbin?," Virginia Grey.
From May 14: "The Fuller Brush Man," Red Skelton, Janet Blair.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Woman in White," Eleanor Parker, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
THE SEARCH.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Winter Meeting," Bette Davis.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
DEAR MURDERER.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Art, 36 E. 8th (GR 3-7014)
From May 17: "Meet Me at Dawn," William Eythe, Hazel Court.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Jenny Lamour" (in French), Louis Jouvet.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
MARIUS.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"Dreams That Money Can Buy," Hans Richter Surrealist film.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
CAMILLE, revival.

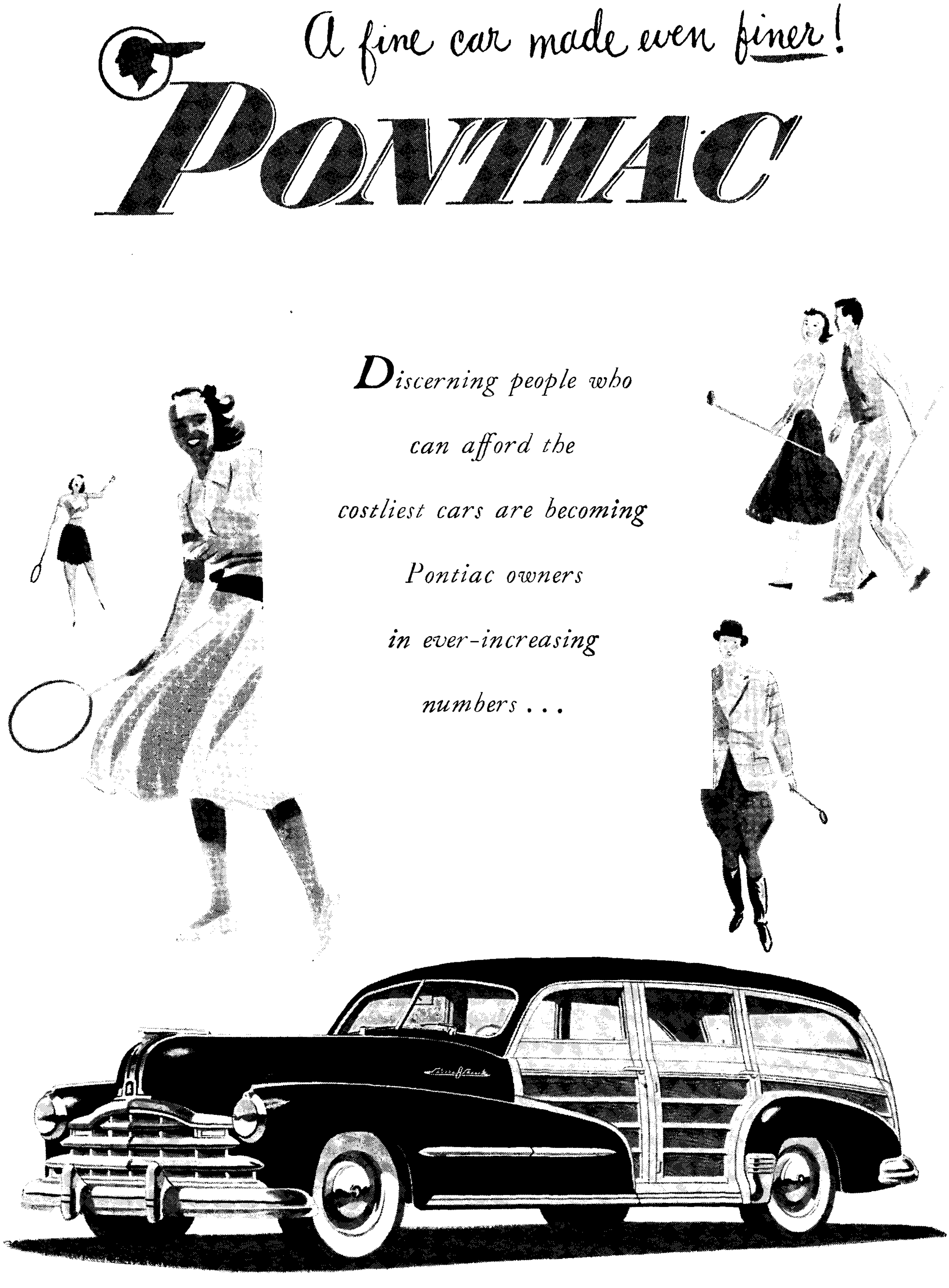
Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-0583)
NOT GUILTY.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Through May 18: **THE MIKADO**, revival.
From May 19: "Showtime," Ann Todd, Richard Greene.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
May 13: "The Damned" (in French).
From May 14: "Will It Happen Again?," documentary film about Hitler.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE BROTHERS.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)



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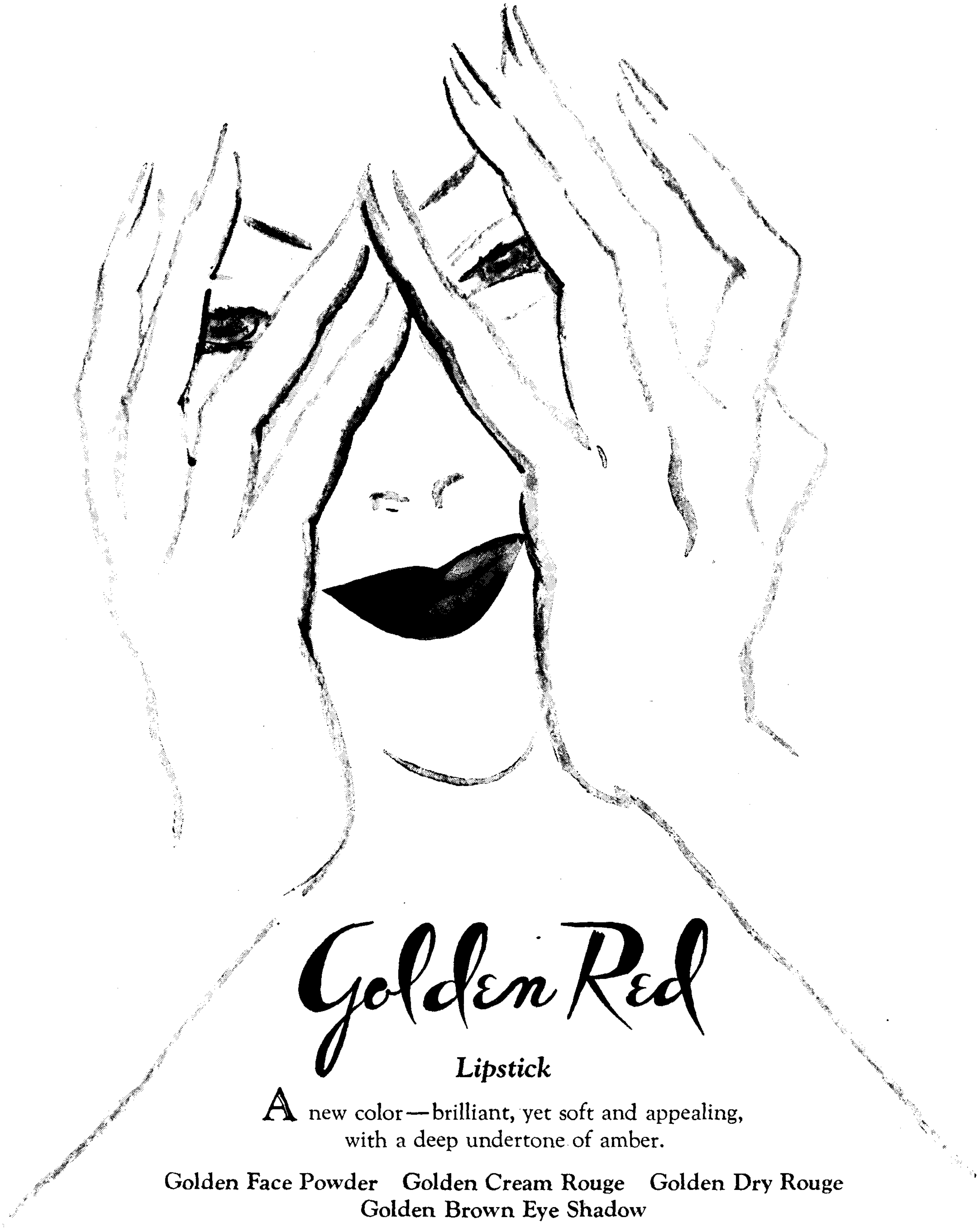

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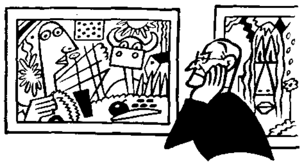
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE read the open letter to the Soviet Union from the thirty-two United States artists, writers, and composers complaining that the "capitalists" are throttling their creative activities, and we were struck by the notion that perhaps somewhere in Moscow a little band of thirty-two malcontents was penning a similar letter to us over here. It was a ridiculous thought in a ridiculous world, but suddenly, in a great flash, we felt we could even make out something of what they had written. "ALL HAIL, DECADENT FRIENDS OF FREEDOM," they said. "Just last week, for a musical block festival, Comrade Metchnibobokov not only was ordered to change the title of his lovely 'Parabolic Fugue' to 'Suite Depicting Comrade Stalin Descending from the Tomb of Lenin on the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Glorious Bolshevik Revolution, During a Snowstorm' but was forced to remove the harp accompaniment entirely and substitute three howitzers and a Molotov cocktail. And we read in *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, *Krasnyi Flot*, *Gudok*, and *Trud* that your man Truman says that he dislikes modern art because it always looks as though someone had thrown an egg at a canvas. But does he stop anybody from throwing an egg at a canvas? He does not. There are days here when nothing in the whole, wide world would seem quite so wonderful as throwing an egg at a canvas, but try and get away with it! (Try and get an egg!)" Right here, the letter became illegible, in our mind's eye, and we thought we heard, in our mind's ear, a sharp rap on a door, a long way off.



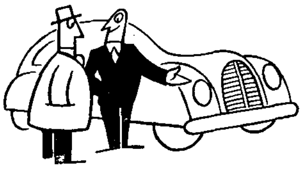
ONE of President Truman's bravest election-year stands seems not to have attracted the attention it should have, even in *Izvestia*. We refer to Senate Bills 499 and 542, and we quote, in part, his message on the first of these:

> TO THE SENATE:
>
> I return herewith, without my approval, S. 499, authorizing the issuance of a patent in fee to Mrs. Bessie Two Elk-Poor Bear.
>
> The effect of this measure would be to enable Mrs. Poor Bear to terminate at will the trust under which the United States now holds the lands allotted to her on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, and to permit her to demand a conveyance of the lands free from the restrictions on alienation now imposed by law. . . .
>
> The record in the present case clearly indicates that termination of the trust would be contrary to the best interests of Mrs. Poor Bear. The factors of her advanced age, business inexperience, nomadic habits, and lack of interest in agricultural or grazing pursuits, and the similar factors which exist with respect to her husband, combine to impel a conclusion that Mrs. Poor Bear is not competent to handle property transactions. . . .
>
> For these reasons, I am constrained to withhold my approval from S. 499.
>
> HARRY S. TRUMAN
>
> The White House, February 28, 1948

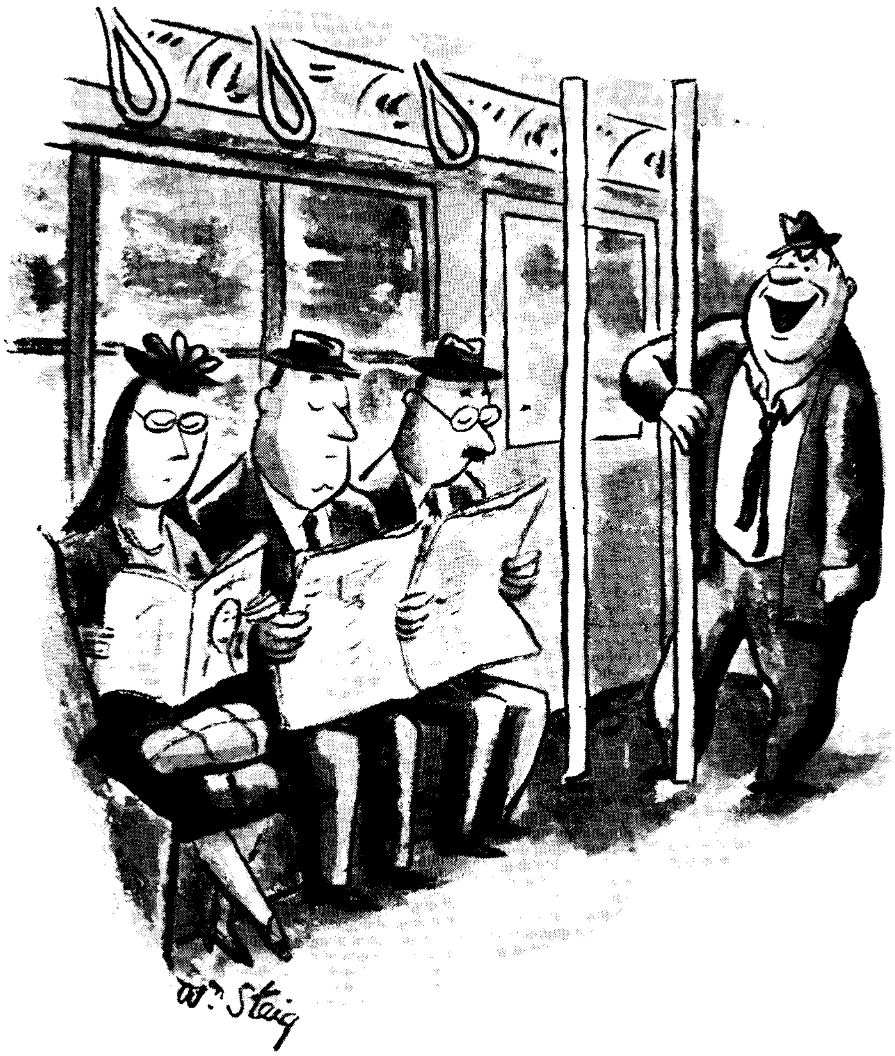
The veto message for S. 542 is identical, except that it concerns a Mrs. Ella White Bull, "a full-blood Sioux Indian approaching 70 years of age, with only a very limited education, and no business experience," and that no mention is made of any Mr. White Bull.

Clearly, these messages leave Mr. Truman open to the most damaging of all campaign charges—that he is an enemy of the American Way. Can native Americans (*true* native Americans, in fact), Republican opponents will thunderously ask, be deprived of the benefits of free enterprise merely because the President doesn't want two poor old Indian ladies and the light-hearted husband of one of them to risk being swindled out of their land and starving to death? Does the President plan to foist on our free American Indians the Soviet tyranny of communal ownership of land? We can already hear the charges whistling by as the real-estate lobby hustles to provide the firewater.

JUST two years ago this month, a man named Russ Case, who lives on East Fifty-second Street, set out to buy a new car. He looked over the models then offered, found that none had the postwar features he'd been led to expect, that they seemed too high-priced for the features they *did* have, and that anyhow he couldn't get a promise of delivery within any period of time his mind could grasp. He thereupon determined, by Tophet, to build his own car. We have heard connoisseurs of automobiles hint at being able to build a better automobile than the professional automobile builders, but Case, who is the director of popular music for R.C.A. Victor records and a fellow of dauntless energy, is the only man we have ever known of who actually undertook to build one. He assembled his car, which has been gloriously christened the Russ Case Special, in a shed at a sheet-metal works in Lynbrook, Long Island, and when it was completed, a week or so ago, he invited us to have a look at it.



Before unveiling the Special, Mr. Case confessed that it had cost considerably more than his estimate—$15,022, to be exact, as against the $6,000 he had figured on—and that it had taken so



"Then I says to him, 'To hell wit' you, Tom Brady!'"

• •

much longer to build than he had anticipated that he'd broken down and bought a conventional 1947 convertible to mope about in until the Special was ready to roll. "But now that I've got her, she's worth every penny she cost and every moment of the time I put into her," Case told us with the air of a man who knows what love is. "There's not a car on the road with the advantages of my little beauty." He led us in reverent silence to the little beauty—a very low, racy-looking car with a glittering aluminum body, a large Plexiglas bubble in place of windows and roof, no doors, a steering wheel from an A-20 fighter-bomber, and a single four-passenger seat, covered with an Airfoam cushion.

"I built her around a jeep I bought from the War Assets Administration," Mr. Case said, patting the bubble, "but all that's left of the jeep is the axles, drive shafts, engine, and transmission, and I've tinkered a good bit with them. She's *completely* streamlined." Walking to the rear of the car, he pushed two buttons, and the aluminum-body-*cum*-bubble rose through the air in a wide backward arc, exposing not only the seat but the engine, too. This demonstration was given in front of the sheet-metal works, in the presence of an estimated four hundred boys, whose piled-up bicycles made a mound almost as high as the Russ Case Special with top up, and about two hundred dogs. Case offered to drive us back to town, on his maiden tour. We got in and he hopped in beside us. He pushed a toggle switch on the instrument panel and the body-*cum*-bubble slowly descended over and around us. About this time, we felt a hard object beside us on the cushion and, groping, came up with a can opener. "That's to get out with in case of emergency," said Case. We felt trapped, like a character in Poe, but didn't say anything. We couldn't, because Case had started the engine and it was giving out the throaty roar of a Constellation. We throbbed on the Airfoam cushion. "Noisy on purpose!" Case shouted. "Don't want any muffler sapping my power."

We set off, followed by all the boys who could succeed in untangling their bicycles, and most of the dogs. "Feel like a goldfish in a bowl?" Mr. Case shouted. We nodded, and he looked pleased. "She's got plenty of soup, but I want to treat her gently at first," he went on. "Got some of my ideas from watching midget-auto races. Love to watch midget-auto races. This little beauty is a sublimated midget." At the comfortable speed of thirty miles an hour, we presently shook off the last boy and, soon after that, the last dog, and proceeded without incident, although not without attention. As we approached the Queens Midtown Tunnel, Case grinned and called to us, "Wait till you see the look on the face of the cop at the toll station!" When we reached the toll station, Case stopped the Special and the officer on duty waited impassively as the bubble rose deliberately. "Let us through the tunnel?" Case asked, deadpan. "You just give me a quarter," the officer said, just as deadpan, "and I'll give you *laissez-passer*." Case handed him a quarter and flicked the switch, and the bubble settled down over us again. We roared on into the tunnel without a word.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: According to the Manhattan Telephone Directory, there's a gentleman living at 2 Mott Street named Holi Gee.

A sign in front of the public library in Lake Placid reads, "Lake Placid Public Library—Open to the Public."

Sh-h-h!

DO you wake each morning refreshed and fit, ready to cope with any problem that the day may bring? Do you finish each day's work with a reserve of well-being and energy that will allow you to pursue your hobby or engage in desirable social activity? If not, you may be a victim of one of man's most pernicious enemies—noise. So says the National Noise Abatement Council, to whose muted office in Rockefeller Center we made a pilgrimage last Thursday in observance of National Noise Abatement Week. The Council snowed us under with pamphlets and broadsides, whose contents are fairly indicated by the above questions, reproduced verbatim, and we became convinced, as we dug our way free, that if the residents of this city would only cut down on the decibels, the vitamins could take care of themselves.

The Council isn't prepared to say that New York is the noisiest city in the country, but it does say that Memphis is the quietest. Anti-noise ordinances are strictly enforced there, and we got the impression that the townspeople are unanimous in their coöperation. As a matter of fact, the Council, which, we gathered, feels in its heart rather hopeless about New York, has no great complaint about the enforcement of ordinances against noise here. We have plenty of them, mostly passed at the loud insistence of the late Mayor La-Guardia, who put noise in the same class as tinhorn gamblers. It's forbidden, for example, "to sound any horn or signal device on any automobile, motorcycle, bus, streetcar, or other vehicle while stationary except as a danger signal when an approaching vehicle is apparently out of control, or, if in motion, only as a danger signal after or as brakes are being applied," "to create noise of such character, intensity, and duration as to be detrimental to the life or health of any individual," and "to operate any radio, phonograph, or any musical instrument in such a manner or with such volume as to annoy or disturb the quiet, comfort, or repose of persons in any dwelling, hotel, or other type of residence, particularly between the hours of 11 P.M. and 7 A.M."

Last year, in Manhattan alone, 19,737 warnings and 980 summonses were handed out for excessive horn-blowing, and 13,377 warnings and 17,588 summonses were issued for what the police solemnly described as "loud and boisterous" noises. Vocalizing peddlers received 10,410 warnings and 8,967 summonses. All told, the number of warnings issued in Manhattan reached 106,442 and the number of summonses 29,922. Lesser numbers were issued in the other boroughs, in about the proper proportion, with Richmond police enjoying the distinction of having had to issue no warnings, and no summonses, to itinerant musicians. Manhattan police issued a hundred and nine such warnings and ten such summonses. Despite the ordinances, the noise keeps on, and the Council isn't sure but that there's more noise here now than there was ten years ago. Whatever the reasons for this—and they seem to be more or less intangible—the Council suspects that the city is sitting on top of a volcano and that the decibel rate might shoot right up over the threshold of pain if the Council and the police gave up the good fight.

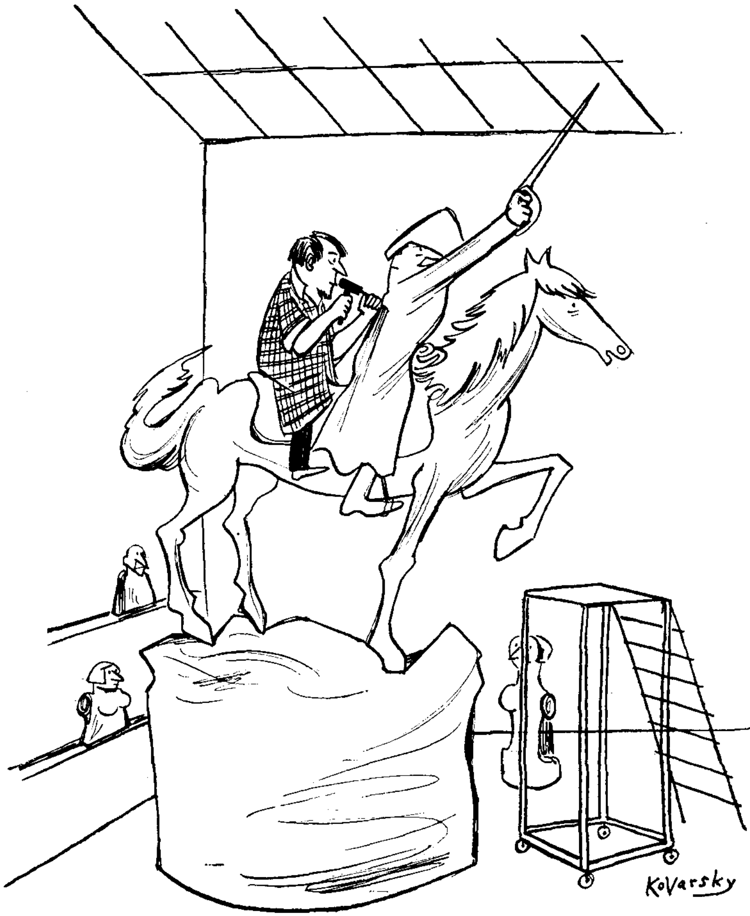
Lately, the Council has been supplementing the ordinances with admonitions intended to show people the evil and danger of their ways. In one of its pamphlets, entitled "What Price Noise?," by Edward Podolsky, M.D., Schopenhauer is quoted as having said that the brains of noisemakers are invariably of a coarse quality and that most men of genius hate noise. Podolsky also cites the work of two chemists who recently discovered that shrill sounds can soft-boil an egg and, projected into a liquid medium, can change starch into sugar, and asks darkly, "Is it any wonder, then, that some people could be driven to insanity, to desperation, to murder, or to suicide by incessant noise?" The learned Doctor then recounts the sorry case of a watchman living in an apartment house in Paris who enjoyed life until his neighbor on the floor below him bought a radio and kept it going night and day. After a while, his neighbor on the left bought one; then his neighbor on the floor above. In revenge, the watchman went out and bought the biggest radio he could find, turned it on full blast, and opened all the windows in his apartment. A violent quarrel soon broke out among the neighbors, and the watchman produced a revolver and started firing. "The irony of it was," Podolsky concludes, "that he killed the building caretaker, the only man in the building who did not have a radio. That he was driven mad by noise was realized by a sympathetic jury, who sentenced him to only five years in prison."

In a Rut

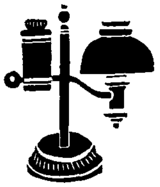
SOME of our readers may remember the little boy we reported on a year or so ago who was expelled from a progressive school because when his teacher asked him to do what he wanted to do more than anything else, he hit her in the eye. Well, he's just been unloaded by another progressive school. This time, his teacher asked him to do something creative with some large plastic blocks, and he bounced one off her head.

Big Push

ON learning that Edwin Carter, publisher of seven weekly newspapers in New Jersey and of the Wilmington, Delaware, *Star*, had bought and taken possession of the aged and respected seed firm of Stumpp & Walter, "the Tiffany of the seed business," we got in touch with him, in the hope of baring a secret link between horticulture and the fourth estate. Our talk revealed, however, that the purchase was based chiefly on Carter's desire to establish



a new business connection within commuting distance of his home, in Summit, New Jersey. It seems that the eight papers failed to keep Carter fully occupied, so, four or five months ago, he put a two-column ad in the financial section of the *Times*, headed by the question "Do You Need Top Management?" He got sixty-five replies. Things must be even shakier at the top than they look. Stumpp & Walter didn't answer, but a businessman who did happened to mention in ensuing correspondence that that company was for sale. With headquarters in a seven-story building on Church Street, retail stores in White Plains, Newark, Stamford, Hempstead, and Englewood, a bulb farm in Islip, greenhouses and a perennial farm in Farmingdale, and a fertilizer-and-fungicide factory in Jersey City, Stumpp & Walter was, geographically, just what Carter had in mind, and, after looking over the books and running his hands through a couple of buckets of Giant Pacific delphinium seeds, he did business.



We visited Mr. Carter in his new offices, and he was quick to assure us that from infancy on he has felt nothing but good will toward flowers and vegetables. "I was raised on my grandfather's farm in Tennessee," he said, "and have my own dairy farm in Chenango County, New York, and I'm hipped on getting people to grow things. Already I've found that seeds are like newspapers in one respect: They're in the public domain; everybody you meet tells you how to run your business. The firm keeps four of the biggest cats you ever saw to catch the rats that might go after the seeds we have stored here, and I haven't seen a rat since I've taken over. Nobody tells the cats how to run *their* business."

Mr. Carter is a hearty, vigorous man of forty-one, who went for three years to Northwestern, where he majored in commerce and broke both arms, both legs, and a collarbone before he was done with football and basketball there. He afterward played professional football and basketball, worked in an iron foundry, and sold automobiles, meat, and life insurance. He was a co-holder of the Georgia mixed-doubles badminton title in 1933. He went into publishing in 1941. The *Star*, his latest journalistic acquisition, is the only Sunday paper in Delaware. "Still, Delaware is sort of a small state," he observed with a forbearing smile. As soon as he learns the difference between an alstroemeria and a cypripedium, Carter said, he intends to give Stumpp & Walter a big push. Even now, plans are being worked out for an all-Stumpp program on Believe It or Not Ripley's radio show. "A voice will say, 'There are one hundred and seventy thousand petunia seeds in a pound,'" Carter explained, "and then another voice will say, from the echo chamber, 'BELIEVE IT OR NOT!' That sort of thing. I understand that in England people buy eight times as many flower seeds per capita as we do in this country, believe it or not, and I'd like to change all that."

Stumpp & Walter sells not only bulbs, plants, and lawn, flower, and vegetable seeds but garden tools, Japanese-beetle traps, globes and atlases, sundials, a book entitled "Winter Flowers in the Sun-Heated Pit," and such delicacies as Norwegian cocktail shrimp, pheasant pâté, chocolate Filbeaus, brandied dates, Assam tea, Tango lime juice, and Major Grey's chutney. Under Carter's direction, this list of exotics is likely to expand. Carter is also planning to send the Stumpp staff agronomist around to garden clubs to give lectures and show colored slides of flowers. We gathered that this is a revolutionary step.

Remembrance

RIGHT on its toes, Saks-Thirty-fourth Street early last week unfurled a banner reading, "Remember Mother on Mother's Day." It aroused comment the rest of the week, for it flew just above a window containing a display of merchandise presumably deemed suitable for the occasion, which included a glittering assortment of wedding rings.

Rebels

THE members of the Shakespeare Fellowship, an organization founded in London in 1922, feel certain that the plays and poems attributed to Shakespeare were written not by him but by Edward de Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford. The Fellowship has had an American counterpart since 1939, and recently, by invitation, we attended its annual meeting, held in the auditorium of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. We found ourself in an audience of approximately a hundred stylishly hatted ladies and half a dozen men, all of whom listened attentively as Dr. Louis P. Bénézet, president of the American Shakespeare Fellowship and professor of education at Dartmouth, reported that "Shakespeare," in his writings, ridiculed the common people, used Oxford University slang, and exhibited a remarkable knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, and Italian literature, as well as of the arts of war, seamanship, the law, and music, and such aristocratic sports as falconry and tennis. None of these attributes, he said, fitted the life or background of Stratford-on-Avon's Shakespeare; all pointed to the Earl of Oxford as the author of the works ascribed to Shakespeare. The Oxfordians think that Shakespeare was an actor, merely, who possibly had an arrangement to produce Oxford's plays. "We are trying to break down the fairy tale of the Stratford romance," President Bénézet continued, his Phi Beta Kappa key gleaming, "but the vested interests are against us. We are upsetting the applecart, if I may descend into the vernacular. I outlined our findings to a prominent publisher, and he said, 'Our firm has three hundred thousand dollars tied up in Shakespeare plates. If you are right, that would be so much junk.' The facts are there, friends. They are there for the digging. We envy the Baconians their financial support. Every time we get five hundred dollars for research, we examine more papers and get more proof. Little by little, the truth, crushed to earth, will rise again."

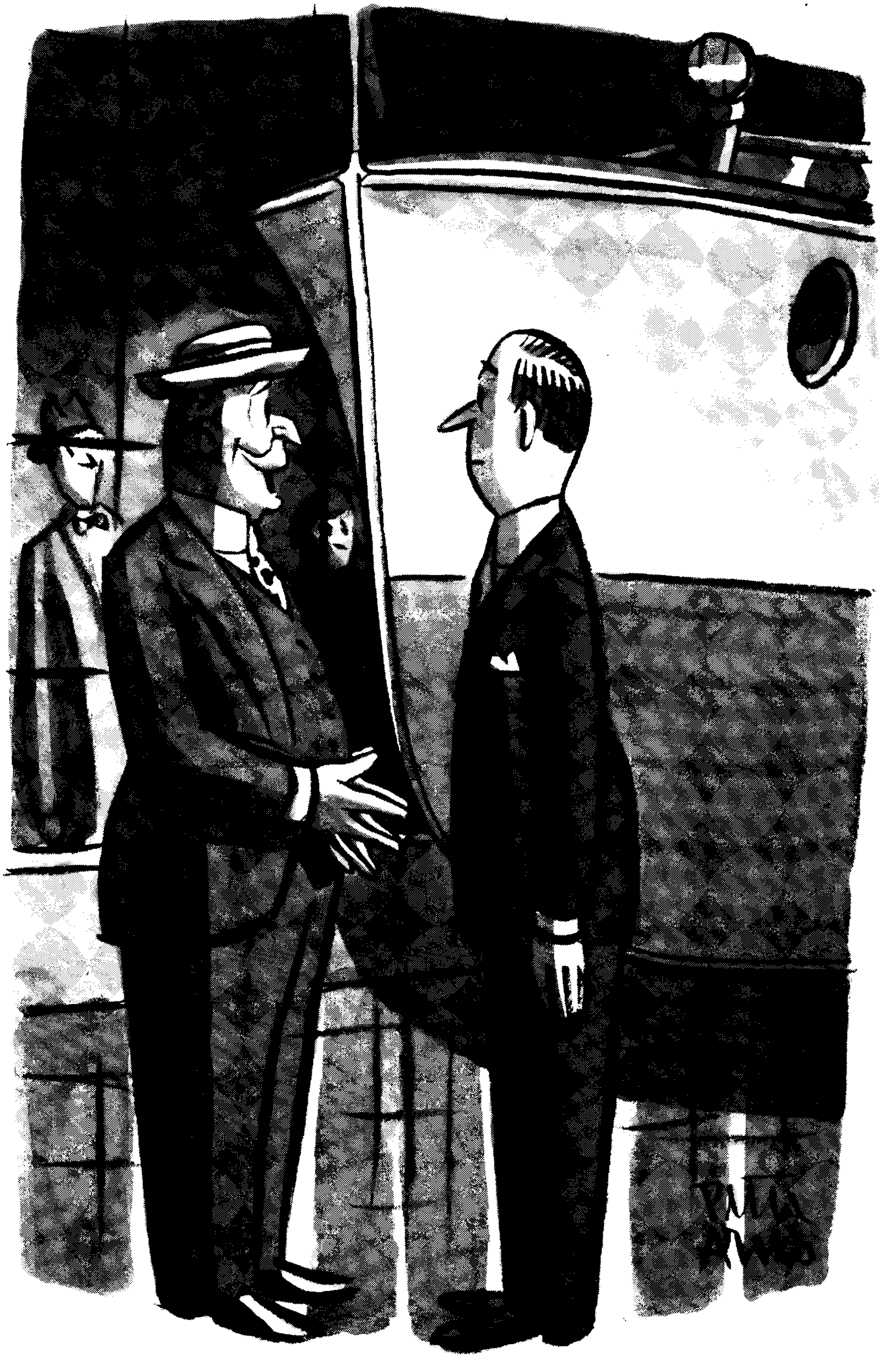
Dr. Bénézet introduced Mr. Siegfried F. Hartman, a lawyer, who indicated that the Oxford evidence is convincing to jurists. "My adherence to this cause—I'm a bit of a rebel at heart—has been strengthened by personal contacts with the intellectual dishonesty of the Stratfordians," he observed in the course of a twenty-minute address. "I once had an unfortunate experience with an English professor at a dinner party. When I revealed my support of the Earl of Oxford, he became very cold. If I were trying the case of Oxford versus Shakespeare in a court of law, I'd be glad to put most of the biographers of Shakespeare on the stand as my witnesses. I could convict them of bias, prejudice, and intellectual dishonesty. How could Shakespeare, who got some of his plots from untranslated Italian and French works, have known Italian and French?" Scarcely had Mr. Hartman sat down, to considerable applause, when a tall man in a wing collar stood up from the audience. "Could I say a few words?" he asked politely. "No," said Dr. Bénézet, who obviously knows a heckler when he sees one. His interlocutor nevertheless proceeded to identify himself as Meredith Underhill, a cousin of Myron C. Taylor, and pointed out that Mr. Taylor is a former president of the Genealogical and Biographical Society. "I have an original bill of sale of the Underhill house in Stratford to Shakespeare," he continued. Dr. Bénézet interrupted him to say that the program permitted no outside speakers. "I have a letter from the president of Harvard College stating that all this stuff is bunk," said Mr. Underhill, and left the hall. Dr. Bénézet looked pained.

Two other speakers, both scheduled, followed—Mr. Wainwright Churchill, a founder of the New Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia, who described himself as a musician who spends his spare time studying psychology, and Mr. Charlton Ogburn, another lawyer. "Truth is stranger than fiction and more exhilarating than myth," Mr. Ogburn said. As an example of the vested-interests hurdles confronting the de Vere supporters, he cited Stratford-on-Avon's two-million-pounds-a-year income from tourists, most of which would dry up if the Fellowship won out. "The Stratford man's name wasn't Shakespeare," he said, "but Shaksper, or possibly Shagsper."

During the showing of some lantern slides purporting to establish that various portraits of the Stratford man are actually portraits of Oxford, we buttonholed Dr. Bénézet, who had stepped into the coatroom. He told us that the audience consisted mostly not of Fellowship members but of friends of Mrs. Arthur F. Schermerhorn, a Fellow who had obtained the auditorium for the meeting. "She's the only surviving child of George M. Pullman," he said. "We recently suffered a loss in the death of Mrs. Edward Hardy Clark, a member whose husband was president of the Cerro de Pasco Copper Corporation. I've lectured on this matter from Maine to Florida. My eyes were opened by the late J. Thomas Looney's '"Shakespeare" Identified in Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford.' We're making headway. Four professors of English have come out as Oxfordians. Most English professors have a vested interest in Shakespeare, but I have yet to meet one who can put me in the hole."

High Standard

A TRANSCONTINENTAL motorist has sent back a bulletin from Williams, Arizona, where, he reports, he and his wife dined at a nice little restaurant with curtains in the windows and wrought-iron candlesticks on the tables. After they'd ordered their food, he asked for a wine list. No wine list, no alcoholic drinks of any kind, the waitress told him. When pressed for a reason, she amplified briefly: "The boss wants to keep the joint classy."



"How many does it—er—sleep?"

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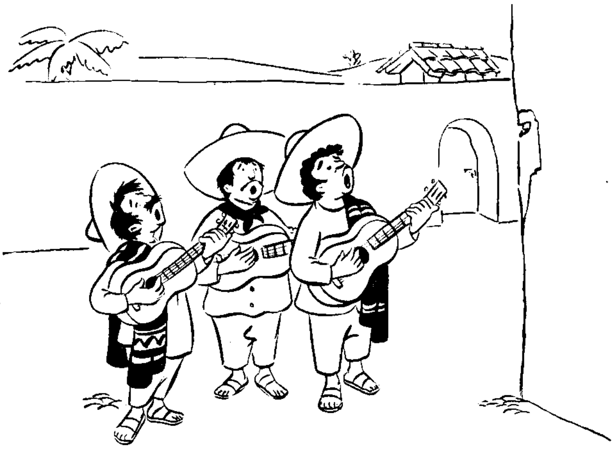

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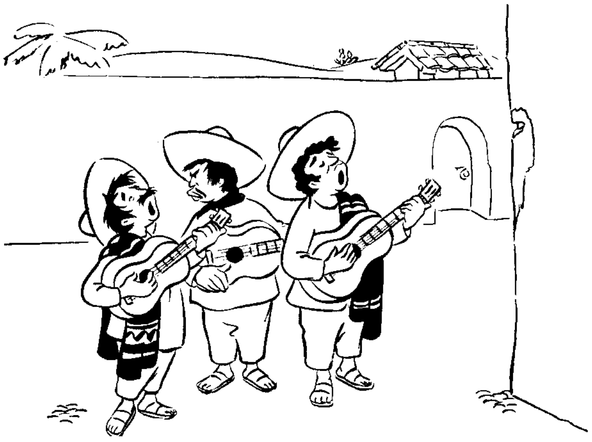

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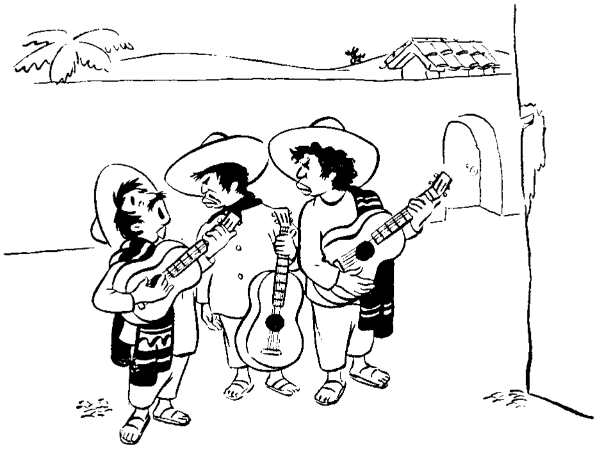

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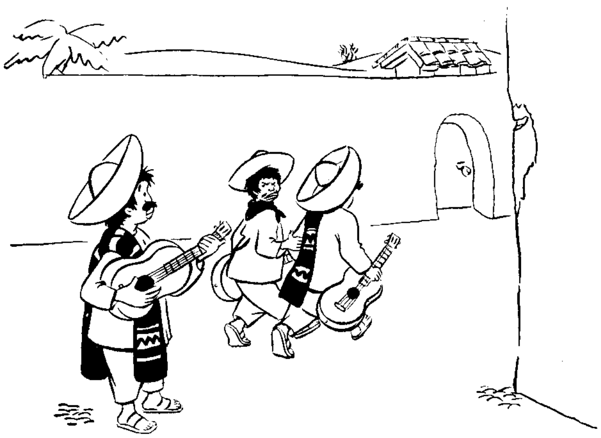

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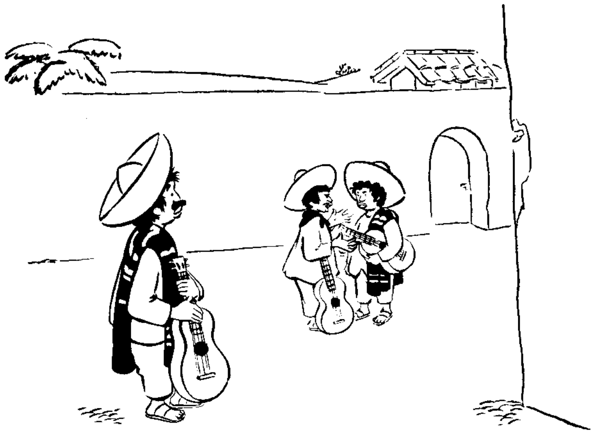

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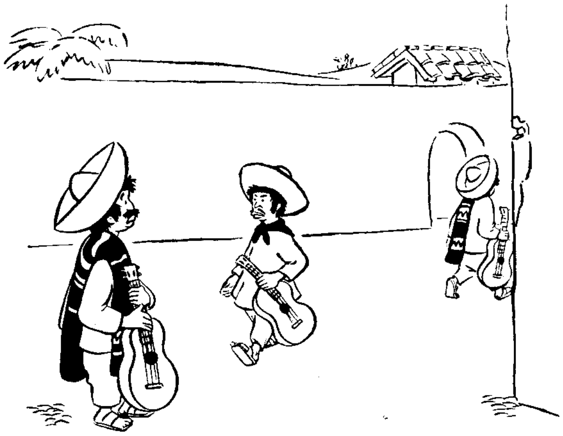

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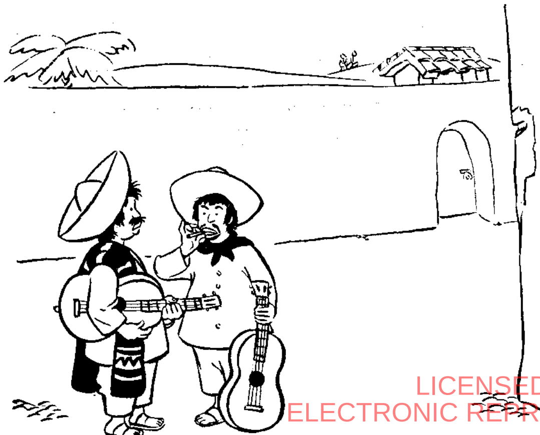

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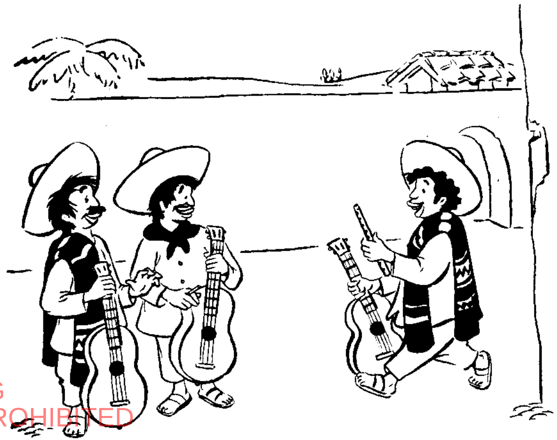

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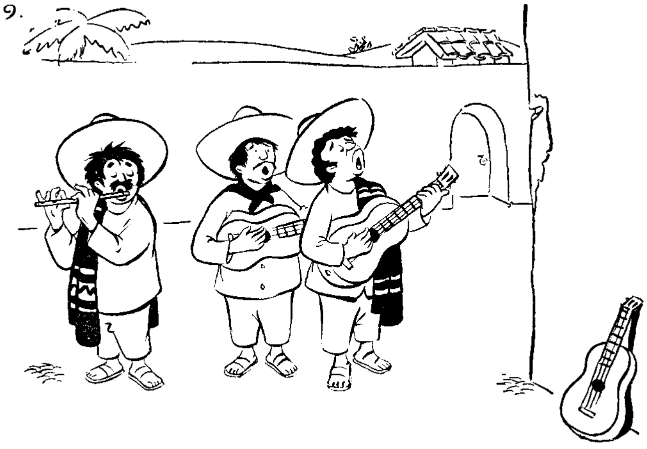

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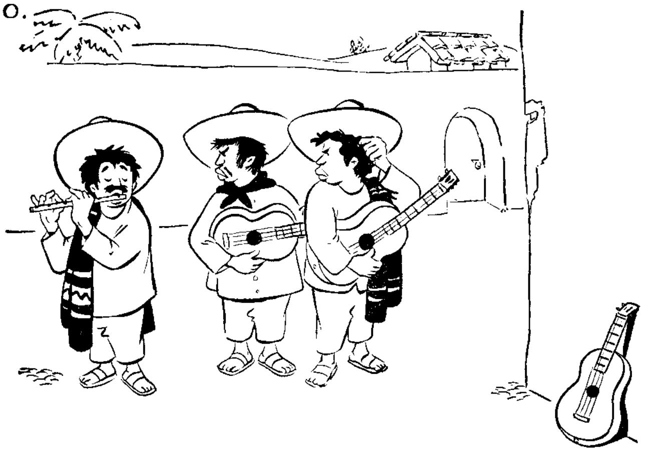

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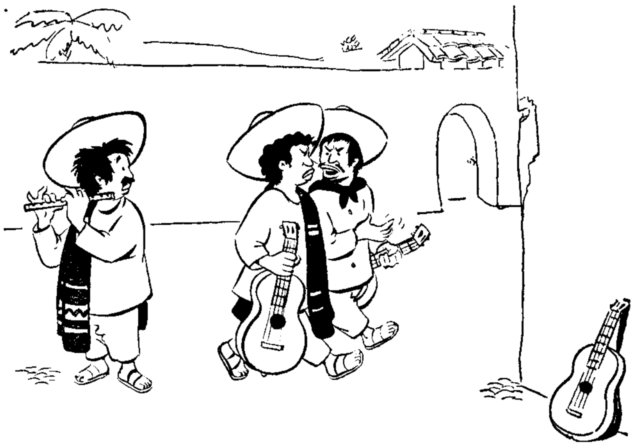

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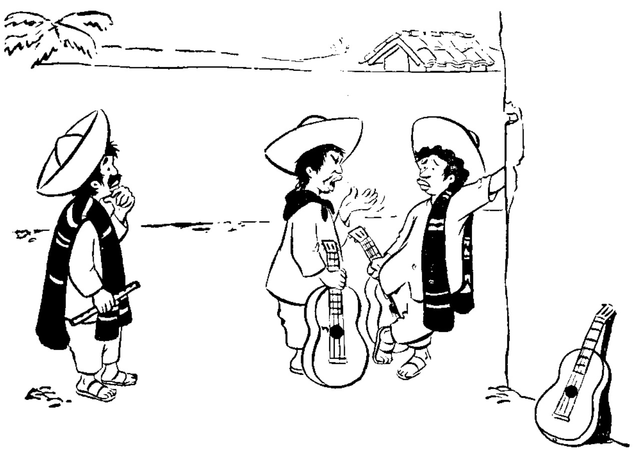

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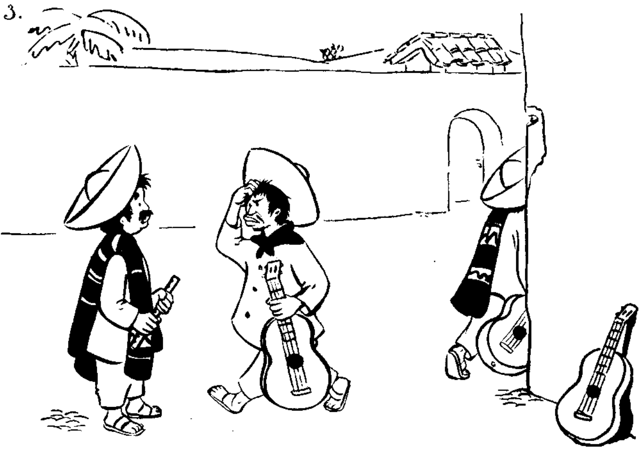

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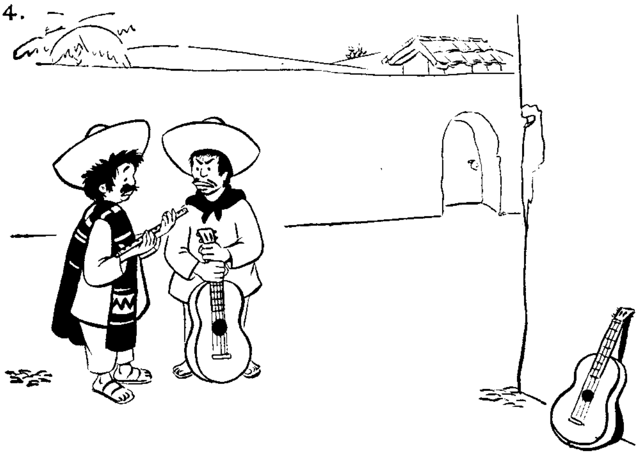

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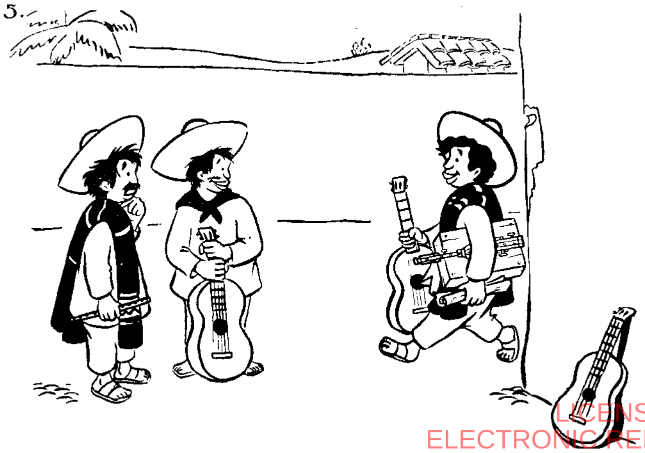

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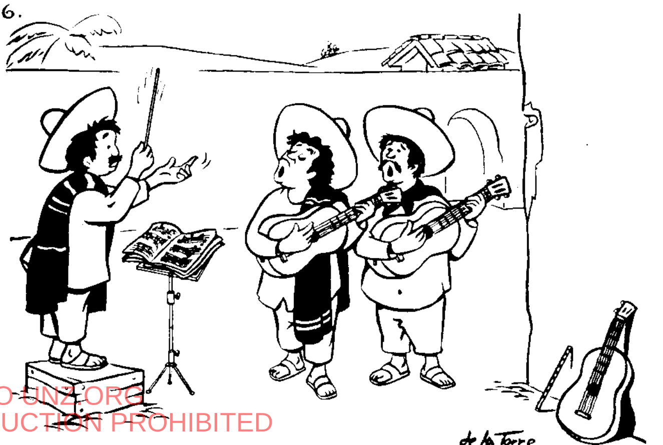


MONET MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND

ABOUT a month ago, a very nice married pair I know, whose life had been moderately placid and devoid of heartache up to that point, was unexpectedly overtaken by calamity. Without any warning, a play of theirs on Broadway was snapped up by the movies, they themselves were hired to destroy it at a weekly stipend running into four income-tax blanks, and they were ordered to report in Hollywood inside a fortnight. The suddenness of the blow, coming out of a clear sky, might well have unseated the couple's reason, but their friends loyally rallied to their aid and, summoning all the tact and sympathy they could muster, tried to palliate the harshness of their plight. I was one of several who, on the eve of their leave-taking, called to condole and wish them Godspeed, and I was hard put to think of a suitable going-away present. A gift of money or books did not seem appropriate; they had enough of the former to stave off acute want, and as for literature, their reading days were over. I wanted something that not only would typify the land they were going to but would reconcile them to it, a memento, if possible, that would ease the burden of southern California when it grew intolerable. It was a tall order, but I finally filled it. You might think the token I gave them, the business card of a real-estate agent, was prosaic. And yet the party it introduced them to and described may easily be the greatest man who ever lived.

I have never met Realtor N. Rodes, I regret to say; I found his card thrust under the windshield wiper of my rented Scripps-Booth phaeton the last time I quit the Vine Street Brown Derby. One side of the card, celebrating a local realty-and-loan company and its manifold facilities for insurance, management, and investment, bore the injunction "Ask Realtor N. Rodes." The stature of the man became apparent from the text on the reverse:

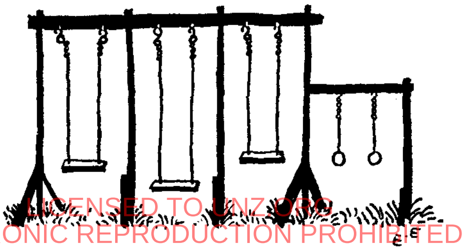
> Realtor Rodes is a man who goes through life helping, serving, building up, encouraging, cheering, stimulating, assuring, comforting, radiating love, which is the greatest constructive force in the Universe. Realtor Rodes never knocks, he always declares the Truth, and if there be any error present, it fades away, as error must always fade in the presence of Truth. People respect Realtor Rodes and are always happy to see him. Realtor Rodes makes life a little easier, makes the rough road a little smoother, makes service a joy, makes sorrow less heavy to bear, makes love take the place of hate, success the place of failure, health the

> Rodes is very patient, very kind, knows no jealousy, makes no parade, gives himself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful, never glad when others go wrong, always slow to expose, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful and cheerful.

Had I had the time and a first mortgage, I would have considered it a rare privilege to sit down and negotiate a second one with a person combining the attributes of Gautama Buddha, Clara Barton, Father Zossima, and Little Nell. Unfortunately, I was overdue in Playa del Rey, where I had promised to contract a case of botulism from eating a poisoned avocado salad at the home of an acquaintance, and I left the Pacific Slope without ever seeing Mr. Rodes. This morning, strangely, I again caught myself thinking of him, and California real-estate dealers in general, after I read an advertisement in a magazine called *What's Doing*, published at Monterey in the Golden State.

"Studio Home for sale," it ran, "on Huckleberry Hill, New Monterey Artist Colony. Modern artist preferred, post-Impressionist acceptable. If writer, must bring sample of work and pay full cash. $5,500; down payment, $2,500. Preble & Nickele, 252 Lighthouse Avenue."

The forthrightness of the wording, the simple, uncomplicated summation of an ideal, wrung an involuntary grunt of approval from me. There was no ambiguity, no jiggery-pokery about the matter; the agents did not want any pre-Raphaelite or fusty academician lousing up the premises, and if tragic necessity forced them to accept a writer, they at least asked a precautionary hinge at his adverbs and a resilient financial cushion, whether he be Thomas Mann or avant-garde poet. Nevertheless, it struck me that such inflexible conditions must impose a strain on the average artist. His antipathy to the businessman is sometimes acute, and to have to truckle to the latter's aesthetic standards or be denied shelter is a harrowing choice. I suggest that advertisements of this nature could lead to a variety of singular situations, one of which I append to show what I mean. (It should always be remembered, of course, that I frequently don't know what I mean.)



THE office of Gouge & Flint, Realtors, was a modest, whitewashed bungalow with a red tile roof, sandwiched in between a souvenir shop full of Mexican handicrafts and pottery bookends and an anemic lending library that mailed stuffed dates to any part of the world, post-free. As Simeon and Drusilla Quagmeyer drove toward it down a weedy back street of Monterey and saw the cars clustered along the curb, Drusilla uttered a vengeful snort.

"I told you we should have started earlier," she said. "They probably sold the place hours ago." She was a thin, intense girl with a black bang, fretful and somewhat inclined to nag her slow-moving, phlegmatic husband.

"Now, take it easy," advised Simeon. "The ad only came out yesterday, and there aren't so many post-Impressionists around with twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Well, if you *like* painting in two rooms over a garage in Carmel," Drusilla snapped, "if you *enjoy* seeing me write a historical novel behind a beaverboard partition . . ."

"Plenty of housewives write them in their kitchens, with six kids hanging to their apron strings," observed Simeon. "I read it in the women's magazines all the time."

"Yes, and they sound like it," Drusilla bristled. "Well, I'm glad to know what you really think of 'Spoon Bread and Powder Horns.' " She lapsed into a sulky silence.

Simeon finished backing the car into a vacant space and shut off the ignition. "Come on, puss," he said, patting his wife's shoulder placatingly. "Haven't I said from the beginning your book is the best thing since 'The Manatee'? I need this studio as much as you do—if I can only pass the exam."

Mollified, Drusilla descended and stood waiting while Simeon withdrew a canvas from the rumble seat. "Which one are you submitting?" she asked anxiously. " 'Fish-Net Fugue, Pebble Beach'?"

"No, 'Sea Wrack with Raisins.' It's a shade more abstract."

"Do you think they'll object to the Picasso influence?"

"*What* Picasso influence?" Simeon demanded belligerently. "I had guitars and newspapers in my pictures years before that faker!"

"Of course you did," Drusilla soothed him. "I just wondered how

STOCKHOLM
SWEDEN
Yosemite
VACATION AIR
Helen E. Hokinson

“Remember your two gypsies of yesteryear, Miss French?”

hidebound the judges might be.”

“We’ll soon find out,” said Simeon, turning up the path to the realty office. “Remember, keep mum about your novel or they’ll make us cough up full cash.”

“You can give me credit for a little sense.” She examined her husband critically as he removed his hat. “I wish you hadn’t had your hair cut yesterday. It looks terribly conventional.”

“I’ll rumple it,” suggested Simeon. “There, that better?” She nodded and opened the door, almost colliding with a dejected young man also bearing a canvas under his arm. He was being shown out by a portly, florid-faced gentleman in a pepper-and-salt suit.

“Sorry, Kaboolian,” the portly man was saying briskly. “Your brushwork’s passable, but I’d set fire to the property before I let a primitive live in it. You understand my position, don’t you?”

“Oh, sure, sure,” mumbled Kaboolian. “It’s a question of taste.”

“That’s right,” said the other, smiling, “and you haven’t any. Good day.” He swung toward the Quagmeyers. “You folks here about that studio? Have a seat. We’ll interview you after we take care of these fellows.” He beckoned to the occupants of the anteroom, two bearded homuncules in berets, and plunged into an inner room. Glancing at Simeon’s painting with mingled condescension and triumph, the dwarfs picked up their portfolios and followed the portly man.

“Who were those men?” whispered Drusilla. “I’ve seen them somewhere.”

“The Fulbright brothers,” said Simeon. “We met them at the Fig Festival in Tarzana. They do movie paintings.”

“What sort?”

“You know, the kind you see on the easel when Alan Ladd is starving in the garret and Herbert Marshall comes to persuade him to return to his wife. Hollow stuff, quite slick.”

“Which is which?”

“I’m not sure,” said Simeon. “One does foregrounds, the other backgrounds.”

“Who puts in the middle?” Drusilla asked.

“Why, Alan Ladd,” replied Simeon. “That’s what he’s doing while Marshall’s talking.”

From within, there suddenly rang out the sound of voices lifted in altercation.

“That’ll do!” they heard an angry, full-throated bellow. “There’s no room on Huckleberry Hill for anyone who paints beggar boys munching cherries! Out!” Simultaneously, the Fulbrights emerged, scowls contorting their faces, and, escorted by the portly man, were summarily shown the door.

“Philistines,” he growled after them. “Ought to be horsewhipped, trying to muscle into a high-grade community with that swill. Well, come in,” he commanded the Quagmeyers impatiently. “I haven’t got all day.”

“My name is Simeon Quag—” began Simeon.

“I don’t care if it’s Paul Cézanne,” the realtor interrupted. “Your picture’ll do the talking. And if you’re trying to buy that studio, it better be eloquent.” He preceded them into a small, severely furnished office. Behind a desk sat a spare, tight-lipped individual in a suit of stiff gray broadcloth, his watch chain strung with fraternal emblems. “This is Flint—I’m Gouge. Stand the canvas on the chair.”

“Er—pardon me,” put in Drusilla ingratiatingly, “but could you tell us how many rooms the house has? The one we’re competing for?”

“Rooms, Madam?” Gouge repeated, as though his ears deceived him. “You have the infernal crust to start discussing *rooms* before we’ve even passed on your eligibility?”

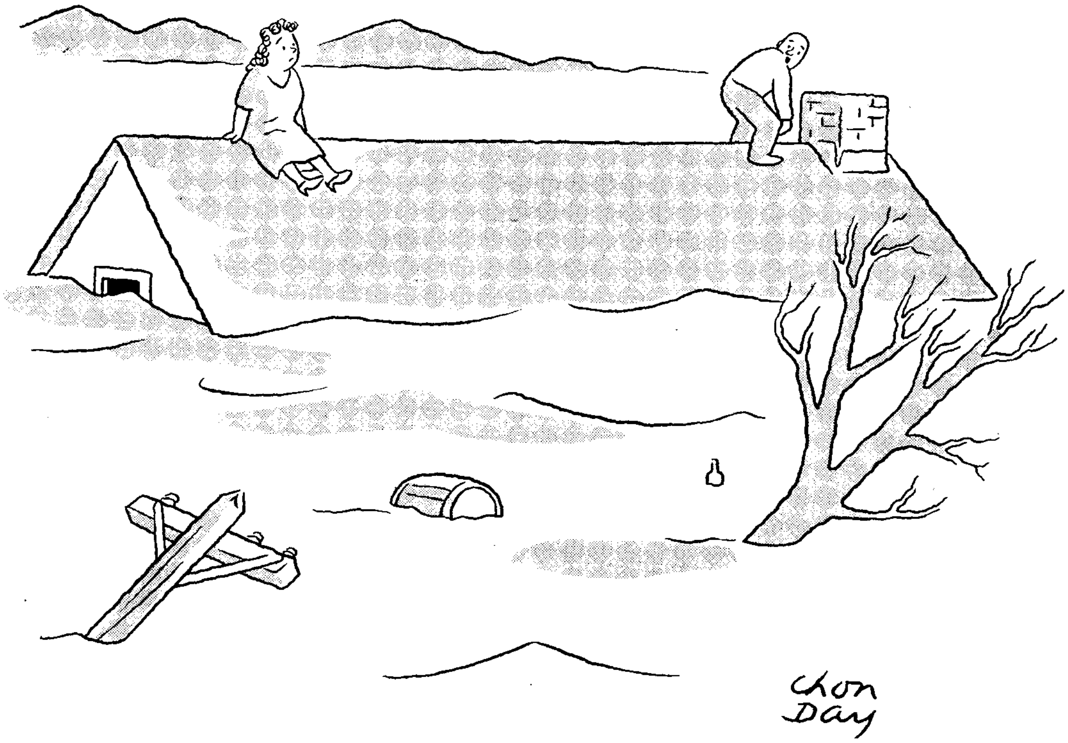
“I—I just wanted to see if it would be suitable for us,” Drusilla stammered.

“It’s not a case of what’s suitable. It’s what you rate,” rapped out Flint. “Look here, Gouge, if this woman’s going to create a disturbance—”

“Please, Drusilla,” implored Simeon, wigwagging a frantic entreaty for caution. The realtors dismissed her with a withering stare and subjected the picture to a close scrutiny. Simeon was finding the suspense well-nigh unbearable when Gouge broke it.

“Hmm, not bad,” he said grudgingly. “It’s derivative—I see Dufy and John Marin written all over it—but you might make a pretty fair tenant if you toned down that cobalt blue a bit.”

“His burnt sienna’s miserable,”



"This flashing should have a thorough going over."

• •

grumbled Flint, "and the clouds are right out of a mural in a spaghetti joint."

"Still, it's the best so far," Gouge said, squinting past his thumb at the composition. "Certain amount of vitality, even though there's a complete lack of talent. What do you think?" The partners engaged in a low-pitched deliberation studded with inquisitorial glances at the Quagmeyers. Unconsciously, Drusilla and Simeon drew closer; she could feel his hand trembling in hers as he awaited the verdict.

"You brought the down payment in cash, naturally?" Flint inquired, studying them with cold dispassion.

"Yes, sir, in fives and tens," Simeon assured him eagerly. "They're not all new bills, but I got as many as I could."

"Well," said Gouge reluctantly, "Flint thinks you're a flash in the pan and I daresay he's right. However, we're gamblers. You can have it."

"You mean the whole house, with the roof and everything?" exclaimed Simeon joyfully. "Boy, oh, boy—"

Drusilla, more practical than her spouse, refused to give way to enthusiasm. "I don't suppose there'd be any chance of seeing it before we bought it, would there?" she asked timidly. "A snapshot would do."

"Positively not," retorted Gouge. "We don't do business that way at unseen and as is. Now, speak up—do you want the parcel or don't you?"

"Hold on a second," interposed his colleague. "We're overlooking a vital point. What's *your* profession?"

"Me?" Drusilla blinked. Without thinking, she drew herself up proudly. "I write historical novels," she said. Simeon's horrified gasp recalled her promise, and she turned to him in quick contrition. He stood stricken, disillusion with all womankind plain in his eyes.

"I knew it," cackled Flint grimly. "I knew she was a busybody the minute she walked in."

"Well, that alters everything," Gouge frowned. "We can't have people writing indiscriminately all over the place."

"Couldn't you make an exception of her?" begged Simeon, too desperate to weigh his words. "She's a rank tyro, honest. Nobody'll print her—"

"Did she bring along a sample?" queried Flint. His face hardened as Drusilla mutely shook her head. "False pretenses, eh? Thought you'd sneak into the colony posing as a respectable matron."

Stung, Drusilla rummaged in her handbag and whipped out several typescript carbons. "There!" she threw at him defiantly. "Read this love scene if you don't believe me. And here's a letter from Henry Seidel Canby that 'the most evocative—'"

"Yes, yes, baby," Simeon cut in, jockeying her to the door. "You wait in the anteroom. I'll be right out."

"You bet I will," his wife said, glowering. "I've got a few things to take up with you." The door banged violently behind her. Neither Flint nor Gouge, absorbed in the carbons, looked up. The minutes dragged by; in vain Simeon watched the agents for some classifiable response. At last, Flint exhaled a deep sigh and, crumpling the pages into a ball, flung them into a wastebasket. Extracting a handkerchief, he dusted the desk, then drew a deed from his pocket. For the first time, his features betrayed something resembling compassion.

"My boy," he announced soberly, "if that girl's a writer, I'm a ring-tailed monkey. Your wife is a very unfortunate woman."

"I know, I know," Simeon agreed piteously. "But please don't speak so loud. She's probably listening at the keyhole."

"Does she ever beat you?" asked Gouge kindly.

"Not so often," said Simeon. "Once in a while."

"Well," Flint said, rising, "here's the deed, and I wish you luck. Never mind about the money."

"Say," murmured Simeon, overcome. "*Thanks.*"

"Forget it," said the realtor brusquely. "When a man paints the way you do and has a wife like that, he needs all the breaks he can get."

The three shook hands wordlessly; Simeon, dazed, moved to the door. He paused with his hand on the knob. "Gosh, what'll I say?" he appealed to them. "How will I ever explain it to her?"

"That's your affair, brother," said Gouge. "God help you, and watch that cobalt blue."

Simeon sucked in a lungful of air and, squaring his shoulders, went out into the anteroom, where Drusilla waited ominously. "Gee, darling," he said, "the darnedest thing happened . . ."

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

CAPITAL PET ANIMAL HOSPITAL
Dogs called for, bathed, fleas removed and returned to you for $1.00.—*Adv. in the Washington (D.C.) American Neighbor.*

Oh, you may just keep them yourself.

SYMBOLS AND SIGNS

FOR the fourth time in as many years, they were confronted with the problem of what birthday present to take to a young man who was incurably deranged in his mind. Desires he had none. Man-made objects were to him either hives of evil, vibrant with a malignant activity that he alone could perceive, or gross comforts for which no use could be found in his abstract world. After eliminating a number of articles that might offend him or frighten him (anything in the gadget line, for instance, was taboo), his parents chose a dainty and innocent trifle—a basket with ten different fruit jellies in ten little jars.

At the time of his birth, they had already been married for a long time; a score of years had elapsed, and now they were quite old. Her drab gray hair was pinned up carelessly. She wore cheap black dresses. Unlike other women of her age (such as Mrs. Sol, their next-door neighbor, whose face was all pink and mauve with paint and whose hat was a cluster of brookside flowers), she presented a naked white countenance to the faultfinding light of spring. Her husband, who in the old country had been a fairly successful businessman, was now, in New York, wholly dependent on his brother Isaac, a real American of almost forty years' standing. They seldom saw Isaac and had nicknamed him the Prince.

That Friday, their son's birthday, everything went wrong. The subway train lost its life current between two stations and for a quarter of an hour they could hear nothing but the dutiful beating of their hearts and the rustling of newspapers. The bus they had to take next was late and kept them waiting a long time on a street corner, and when it did come, it was crammed with garrulous high-school children. It began to rain as they walked up the brown path leading to the sanitarium. There they waited again, and instead of their boy, shuffling into the room, as he usually did (his poor face sullen, confused, ill-shaven, and blotched with acne), a nurse they knew and did not care for appeared at last and brightly explained that he had again attempted to take his life. He was all right, she said, but a visit from his parents might disturb him. The place was so miserably understaffed, and things got mislaid or mixed up so easily, that they decided not to leave their present in the office but to bring it to him next time they came.

Outside the building, she waited for her husband to open his umbrella and then took his arm. He kept clearing his throat, as he always did when he was upset. They reached the bus-stop shelter on the other side of the street and he closed his umbrella. A few feet away, under a swaying and dripping tree, a tiny unfledged bird was helplessly twitching in a puddle.

During the long ride to the subway station, she and her husband did not exchange a word, and every time she glanced at his old hands, clasped and twitching upon the handle of his umbrella, and saw their swollen veins and brown-spotted skin, she felt the mounting pressure of tears. As she looked around, trying to hook her mind onto something, it gave her a kind of soft shock, a mixture of compassion and wonder, to notice that one of the passengers—a girl with dark hair and grubby red toenails—was weeping on the shoulder of an older woman. Whom did that woman resemble? She resembled Rebecca Borisovna, whose daughter had married one of the Soloveichiks—in Minsk, years ago.

The last time the boy had tried to do it, his method had been, in the doctor's words, a masterpiece of inventiveness; he would have succeeded had not an envious fellow-patient thought he was learning to fly and stopped him just in time. What he had really wanted to do was to tear a hole in his world and escape.

The system of his delusions had been the subject of an elaborate paper in a scientific monthly, which the doctor at the sanitarium had given to them to read. But long before that, she and her husband had puzzled it out for themselves. "Referential mania," the article had called it. In these very rare cases, the patient imagines that everything happening around him is a veiled reference to his personality and existence. He excludes real people from the conspiracy, because he considers himself to be so much more intelligent than other men. Phenomenal nature shadows him wherever he goes. Clouds in the staring sky transmit to each other, by means of slow signs, incredibly detailed information regarding him. His inmost thoughts are discussed at nightfall, in manual alphabet, by darkly gesticulating trees. Pebbles or stains or sun flecks form patterns representing, in some awful way, messages that he must intercept. Everything is a cipher and of everything he is the theme. All around him, there are spies Some of them

"I beg your pardon, but aren't you Miss Sybil Taply—I mean weren't you Miss Sybil Taply?"

are detached observers, like glass surfaces and still pools; others, such as coats in store windows, are prejudiced witnesses, lynchers at heart; others, again (running water, storms), are hysterical to the point of insanity, have a distorted opinion of him, and grotesquely misinterpret his actions. He must be always on his guard and devote every minute and module of life to the decoding of the undulation of things. The very air he exhales is indexed and filed away. If only the interest he provokes were limited to his immediate surroundings, but, alas, it is not! With distance, the torrents of wild scandal increase in volume and volubility. The silhouettes of his blood corpuscles, magnified a million times, flit over vast plains; and still farther away, great mountains of unbearable solidity and height sum up, in terms of granite and groaning firs, the ultimate truth of his being.

WHEN they emerged from the thunder and foul air of the subway, the last dregs of the day were mixed with the street lights. She wanted to buy some fish for supper, so she handed him the basket of jelly jars, telling him to go home. Accordingly, he returned to their tenement house, walked up to the third landing, and then remembered he had given her his keys earlier in the day.

In silence he sat down on the steps and in silence rose when, some ten minutes later, she came trudging heavily up the stairs, smiling wanly and shaking her head in deprecation of her silliness. They entered their two-room flat and he at once went to the mirror. Straining the corners of his mouth apart by means of his thumbs, with a horrible, masklike grimace, he removed his new, hopelessly uncomfortable dental plate. He read his Russian-language newspaper while she laid the table. Still reading, he ate the pale victuals that needed no teeth. She knew his moods and was also silent.

When he had gone to bed, she remained in the living room with her pack of soiled playing cards and her old photograph albums. Across the narrow courtyard, where the rain tinkled in the dark against some ash cans, windows were blandly alight, and in one of them a black-trousered man, with his hands clasped under his head and his elbows raised, could untidy bed. She pulled the blind down and examined the photographs. As a baby, he looked more surprised than most babies. A photograph of a German maid they had had in Leipzig and her fat-faced fiancé fell out of a fold of the album. She turned the pages of the book: Minsk, the Revolution, Leipzig, Berlin, Leipzig again, a slanting house front, badly out of focus. Here was the boy when he was four years old, in a park, shyly, with puckered forehead, looking away from an eager squirrel, as he would have from any other stranger. Here was Aunt Rosa, a fussy, angular, wild-eyed old lady, who had lived in a tremulous world of bad news, bankruptcies, train accidents, and cancerous growths until the Germans put her to death, together with all the people she had worried about. The boy, aged six—that was when he drew wonderful birds with human hands and feet, and suffered from insomnia like a grown-up man. His cousin, now a famous chess player. The boy again, aged about eight, already hard to understand, afraid of the wallpaper in the passage, afraid of a certain picture in a book, which merely showed an idyllic landscape with rocks on a hillside and an old cart wheel hanging from the one branch of a leafless tree. Here he was at ten—the year they left Europe. She remembered the shame, the pity, the humiliating difficulties of the journey, and the ugly, vicious, backward children he was with in the special school where he had been placed after they arrived in America. And then came a time in his life, coinciding with a long convalescence after pneumonia, when those little phobias of his, which his parents had stubbornly regarded as the eccentricities of a prodigiously gifted child, hardened, as it were, into a dense tangle of logically interacting illusions, making them totally inaccessible to normal minds.

All this, and much more, she had accepted, for, after all, living does mean accepting the loss of one joy after another, not even joys in her case, mere possibilities of improvement. She thought of the recurrent waves of pain that for some reason or other she and her husband had had to endure; of the invisible giants hurting her boy in some unimaginable fashion; of the incalculable amount of tenderness contained in the world; of the fate of this tenderness, which is either crushed or wasted, or transformed into madness; of neglected children humming to themselves in unswept corners; of beautiful weeds that cannot hide from the farmer.

IT was nearly midnight when, from the living room, she heard her husband moan, and presently he staggered in, wearing over his nightgown the old overcoat with the astrakhan collar that he much preferred to his nice blue bathrobe.

"I can't sleep!" he cried.

"Why can't you sleep?" she asked. "You were so tired."

"I can't sleep because I am dying," he said, and lay down on the couch.

"Is it your stomach? Do you want me to call Dr. Solov?"

"No doctors, no doctors," he moaned. "To the devil with doctors! We must get him out of there quick. Otherwise, we'll be responsible. . . . Responsible!" He hurled himself into a sitting position, both feet on the floor, thumping his forehead with his clenched fist.

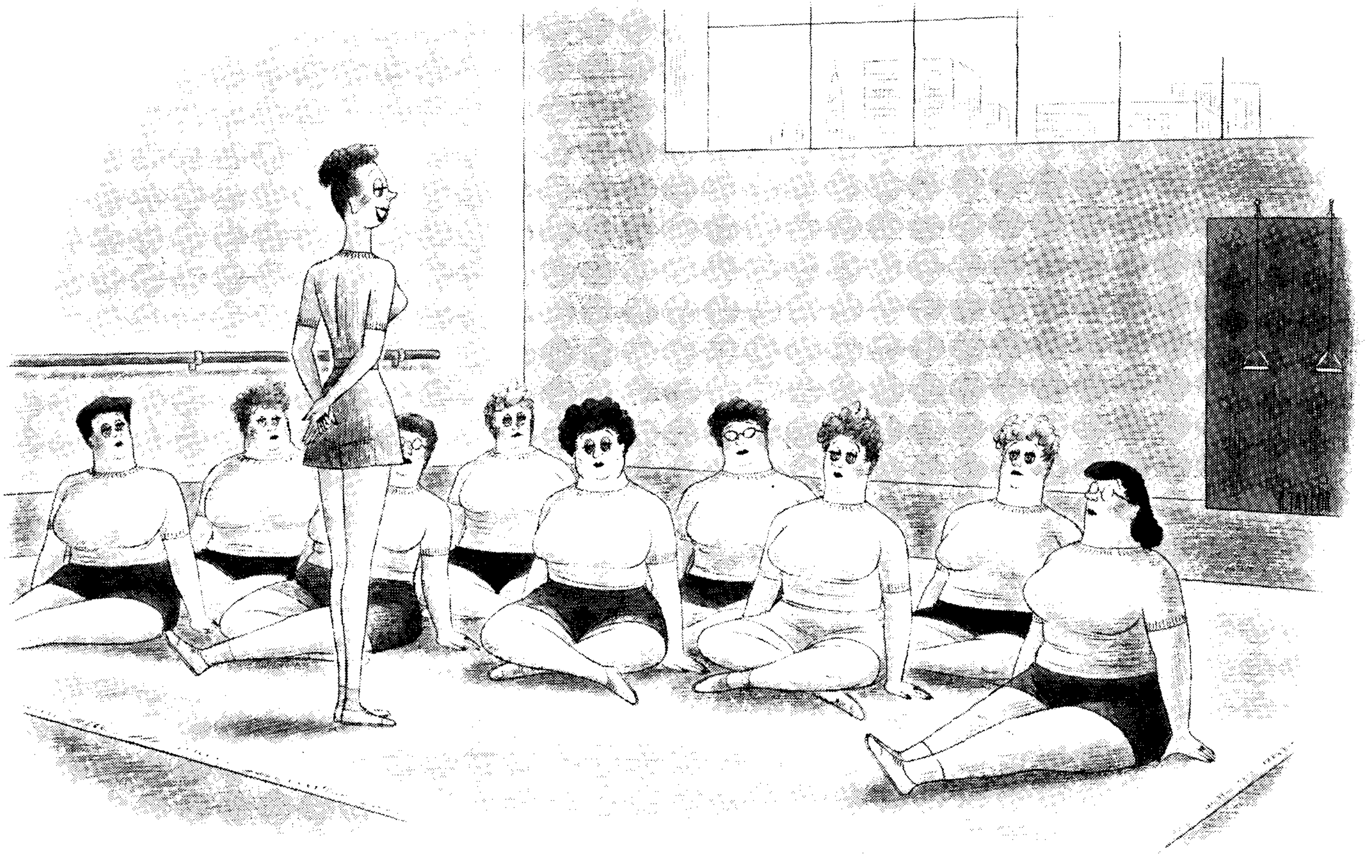
"All right," she said quietly. "We will bring him home tomorrow morning."

"I would like some tea," said her husband, and went out to the bathroom.

Bending with difficulty, she retrieved some playing cards and a photograph or two that had slipped to the floor—the knave of hearts, the nine of spades, the ace of spades, the maid Elsa and her bestial beau.

He returned in high spirits, saying in a loud voice, "I have it all figured out. We

IMPLEMENTS
SEEDS
GRASS SEED
TURNIP
LETTUCE
SEEDS
Garrett Price



"We're all going to start working toward that wonderful day when you can come to me and say, honestly and from the bottom of your hearts, 'Thank you, Miss Wilson.'"

• •

will give him the bedroom. Each of us will spend part of the night near him and the other part on this couch. We will have the doctor see him at least twice a week. It does not matter what the Prince says. He won't have much to say anyway, because it will come out cheaper."

The telephone rang. It was an unusual hour for it to ring. He stood in the middle of the room, groping with his foot for one slipper that had come off, and childishly, toothlessly, gaped at his wife. Since she knew more English than he, she always attended to the calls.

"Can I speak to Charlie?" a girl's dull little voice said to her now.

"What number do you want? . . . No. You have the wrong number."

She put the receiver down gently and her hand went to her heart. "It frightened me," she said.

He smiled a quick smile and immediately resumed his excited monologue. They would fetch him as soon as it was day. For his own protection, they would keep all the knives in a locked drawer. Even at his worst, he presented no danger to other people.

The telephone rang a second time. The same toneless, anxious young voice asked for Charlie.

"You have the incorrect number. I will tell you what you are doing. You are turning the letter 'o' instead of the zero." She hung up again.

They sat down to their unexpected, festive midnight tea. He sipped noisily; his face was flushed; every now and then he raised his glass with a circular motion, so as to make the sugar dissolve more thoroughly. The vein on the side of his bald head stood out conspicuously, and silvery bristles showed on his chin. The birthday present stood on the table. While she poured him another glass of tea, he put on his spectacles and reëxamined with pleasure the luminous yellow, green, and red little jars. His clumsy, moist lips spelled out their eloquent labels—apricot, grape, beach plum, quince. He had got to crab apple when the telephone rang again.

—Vladimir Nabokov

• •

LINES COMPOSED IN FIFTH ROW CENTER

Of all the kinds of lecturer
The lecturer I most detest
Is he who finishes a page
And places it behind the rest.

I much prefer the lecturer
Who takes the pages as he finishes
And puts them on a mounting pile,
While the original pile diminishes.

But best of all, the lecturer
Who gets his papers in confusion
And prematurely lets escape
The trumpet phrase "And in conclusion . . ."

Morris B

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

SOAPLAND

I—O PIONEERS!

IN *the intolerable heat of last August*, one Ezra Adams, of Clinton, Iowa, strode across his living room and smashed his radio with his fists, in the fond hope of silencing forever the plaintive and unendurable chatter of one of his wife's favorite afternoon programs. He was fined ten dollars for disturbing the peace, and Mrs. Adams later filed suit for divorce. I have no way of knowing how many similarly oppressed husbands may have clapped him on the back or sent him greetings and cigars, but I do know that his gesture was as futile as it was colorful. He had taken a puny sock at a tormentor of great strength, a deeply rooted American institution of towering proportions. Radio daytime serials, known to the irreverent as soap opera, dishpan drama, washboard weepers, and cliffhangers, have for years withstood an array of far more imposing attackers, headed by Dr. Louis I. Berg, a New York psychiatrist and soap opera's Enemy No. 1.

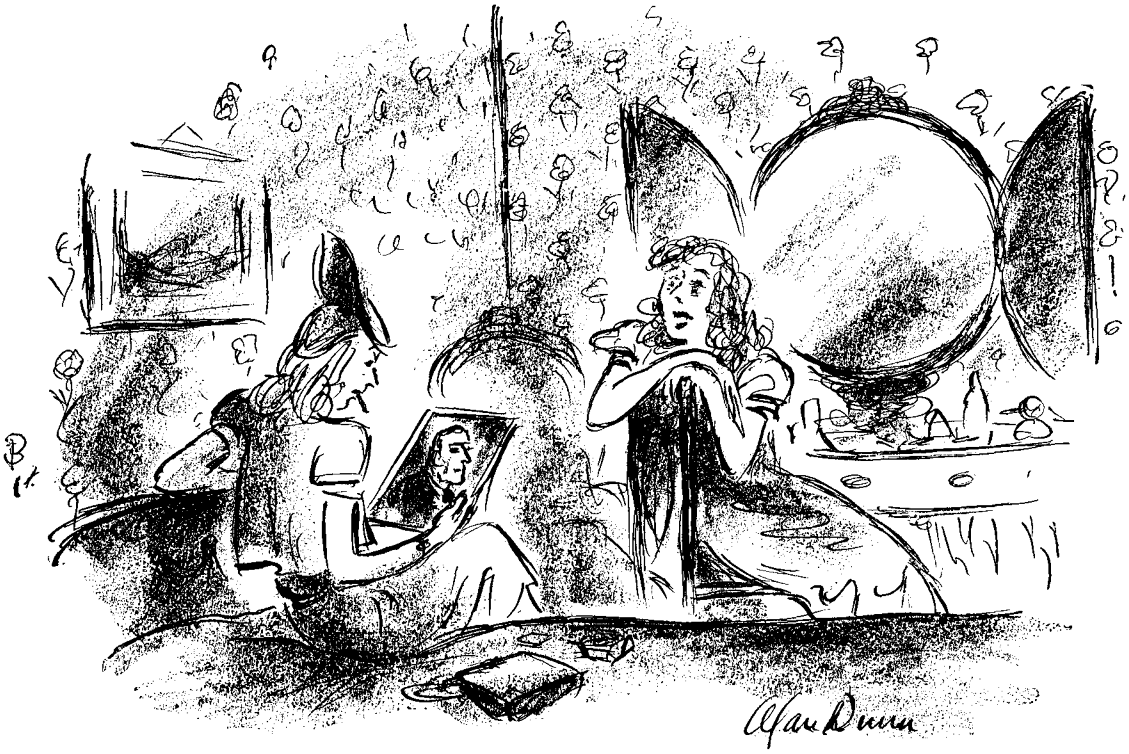
A soap opera is a kind of sandwich, whose recipe is simple enough, although it took years to compound. Between thick slices of advertising, spread twelve minutes of dialogue, add predicament, villainy, and female suffering in equal measure, throw in a dash of nobility, sprinkle with tears, season with organ music, cover with a rich announcer sauce, and serve five times a week. A soap opera may also contain a teaser ("Be sure to tune in next Monday for a special announcement"), a giveaway ("Send a box top and twenty-five cents for a gorgeous lovebird brooch"), a contest offer ("Complete this sentence and win a Bendix washer"), or a cowcatcher or hitchhike; that is, a brief commercial for another of the sponsor's products, such as a Kolynos plug on an Anacin program. It is the hope of every advertiser to habituate the housewife to an engrossing narrative whose optimum length is forever and at the same time to saturate all levels of her consciousness with the miracle of a given product, so that she will be aware of it all the days of her life and mutter its name in her sleep.

Beginning at ten-thirty in the morning and ending at six o'clock in the evening with the final organ strains of "Front Page Farrell," thirty-six soap operas are now being broadcast from New York stations Monday through Friday. N.B.C. has a string of sixteen, one after another, and C.B.S. a procession of thirteen. Eight or ten other serials, without New York outlets, bring the nation's present total to around forty-five. The average is closer to fifty, and at one time before the war sixty-five such programs overburdened the air waves and the human ear. Soap opera has an estimated audience of twenty million listeners, mainly women in the home, for whose attention the serials' sponsors—Procter & Gamble, Lever Brothers, General Mills, General Foods, and other big manufacturers of household products—pay a total of nearly thirty-five million dollars a year. The average serial costs about eighteen thousand dollars a week, of which three thousand is for talent and fifteen thousand for network time. The latter figure includes basic time costs, plus a fifteen-per-cent cut for the advertising agency handling the show. Serials are variously owned, most of them by individuals or radio-production firms, some by sponsors, advertising agencies, networks, and local stations.

THE headquarters of soap opera is now in New York and has been for a dozen years or so, but serials originated in Chicago. No other city has ever disputed Chicago's half-proud, half-sheepish claim to the invention of the story-coated advertising medium that either fascinates or distresses so many millions of people. Since soap opera is a form of merchandising rather than of art, the records of its beginnings are somewhat vague. It waited fifteen years for serious researchers, and it has had few competent critics. Almost none of the serial writers has saved his scripts. If the more than four thousand scripts (eight million words) of "Just Plain Bill," the oldest serial now on the air, had been saved, they would fill twenty trunks, and the entire wordage of soap opera to date, roughly two hundred and seventy-five million words, would fill a good-sized library.

The idea of a daytime radio program that would entertain the housewife and sell her a bill of goods at the same time was in the air in Chicago around 1928, "give or take a year," as one serial writer puts it. During the next four years, a dozen persons fiddled and tinkered with the ancient art of storytelling, trying to adapt it to the cramped limitations of radio, the young, obstreperous, and blind stepsister of entertainment. The principal figures in this experimentation were (not necessarily in the order of their appearance or importance) Mrs. Gertrude Berg, a matronly, warm-hearted woman, sincerely dedicated to the task of dramatizing Jewish family life; Mrs. Elaine Carrington, a magazine writer whose market had declined with the depression; Irna Phillips, a Dayton, Ohio, schoolteacher; Paul Rhymer, a young network executive; Frank Hummert, a smart advertising man; his young assistant, Mrs. Anne S. Ashenhurst; and Hummert's star writer, Robert D. Andrews, an able Chicago *Daily News* reporter who was destined before he quit, in 1942, to write thirty million words for radio (give or take three million). The progress of the serial pioneers was slow. There were major handicaps to overcome: the wariness of advertisers, mainly, and the thin resources of talent in the Middle West. But there was a smell of gold in Chicago, and the pioneers were indefatigable. In the field of radio narrative, continuous from day to day and week to week, they had one famous and successful nighttime model to study—"Amos 'n' Andy." It was a comedy program, of course, and the pioneers didn't want that; it had created, in George (King Fish) Stevens, a character worthy of a place in the fabulous line of rascals that extends from Sam Slick to Donald Duck, and the pioneers didn't want anything as difficult and wonderful as that; but it had proved that Americans like a continued story on the air, fifteen minutes a day, five days a week, and the pioneers did want that.

Mrs. Berg, a New York woman who did some of her early writing in Chicago, was one of the first of the pioneers to come up with a popular and durable soap opera, "The Goldbergs," which began as a nighttime show twenty years ago and took to the daytime air several



"It's the real thing this time—sex."

years later. It ran until 1945, when Procter & Gamble, who had had it since 1937, dropped it. This incredibly long and loving saga of Molly Goldberg, her family, and her friends had become such an important part of Gertrude Berg's life that she was lost and bewildered when the serial ended its run. She herself had played Molly Goldberg and had come to identify herself completely with the character. For sixteen years, she had been known to her intimates as Molly. She found it impossible to give up the Goldbergs, and two years ago she set about putting them on the stage. In "Me and Molly," the old family reached Broadway last February, with Mrs. Berg in the leading role. She demonstrated, even to those critics who saw no art or significance in her play, why her beloved family had lasted for nearly two decades on the air. Mrs. Berg, as author and actress, had transferred to the stage the simplicity, honesty, and warm belief in common humanity that had distinguished her serial, for all its faults. "In her code of values," wrote Brooks Atkinson, "Mrs. Berg is more nearly right than Noel Coward, who is a more expert playwright; and her family makes better company than the overcivilized family J. B. Priestley introduced to us in 'The Linden Tree.'" Soap opera, last February, thus won the applause, however mild, of gentlemen who up to that point had probably said of "The Goldbergs" no more than "Shut that damn thing off before I throw it out the window." Clarence L. Menser, later chief of program production for N.B.C. in Chicago, likes to feel that he had an influence on the early scripts of "The Goldbergs," but Mrs. Berg wrote them herself and the serial bore the lusty stamp of her own vitality. At about the same time, Paul Rhymer, a member of the N.B.C. staff in Chicago, began to turn out a serial called "Vic and Sade," which was eventually to become just as popular as "The Goldbergs." "Vic and Sade" began in June, 1932, and lasted more than thirteen years. A half-dozen old-timers fell by the wayside during the war years, along with "The Goldbergs" and "Vic and Sade," owing to retrenching by advertisers and other commercial factors. More than a score of the serials that were on the air in 1940 have since disappeared. "Vic and Sade," like another favorite, called "Myrt and Marge," differed from most serials in that it was basically humorous. Edgar Lee Masters, I am told, once said that the Rhymer serial presented the best American humor of its day.

ELAINE CARRINGTON, another of the pioneers, had sold many short stories to women's magazines in the nineteen-twenties. They dealt with the frustrations, heartbreaks, kindliness, nastiness, cruelties, and tragedies of the middle class. She created little men, cold women, and thankless children to the taste of various editors. Her dialogue was frequent and facile. She felt that radio might be more profitable than magazine writing in the depression years, and in 1932 she decided to take a crack at it. Her first program, "Red Adams," was put on by N.B.C., as a half-hour nighttime show, once a week. It was broadcast on a sustaining basis; that is, it had no sponsor and the network paid the production costs. Mrs. Carrington got seventy-five dollars a script. At the end of three months, the Beech-Nut Company decided to sponsor "Red Adams," as a daytime serial. They agreed to pay Mrs. Carrington a hundred dollars apiece for three scripts a week. They also wanted the title changed. Adams is the name of a Beech-Nut rival celebrated for the singing commercial that begins, "I like Chiclets candy-coated chewing gum." Mrs. Carrington changed the name to "Red Davis." In 1936, Procter & Gamble offered Mrs. Carrington twice as much money per script for five scripts a week. She accepted, and the name was changed again, this time to "Pepper Young's Family." Under the aegis of Procter & Gamble, Mrs. Carrington prospered and proliferated. "Pepper Young's Family" is still going, and she now is responsible for "Rosemary" and "When a Girl Marries," too.

Mrs. Carrington's original radio income of seventy-five dollars a week has grown to an estimated forty-five hundred. Unlike the majority of serial authors, who are merely hired to write soap operas and are known disparagingly as "dialoguers," Mrs. Carrington was wise and firm enough to retain the ownership of her literary properties. She leases broadcasting rights to the sponsors. Most dialoguers get credit on the air only once a week, but Mrs. Carrington's name is mentioned before and after each of her shows. Today she lives in a penthouse apartment in the West Fifties and a country place in Bridgehampton. Aided by only a few notes on a sheet of memo paper, she dictates her scripts into a dictaphone, usually standing. Her working hours are from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., with time out for a long lunch. She never bothers about hearing a play-back. Her secretary takes the record off the machine and transcribes the dialogue at her own office. Mrs. Carrington rarely listens to one of her soap operas—she prefers to call them daytime serials—and has never heard a broadcast of any of her colleagues' serials. She is known as the Member in Mink to the other members of the Radio Writers Guild, which she helped to found and on whose committees she has frequently served. When the Guild threatened to go out on strike in April, 1947, for recognition, reasonable rights, basic minimum pay, and a general "area of dignity," Mrs. Carrington agreed to walk out with her less prosperous co-workers. The networks finally consented to enter into negotiations with the Guild, and the strike was called off. The Guild won most of its demands from the networks but is now engaged in a grim battle with the American Association of Advertising Agencies.

AWAKING

After night, the waking knowledge—
The gravel path searching the Way;
The cobweb crystal on the hedge,
The empty station of the day.

So I remember each new morning
From childhood, when pebbles amaze.
Outside my window, with each dawning,
The whiteness of those days.

The sense felt behind darkened walls
Of a sun-drenched world, a lake
Of light, through which light falls—
It is this to which I wake.

Then the sun shifts the trees around,
And overtops the sky, and throws
House, horse, and rider to the ground,
With knock-out shadows.

The whole day opens to an O,
The cobweb dries, the petals spread,
The clocks grow long, the people go
Walking over themselves, the dead.

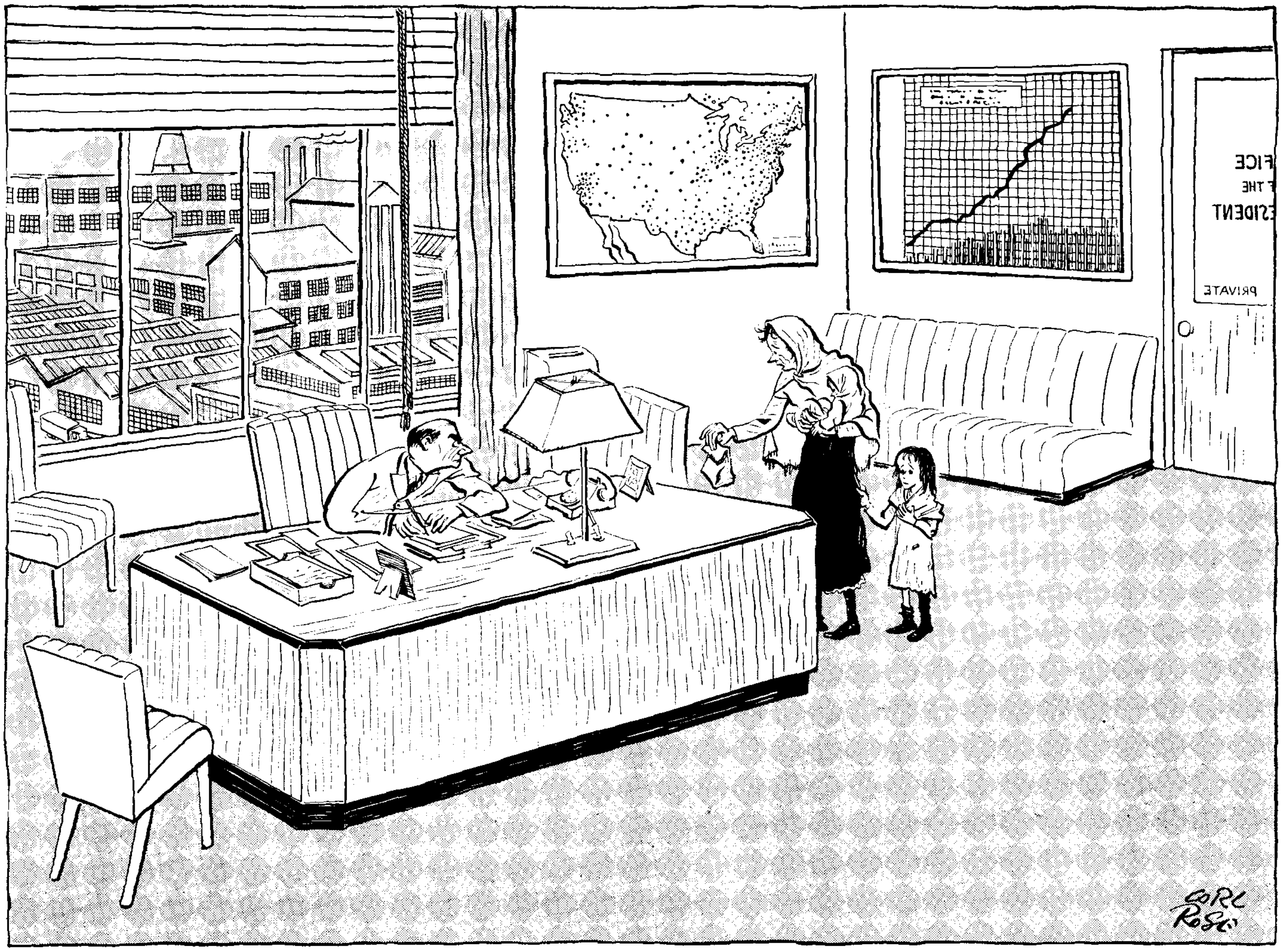
The world's a circle, where all moves
Before after, after before,
And my aware awaking loves
The day—until I start to care.

—STEPHEN SPENDER

• •

NO other woman writer of soap operas has written as many words as Irna Phillips, or made as much money. Miss Phillips, a brown-haired, blue-eyed native of Chicago now in her middle forties, became studio-struck after she graduated from the University of Illinois. She had originally decided to become a teacher, and after a year and a half at William Woods College, in Missouri, she was made an instructor at a normal school in Dayton, Ohio, where she specialized in storytelling and dramatics for children. In 1930, at the age of twenty-eight, she went back to Chicago on a visit and made a tour of its broadcasting studios, which still held a strong fascination for her. At WMAQ, she was mistaken for someone seeking an audition. A book was thrust into her hands and she was asked to read Eugene Field's "The Bow-Leg Boy." She was offered a job as an actress on the spot, but when she found out that she wouldn't be paid, she returned to her school in Dayton. In the days before the American Federation of Radio Artists and the Writers Guild were formed, the broadcasting industry took an easy and cynical advantage of actors and authors, many of whom, for the sake of a foothold, worked for nothing. On a later trip to Chicago, she was asked to write a script for a free half hour on one of the station's Memorial Day schedules. She did the job with considerable speed and also read it over the air. She was not paid for either her writing or her performance, but radio was now definitely in her blood and she came back to work for nothing throughout her summer vacation. She had her trunks packed for her return to Dayton in September when somebody at WGN asked her to write a family serial. When she discovered, to her surprise, that she would get fifty dollars a week for this, she unpacked and went to work. She spent the next seven months writing a serial called "Painted Dreams," and her salary rose to a hundred dollars a week. It wasn't long before the ambitious lady learned that the studio intended to peg her salary permanently at fifty-two hundred dollars a year. She instantly resigned and went to work for N.B.C. in Chicago, once again for no money at all but with the hope and determination to make a financial success of her writing and acting this time.

Miss Phillips began to write, and to act in, a serial called "Today's Children," which is still on the air. Once she got into the swing of things, she invented story lines with such facility that she could dictate six scripts a day. Soap operas involving family life were easy for her, since she was one of ten children. "Painted Dreams" had been ignored by the sponsors of soap operas for many months, but "Today's Children" was snapped up by a sponsor almost at once, and so were her subsequent ones—"Woman in White," "Right to Happiness," "The Guiding Light," "Road of Life," and "Lonely Women." All of them except "Lonely Women" are still being broadcast. Miss Phillips learned to dictate her scripts to a stenographer while sitting on the arm of a chair or pacing back and forth, acting



"I've brought your lunch, Lester, and, Lester, I've been a patient, uncomplaining wife, but when, in God's name, are you ever going to stop plowing the profits back into the business?"

• •

out each part. In the beginning, she had typed her scripts, and then she sometimes ran so close to the broadcast deadline that pages were whipped out of her typewriter, mimeographed, and handed to the actors without editing. When she took up dictating, she could turn out sixty thousand words a week, or around three million a year. She learned a lesson in the tough field of radio when WGN and the Chicago *Tribune*, which owns that station, claimed the ownership of "Painted Dreams" and were sustained by the courts. She had copyrighted several of the scripts of this serial, but her claim that it was her property was disallowed, since it was held that she had been hired to write the serial and had not actually created it. This technical point has been a source of disagreement and litigation ever since soap operas began. Facing the hard commercial world, Miss Phillips developed a shrewd business personality. Her forthrightness used to frighten into numbed silence William Ramsey, of Procter & Gamble, perhaps the biggest sponsor's man in radio. They later became friends. Ramsey, some years ago, bought the rights to three of her serials—"Right to Happiness," for seventy-five thousand dollars, and "Road of Life" and "The Guiding Light," for fifty thousand dollars each, and the first two of these have since been written by others. The "Painted Dreams" case had taught Miss Phillips the art of establishing beyond legal doubt her rights to her own material. At the height of her production, in the middle nineteen-thirties, she is said to have made in some years as much as a quarter of a million dollars. The vast volume of scripts eventually became too much for her to handle by herself, and she hired a staff of assistants.

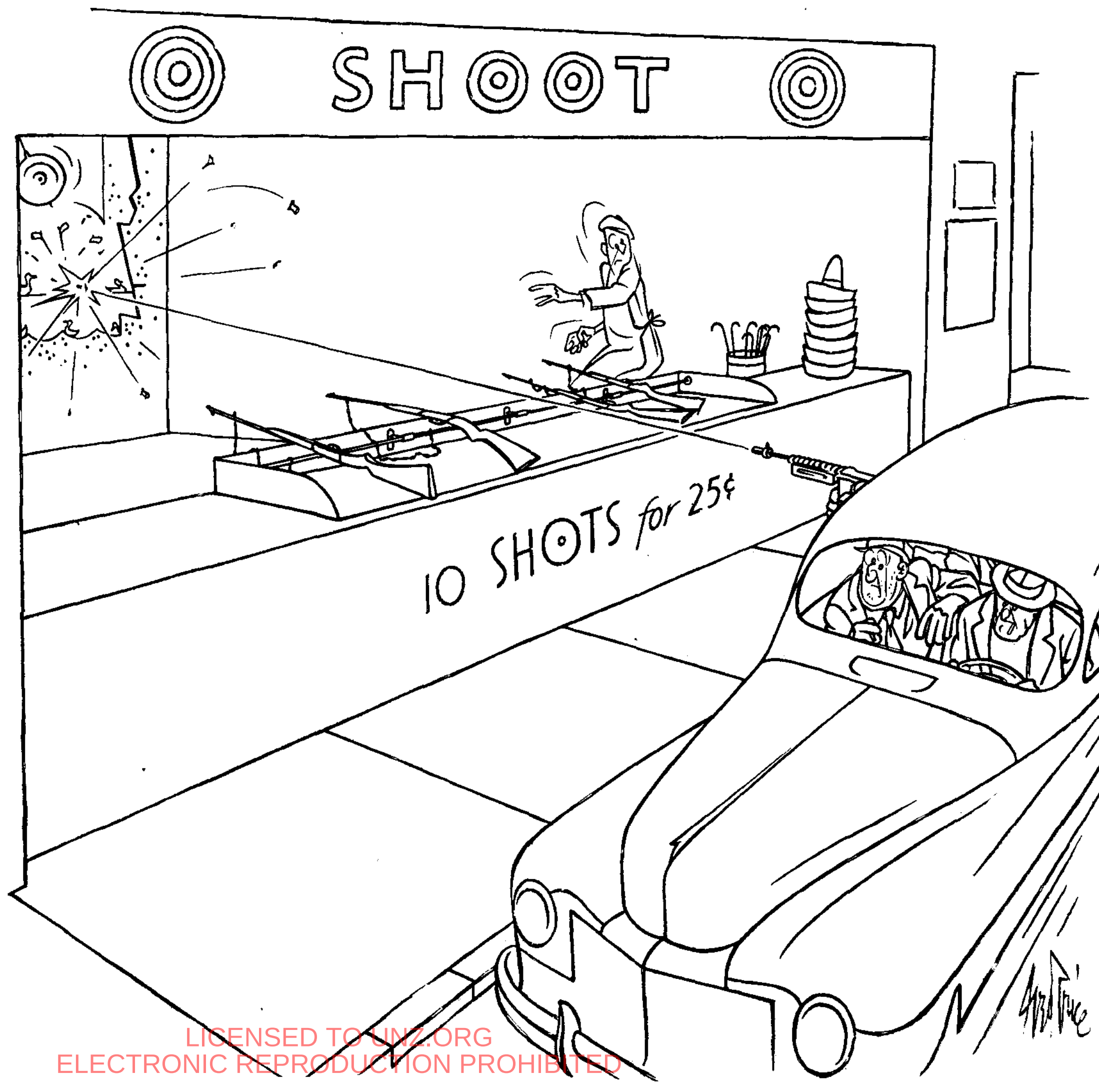
Miss Phillips' troubles were not over yet, however. In 1944, Emmons C. Carlson, promotion manager for N.B.C. in Chicago, filed suit against her for an accounting of her income on "The Guiding Light," asserting that he had helped originate the material. This time, the experienced Miss Phillips won; a judge of the Circuit Court dismissed Carlson's claim as fantastic. The sponsors of "The Guiding Light" at the time the suit was filed were General Mills, and they quietly got out from under. Ramsey grabbed the show for Procter & Gamble. In 1945, Miss Phillips returned to Northwestern, where she had studied for a year, to teach classes in the writing of radio serials on the side, and shortly afterward she moved to California. Her serials have been described as vehicles of evil and also as documents sincerely devoted to public welfare. Miss Phillips now writes only "The Guiding Light," for a thousand dollars a week.

IN 1927, Frank Hummert, one of the most influential figures in the history of soap operas, became a vice-president of Blackett & Sample, a Chicago advertising agency. The Messrs. Blackett and Sample wanted to round out their firm with a topflight idea man. Hummert was one of the best-paid men in advertising. He had been chief copy writer for Lord & Thomas in New York since 1920 and was the white-haired boy of the company's president, Albert Lasker. Hummert is an extreme example of that variety of human being classified by Dr. William Herbert Sheldon as the cerebrotonic ectomorph—the thin, unmuscular type, thoughtful, sensitive, quiet to the point of shyness. He had been a reporter for a while in his younger days, but his recessive temperament was not suited to that aggressive calling. He liked to work at home, and during his seven years as a copy writer he rarely showed up at the office. He had hit on the idea of writing advertising as if it were feature news, and the idea was successful. The one thing he enjoys remembering from the old advertising days is the work he did on behalf of the Brunswick New Hall of Fame, which brought new voices to the operatic and concert stages. Blackett & Sample became Blackett-Sample-Hummert, though the new man was not a partner. The change was made because it was felt that his name would lend a certain prestige to the agency, and he began to build up a unit of his own in the company for the production of radio programs.

Sample introduced Hummert, one day, to a small, smartly dressed young woman named Anne S. Ashenhurst and later suggested to him that she might develop into a useful assistant. Hummert said he was skeptical, but he was persuaded to give the young woman a trial. Mrs. Ashenhurst was a graduate of Goucher and had been a reporter for the Baltimore *Sun* and the Paris *Herald*. She was the wife of John Ashenhurst, a reporter she had met on the *Herald*. Her lack of radio and advertising experience was offset by what proved to be a sound understanding of how to catch and hold the ear of the woman radio listener. Like Hummert, she had an inventive mind and could make up a story line and write nimble dialogue. Hummert and Mrs. Ashenhurst figured that the largely fallow daytime air of twenty years ago could be transformed into valuable advertising time.

Things moved slowly at first. Advertisers favored evening hours, because they were convinced that radio entertainment would not be popular during the day. Most men and many women, they pointed out, worked from eight or nine in the morning until five in the afternoon. They admitted that the millions of American housewives acted as purchasing agents for the home, but they did not see how this peripatetic mass of busy women could be made into an attentive audience. The housewife was notoriously all over the place, upstairs and down, indoors and out, feeding the children, cleaning the house, hanging up clothes in the yard, talking on the phone. Hummert and his assistant decided to invent a daytime program first and then try to adjust it to the ambulant nature of the housewife. What they needed to begin with was a young writer with an indestructible typewriter, strong wrists, a story sense, and the knack of stringing out words. They came up finally with a young man beyond their dreams of stamina and fluency, who was eventually to become one of radio's legendary figures, Charles Robert Douglas Hardy Andrews.

Andrews was a reporter on the Chicago *Daily News* and editor of its *Midweek* magazine. If Hummert was a perfect ectomorph, Andrews was a superb example of what Dr. Sheldon has called the mesomorph—big, strong, sanguine, energetic, and inclined more to activity than to contemplation. He was almost six feet tall, weighed two hundred pounds, and boasted a chest measurement of forty-six inches. He dressed better than most reporters, liked to wear rings, and always carried a cane. He was once described in the now defunct *Chicagoan* as "a pen-and-ink illustration of a college-graduated heavyweight champion in a love story in a slick-paper magazine." The cathedral calm of the soundproof office had no allure for Andrews. He could pound



A New Experience in Luxurious Listening

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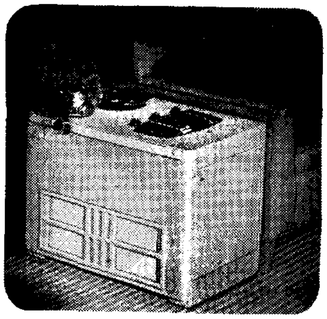


Just imagine yourself in the picture above . . . leaning back, relaxing, enjoying the incredible luxury of this radio of the future, ready *now* to astonish and thrill you.

Without budging from your chair, you can load and play fourteen 10-inch records, twelve 12-inch, or twelve of both sizes *intermixed!*

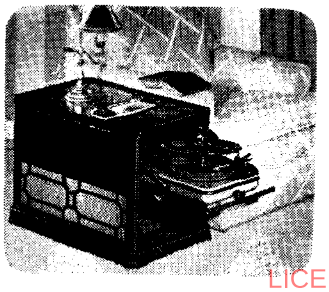
Without budging from your chair, you can tune, change programs, and adjust volume and tone for AM, FM on both bands, and international Short Wave! †

And just listen to this! With Zenith's amazing, *exclusive* Electro-Glide feature, you simply touch a button and presto—the entire phonograph unit automatically glides up and out for loading. Touch the button again—and the entire unit glides smoothly back into the cabinet!

Then Zenith's *exclusive* COBRA TONE ARM reproduces your records on a Radionic Wave, with tone beauty you've never heard before. All *you* do is relax and enjoy. No lid to lift, no step to take, it's a *dream* of luxurious listening. Experience it today. Get next to one of these stunning Zenith Chairside beauties at your Zenith dealer's showroom.

† *Short Wave on "Beacon Hill" and "Beverly Hills" models only.*

Above, main illustration—**Zenith "Beacon Hill,"** mahogany, 18th Century design. Electro-Glide; Cobra Tone Arm; INTERMIX Record Changer; AM, and FM on both bands; Short Wave; Radiorgan Tone Control; Wavemagnet; Concert Grand Speaker. $430.* *Above, small picture*—ZENITH "BEVERLY HILLS," same as the "Beacon Hill" except for blond mahogany cabinet, contemporary design. $430.*



At left—**Zenith "Mayfair,"** mahogany, period design. Electro-Glide; Cobra Tone Arm; INTERMIX Record Changer; AM, and FM on both bands; Radiorgan; Wavemagnet; Concert Grand Speaker. $325.*

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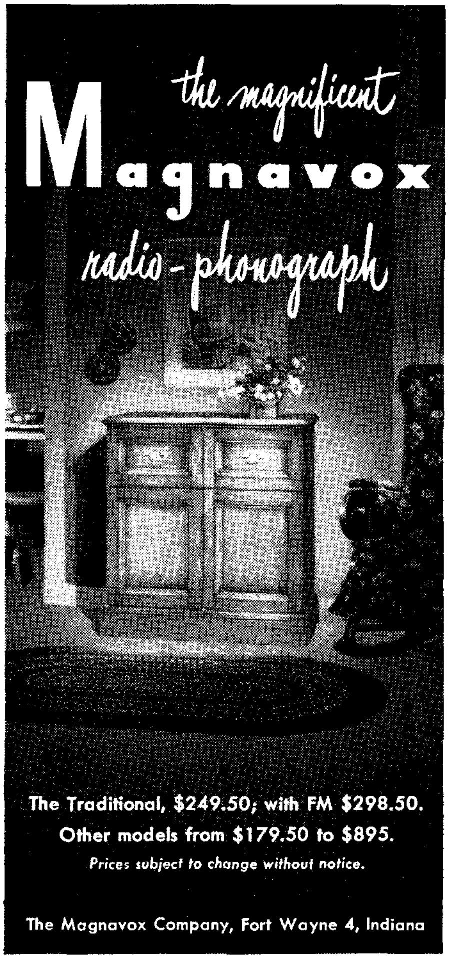
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The Traditional, $249.50; with FM $298.50.
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Also visit the three White Turkey Restaurants in New York City.
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NEW YORK'S MUSIC FESTIVAL
The Carnegie Pop Concerts
Third Season • May 1st – June 4th
featuring Sixty
of The World's Finest Musicians...
THE
Carnegie Pops
ORCHESTRA
with famous guest conductors and soloists
Orchestra: $2.40, Boxes: $3.60
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Seats at the Carnegie Box Office NOW

a typewriter in a room with a dozen other people pounding typewriters, and he could write in his bedroom while the neighbors' children bawled and radios blared. The attention of Hummert and Mrs. Ashenhurst had been called to a serial story in the *Daily News* entitled "Three Girls Lost" and signed Robert D. Andrews. Andrews had, on a bet, batted out "Three Girls Lost" in seven days, writing about fifteen thousand words every night. The friend who didn't think he could do it must have been unaware that Andrews had once won a typing contest sponsored by the Royal Typewriter Company. Andrews was later to turn out a hundred thousand words a week over a period of years, without losing a pound or whitening a hair.

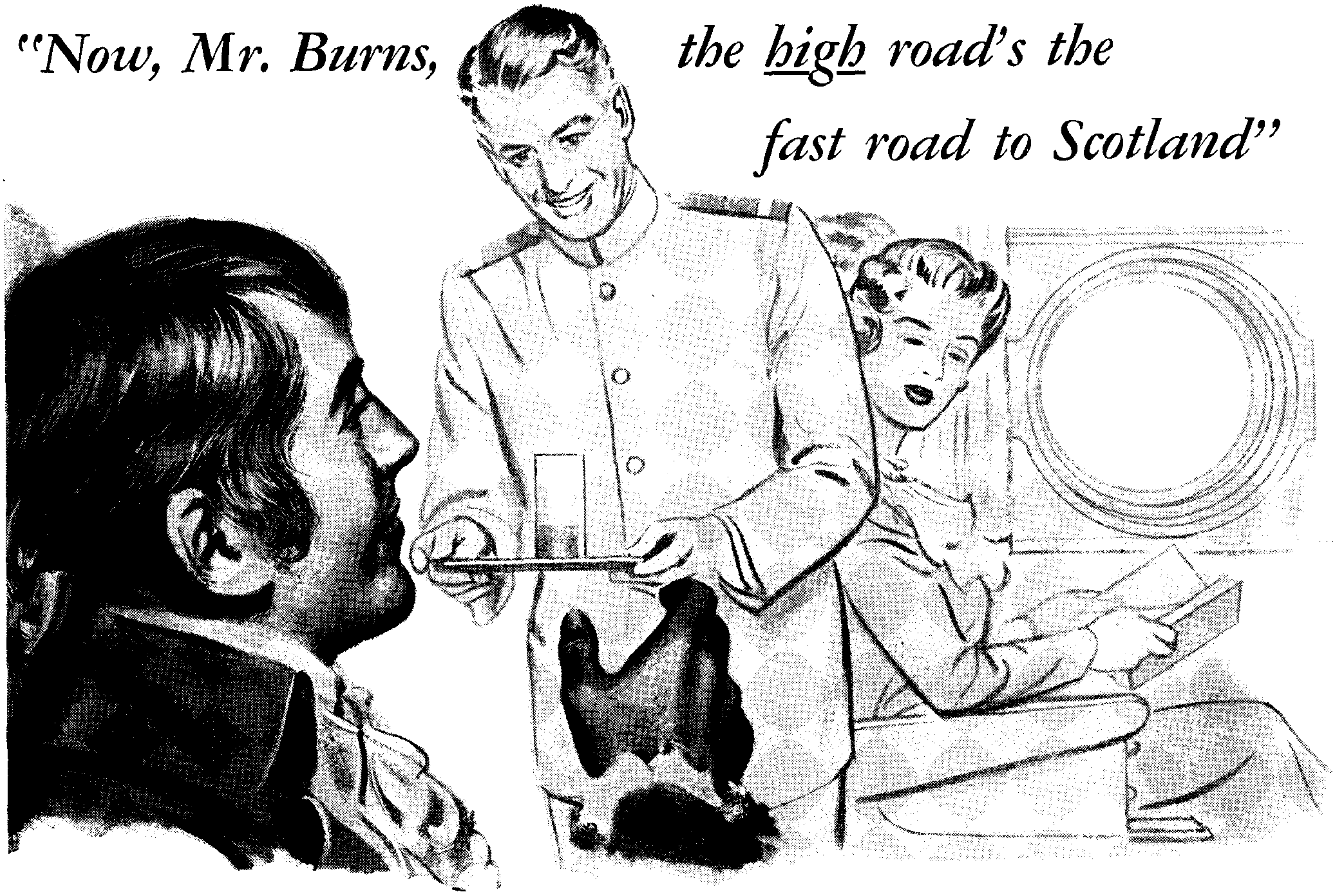
The Hummert office phoned Andrews one day at the *News* and asked him to come up for a conference. Andrews' first serial for Hummert was "The Stolen Husband," and it was read over the air by an actor impersonating the author, a device that was not successful, in spite of the fact that, in passages of dialogue, the actor changed his tone and accent for the various characters, in an effort to build the interest up. The audience response was not enthusiastic, so the final chapters were done with several actors. Meanwhile, Grosset & Dunlap had decided to publish "Three Girls Lost" as a novel, and the Fox Film Corporation had bought the movie rights for a new young actress named Loretta Young. Andrews' breakneck writing speed was mentioned with a trace of awe by a columnist or two. A gossip journalist, digging into the past of the demon writer, revealed that at the age of sixteen he had rattled off, for a hundred and fifty dollars, a hundred-thousand-word serial story for a newspaper-contest promoter and that he had been city editor of the Minneapolis *Journal* before he was twenty-one. When Andrews hit his stride and began to turn out five radio scripts a day, the author of a book called "How to Write for Radio" declared that he was not one man but three or four. "Charles Robert Douglas Hardy Andrews," said the author, "is a syndicate."

Hummert's second radio venture, "Bill the Barber," is still on the air, under the title of "Just Plain Bill." The story of the barber, his daughter, and his son-in-law and their mixups with the good people and the bad was written by Andrews for its first ten years. He was next set to writing "Ma Perkins," which *Variety* held to be "Just Plain Bill" in skirts. Bill was a widower, Ma was a widow. Each was a kindly and respected figure in a small town, and both could hold their own, in the end, with a series of spiteful women, deceitful men, powerful bankers, and tough gangsters. "Ma" was another enduring hit. Hummert and Mrs. Ashenhurst had found a formula that worked.

Hummert now proposed to General Mills that it sponsor daytime serials for children. General Mills boldly agreed to give the idea a try. Andrews wrote two of them, "Terry and Mary" and then "Skippy," the latter based on the famous cartoon character created by Percy Crosby, who was paid a thousand dollars a week for the radio rights. The kiddies loved "Skippy," and Wheaties became a household word. Andrews formed a secret society of the air for the young followers of Skippy, got up a code book based on the old "Gold Bug" cryptogram, and drew a diagram of a secret grip that he had stolen from a national fraternity. You could get this paraphernalia by sending in box tops, or facsimiles, and a signed statement from your mother that you ate Wheaties twice a day. A popular but somewhat unfortunate contest was staged, and the young winner, who got a free trip to Chicago and a week of entertainment, turned out to be a difficult brat who hated Wheaties and whose many brothers and sisters had helped him send in more facsimiles of the Wheaties box top than any other contestant.

Not all listeners were as enchanted as the children and General Mills. A Scarsdale woman told a meeting of her Parent-Teacher Association that "Skippy" was a dangerous and degrading form of entertainment, and newspapers everywhere printed her charges. A panel of psychologists hired by Hummert pooh-poohed the Scarsdale lady's fears and said that the loud and rambunctious adventure serial was a good thing for America's over-cloistered young. A kidnapping sequence in the story aroused criticism. Although it was written long after the Lindbergh case, indignant ministers and editorial writers denounced it as an attempt to profit by exploiting a tragedy. A new story line was instantly devised, and Andrews wrote twenty-five scripts in five days to catch up. Percy Crosby, who had been moaning and wringing his hands over his mild little character's lost innocence, breathed easier. But "Skippy" was not to last much longer. General Mills were disturbed when they heard that Andrews was not only a newspaperman but a writer of books; the chances were they had a drinking fellow and a bo-

"Now, Mr. Burns, the high road's the fast road to Scotland"



"It *is* kind of odd, sir, that your famous birthplace should be just outside a town called Ayr—or 'by Ayr,' as they say in Scotland. And barely five miles from the airport where we land you!

"One might call it poetic justice, too, that you—whose flights of fancy have made the thoughts of so many Scotsmen turn to home—should yourself be taking this modern high road back to Scotland.

"Yes, sir, a 'high' road is just what we provide—from any of the five continents. With us you ride way above the weather, at the very height of comfort, in the 'pressurized' cabins of these Speedbirds.

"Relax. Lean back. Enjoy yourself. Most delicious meals, prepared by world famous Chefs, will be served you on the way.

"And our bar's always there, if you feel like a 'guid-willie waught.' Wasn't that what you called a cup o' kindness?

"Yes, Mr. Burns, we serve our passengers with all the good-will in the world. Ready attention in the old tradition . . . that's what Speedbird Service stands for."

Book your space by Speedbird now for the International Festival of Music and Drama at Edinburgh, Aug. 22 — Sept. 12.

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ALLEGRO
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Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Entire Production staged by AGNES de MILLE
MAJESTIC Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
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OKLAHOMA!
NOW PLAYING (until June 19)
BILTMORE THEATRE, Los Angeles

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Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
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"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

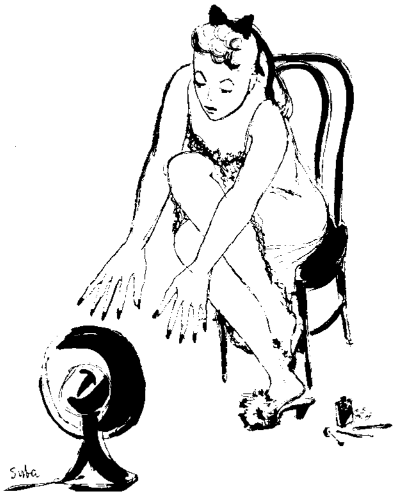
"HERE'S A HAPPY HIT." Garland, Jrn'l-Amer.
MARJORIE and SHERMAN EWING present
THE HARTMANS & HANK LADD
in The Smash Musical Revue
ANGEL IN THE WINGS

hemian on their hands, and this might get to the listening women and distress them. To forestall old wives' tales and young mothers' fears, Andrews had himself photographed eating Wheaties and sliced bananas with the child actors of "Skippy." He swears today that these actors once gave him a cocktail shaker and two bottles of Scotch for Christmas. The excitement over "Skippy" didn't last long, but it at least had the effect of diverting the public's mind from serials for adults.

BY the middle thirties, most of the pioneers had set up shop in New York. Clarence L. Menser came along a little later, and a year ago he became famous as the vice-president of N.B.C. who cut Fred Allen off the air, a gesture as foolhardy as an attempt by your nephew to strike out Ted Williams. Chicago was no longer the center of daytime radio serials but just another outlet. Hummert and Mrs. Ashenhurst formed a production company of their own in New York. In 1935, they were married. They have prospered and are now the producers of thirteen soap operas and five half-hour shows, four of them musicals and the fifth a mystery, "Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons," for which Mrs. Hummert selected a beautifully apt theme song, Noel Coward's "Some Day I'll Find You." The Hummert firm is the largest and most successful concern of its kind. The Hummerts choose the casts for all their shows. Men known as supervisors or script editors act as liaison officers between the Hummerts and their staff of writers, who are occasionally shifted from one serial to another when they show signs of running dry or muttering to themselves after too long a stretch with the same group of characters. One writer, Marie Baumer, has worked on eight serials in the last ten years, and another, Helen Walpole, has dialogued six since 1939.

The Hummerts have employed two hundred serial writers since they went into radio. They have fourteen on the staff now, and they can call on a reservoir of thirty others. The Hummerts think up their own ideas for serials. When they do, Mrs. Hummert writes an outline of the plot, suggesting incidents for the first three months or so and indicating key dialogue. Copies of this are given to five writers, and the one whose sample script seems to hit it off best is picked to do the serial. He is given an opportunity to write at least five scripts in advance, and from ahead. When Ned Calmer, now a news commentator, was writing a Hummert serial, "Back Stage Wife," he built up a backlog of nineteen scripts so that he could take a trip to Mexico. When the story line was suddenly changed, for some reason or other, he had to cancel his vacation and start all over again. For the last year, Mrs. Hummert has delegated some of her work, but before that she personally kept the story lines of all the serials going by turning out synopses for her writers.

LET us now turn back to Robert Andrews and see what became of him, in order to complete this survey of pioneers' progress. Until 1932, when he came to New York, Andrews wrote radio scripts at night and worked on the Chicago *Daily News* during the day, and he somehow found time to turn out a novel, "Windfall," which was made into the movie called "If I Had a Million." When he got to New York, he wrote radio scripts in a penthouse on Central Park West, typing from noon to midnight seven days a week. He smoked as many as five packs of cigarettes a day and drank forty cups of coffee. For a long period, he kept seven radio shows going, and he rarely had fewer than five, most of them soap operas. He has had a hand in more than twenty-five programs during his radio career. He averaged well over a hundred thousand words a week for years, and his sprint record was thirty-two thousand in twenty hours. In 1935, he decided he needed an outside interest, and he began an intensive research into various periods of history, with the idea of writing a dozen or so novels. One dealing with Daniel Defoe was published in 1945 and one dealing with the era of Alexander Hamilton will be out next year. One morning in April, 1936, Andrews decided to have a fling



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A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
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ETHEL MERMAN
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"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
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PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
with JAY FASSETT • PAUL McGRATH
FULTON • W 46 ST. EVES. incl. SUN. 8:40 • NO MON. PERF.
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"THE WITTIEST PLAY IN TOWN"
Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS
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Man and Superman
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at writing for the movies, and the next day he was on a train for Hollywood and Warner Brothers. He wrote twenty-seven radio scripts on the train. For a while, he continued to do six serials, and he did four for several years after he got to Hollywood, now working at the studio during the day and batting out the radio scripts at night. He kept at "Bill" until October, 1942. This was his last radio stint. He has written, alone or in collaboration, forty-five movies in the last twelve years, including "Bataan," "The Cross of Lorraine," and "Salute to the Marines."

Andrews answered a brief telegraphic query of mine some weeks ago with a letter, no doubt written between teatime and the cocktail hour, that ran to eight thousand words. In it, he advanced an astounding explanation for giving up the writing of radio scripts. "I just got tired," he said. Why, Charles Robert Douglas Hardy Andrews!

—JAMES THURBER

(This is the first of a series of articles. The second will appear in an early issue.)

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*Adv. in Town & Country, 1904*]

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFT
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Strathmill Gold Top, The King's Whiskey. W. & A. Gilbey. Absolutely Pure, Highly Recommended

2 BOTTLES RYE WHISKEY
A.M. & C. Co. "Private Stock," 1795. The Finest Whiskey: Selected Stock

1 BOTTLE "PLYMOUTH GIN"
Bottled by W. & A. Gilbey. Finest Gin Imported

1 BOTTLE COGNAC BRANDY
"An Old and Delicious Brandy." Bottled by Boutelleau Fils, Cognac

1 BOTTLE "LIQUEUR"
Cherry Whiskey. The Most Perfect *Liqueur*

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ARTHUR SCHWARTZ presents
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IN THE NEW MUSICAL REVUE
Inside U.S.A.
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Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH, MOSS HART and ARNOLD B. HORWITT
Dances & Musical Numbers by HELEN TAMIRIS
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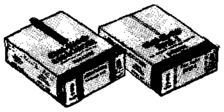

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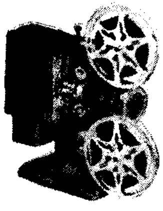

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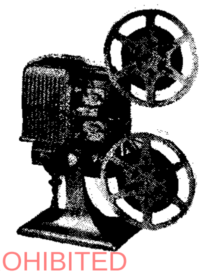

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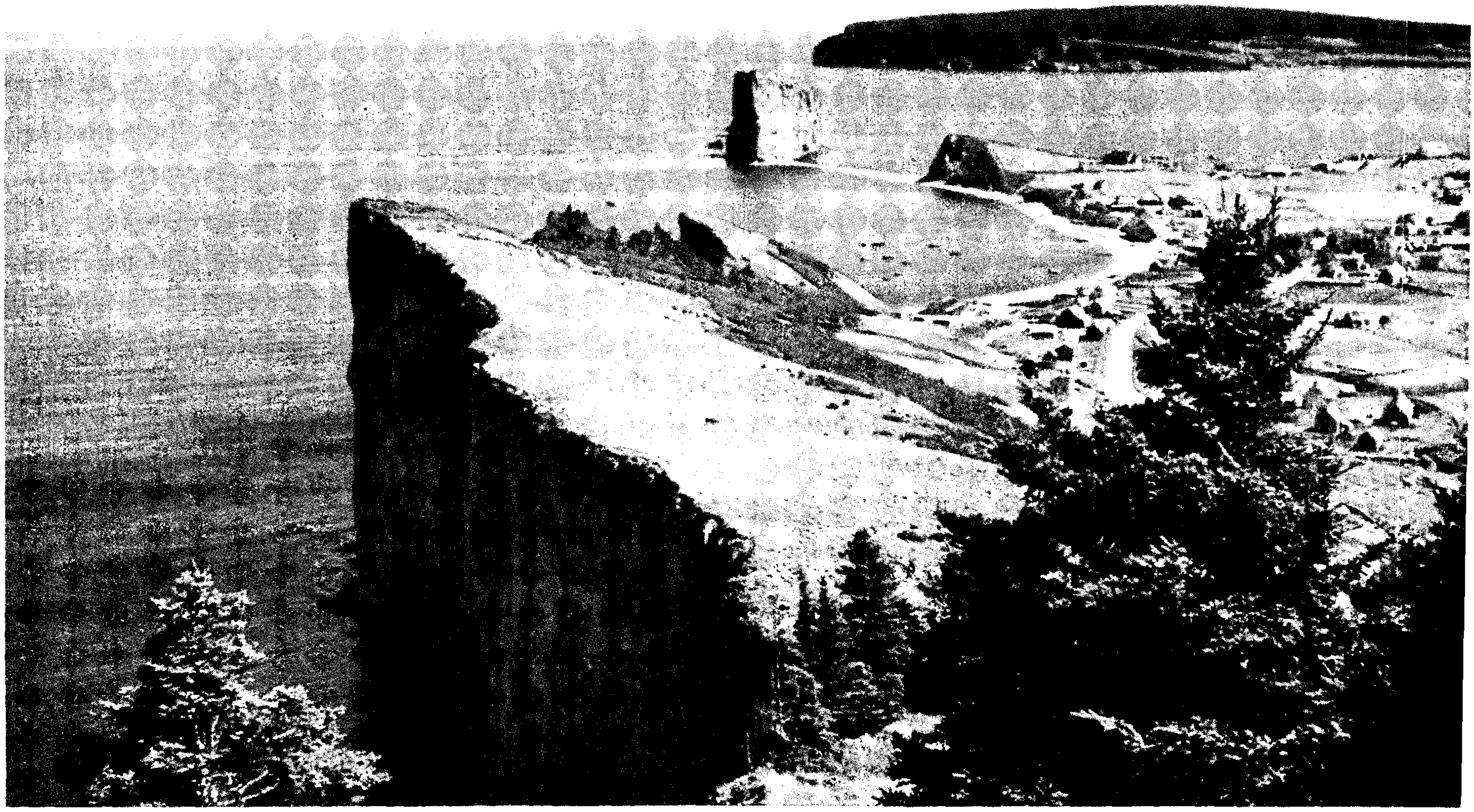

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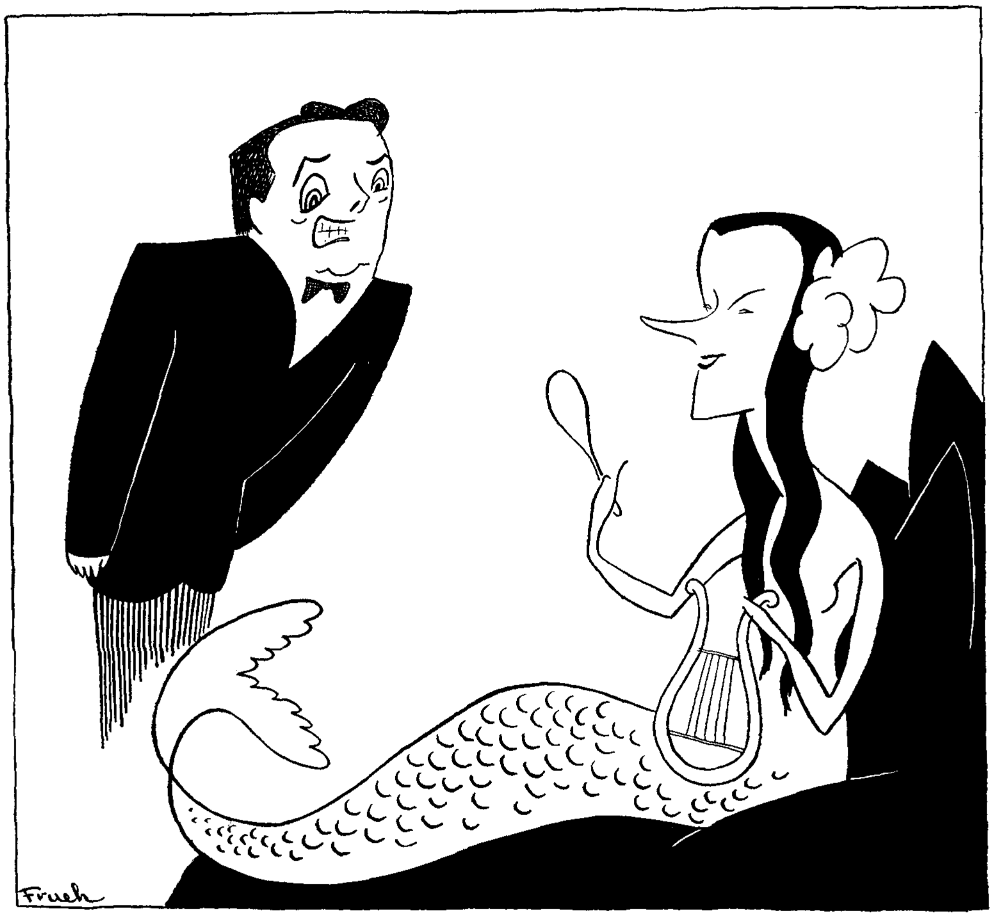
THE THEATRE

SOMETHING SILLY, SOMETHING OLD

THE Boy Scouts' handbook states that it is possible to build a fire without matches, but early in life I came to two conclusions about this trick: (a) that I can't do it, and (b) that practically nobody else can, either. Last week, the producer, authors, and cast of a musical comedy called "Hold It!" illustrated a variation of Thesis B by turning up at the National with their matches wet and trying to build a show with nerve alone. They failed to raise a spark. The Scouts notwithstanding, I feel surer than ever that matches are essential for a fire, and songs, gags, and dances for a musical comedy—I mean songs, gags, and dances that light when you scratch them on the box. There is one negative point in favor of "Hold It!" Dealing, in its moist and incombustible way, with a female impersonator in a college theatrical troupe whose photograph in costume wins a Hollywood screen-test competition for women only, it avoids a number, though not quite all, of the grisly potentialities of the theme. So O.K.; no bad gags, or hardly any, about gents in ladies' clothing. But also no good gags, about anything. No music above the level of the mating call of the albatross. No dances that have not been danced before too often for their own good. And no raps, on my score card, at least, against the cast, which is headed by Johnny Downs, Red Buttons, Jet McDonald, Patricia Wymore, and Larry Douglas. One of the safest inferences in the world is that responsibility for a piece like "Hold It!" can be charged to the people who created and produced it. In this case, the credit belongs to Sammy Lambert, producer; Michael Kidd, musical staging; Gerald Marks, tunes; Sam Lerner, lyrics; and Matt Brooks and Art Arthur, book.

APART from Willie Howard, whom the first-night audience seemed disposed to put up for the Republican nomination in lieu of Taft, Stassen, or Dewey, the strong point of the revival of "Sally," at the Martin Beck, is songs—pretty songs. That observation will not startle anyone who remembers Jerome Kern's "Sally" score from the early nineteen-twenties, when "Wild Rose," "Whippoorwill," and "Look for the Silver Lining" first made their marks, but you may be surprised, if you date back that far, by the size and ingredients of the dose of melody that Hunt Stromberg, Jr., and William Berney have provided in their new production. There is a tipoff in the announcement that the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse and Clifford Grey, for Wodehouse was not a "Sally" man. He did write, to Kern tunes, the lyrics of some of the finest songs Broadway has known, in musical comedies like "Leave It to Jane" and "Oh Lady! Lady!!" Well, you will find a fair part of the scores of "Leave It to Jane" and "Oh Lady! Lady!!" at the Martin Beck, along with the "Sally" score and several Kern-Wodehouse numbers from still other shows. There is sweet music to these gnarled ears of mine in the mere catalogue of bonus titles—"You Found Me and I Found You," "Greenwich Village," "Bungalow in Quogue," "Leave It to Jane," "Cleopatra" (the formal title in the old days was "Cleopatterer"), and "The Siren Song," the last-named of which is possibly the best all-round musical-comedy song ever written. It might be argued that so much tunefulness constitutes an overdose, since "Sally's" own score was the one asset that the show could be counted on to retain after twenty-seven years of aging. As it happens, the rest of "Sally" has worn so thin that it needs a lot of songs, and a lot of very good songs, at that, to keep a modern audience from sidling



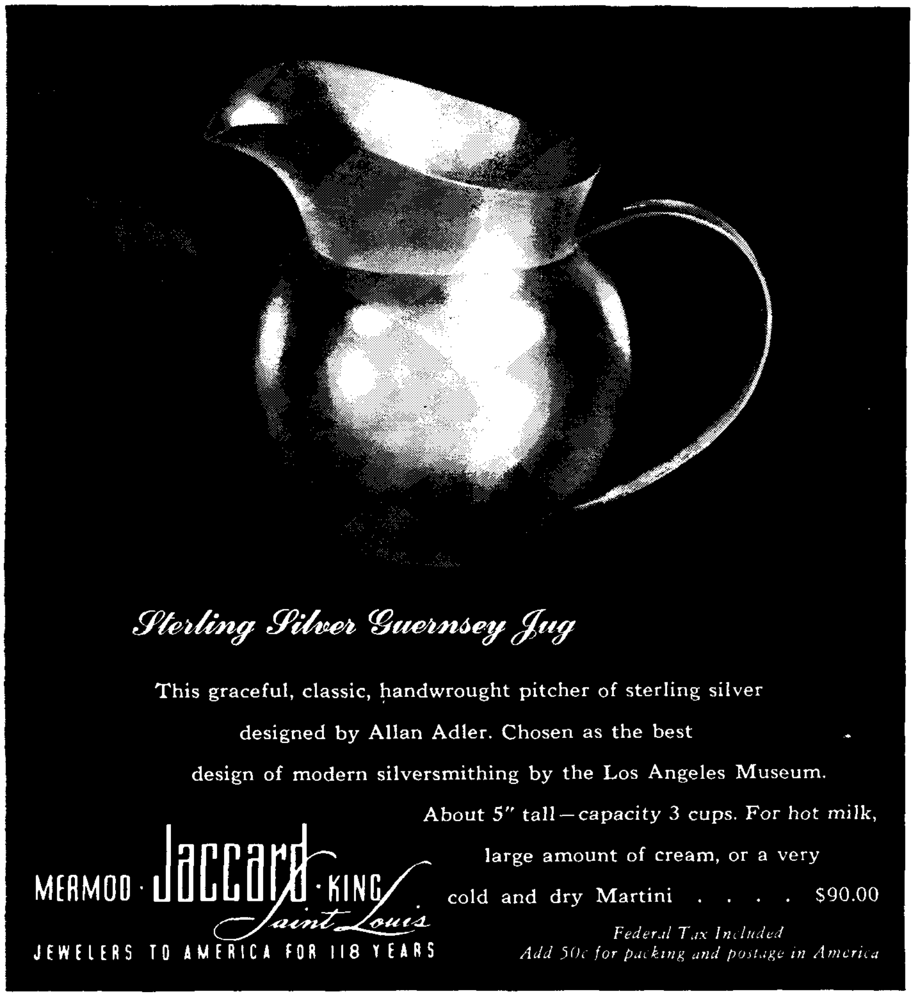
"INSIDE U.S.A."

In this picture, Beatrice Lillie is pretending to be a mermaid, to the obvious horror of Jack Haley. Arthur Schwartz's revue, for which he wrote the music and Howard Dietz the lyrics, is at the Century.

toward the exits. Even so, there are times between tunes when it becomes clear that the management showed spectacular prudence in signing up Mr. Howard for the part of the Grand Duke Constantine, once played by Leon Errol.

Few voters will deny that Mr. Howard is a better comedian than Mr. Errol was. However, the lines and business of "Sally" have staled so drastically that he has to be twice as good just to keep even. I liked everything Mr. Howard did except for a sheaf of imitations of Eddie Cantor, Maurice Chevalier, Al Jolson, and George Jessel. They were competent imitations, but, as Mr. John Chapman said in the *News*, it would be more fitting if Cantor, Chevalier, Jolson, and Jessel were up there imitating Mr. Howard for the five minutes the number lasts. You'll recall that it was Marilyn Miller, along with the Kern songs, who made the first "Sally" famous. Miss Miller's place is taken in the revival by Bambi Linn. Miss Linn sings about as well as Miss Miller did and, therefore, wisely sings very little. Wisely, too, she does not try to reproduce the special Miller glamour. She plays Sally in her own quiet and sturdy way, suggesting a field-hockey captain with a talent for the dance. In smaller roles, Robert Shackleton does well with a handsome collection of songs, Jack Goode and Kay Buckley are as funny as they have a chance to be, and Bibi Osterwald is fine in the "Cleopatra" patter number.

BEN JONSON'S "The Alchemist" is less well known than his "Volpone," but it is pretty nearly as good a play to read and just as good a play to see in the twentieth century as "Volpone" is—by which summary I mean to give you all the leeway you want. If you take kindly to Elizabethan plays in modern productions, you will like "The Alchemist" as presented at the City Center by the New York City Theatre Company, with José Ferrer, Ezra Stone, Nan McFarland, and George Coulouris in the leading parts. If you



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don't know how you feel about Elizabethan plays in the flesh, you may like it anyway. Its language is rich, comic, and, naturally, partly foreign, being Elizabethan. Its plot is complex. Its characters are numerous—panders, shills, gulls, punks (I think this was a purely feminine category in Jonson's day), and shyster scientists. It keeps Mr. Ferrer and his colleagues running in and out of so many doors so fast that spectators susceptible to panic may get the idea that the theatre is on fire. In his work of dissecting the human species, Jonson left almost nothing to the imagination. The French critic Taine, who, in the last century, wrote a history of English literature that *was* a history of English literature, found it necessary to apologize, as follows, to his fellow-countrymen for quoting Jonson: "We beg the reader to forgive us the indelicacies of Ben Jonson. If I omit them, I cannot fully paint the sixteenth century. Grant the same indulgence to the historian as you would to the anatomist." Perhaps our century is closer to Jonson's in shock capacity than Taine's was. At any rate, the author of "The Alchemist" was a wise and entertaining writer as well as a gross one. If, at this date, there is an outstanding fault to be found with his plays, and hence with the City Theatre Company's "Alchemist," it is that plot and slapstick come at you too fast and too thick. Seeing a Jonson play is one way—probably the easiest way, at that—of finding out how a pin boy in a bowling alley feels on Saturday night. —JOHN LARDNER

•

Miss Duncan has two brothers here. Augustin lives in Long Island City, and Raymond works at hand-printing and weaving in the Waldorf-Astoria.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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•

Mrs. R. writes: I have been told I have anemia but it doesn't bother me except when I'm around people who talk too much. Do I need a sedative?—*Boston Herald.*

Sedative? You need a general anesthetic.

•

THE LITERARY LIFE
(GREENWICH DIVISION)

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by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

ILLONA, OUR HUNGARIAN COUNTESS, the 24-year-old girl who came to America to marry her ex-GI fiance and discovered that he had just recently married, probably set a world record—perhaps an all-time record. She's the only woman I've ever heard of who has had 1,786 proposals of marriage. Illona received more than 2,000 pieces of mail, five telegrams, two bouquets of American Beauty roses, two boxes of candy—and $30 in cash from three men who wanted to assist her and lighten her burden, if they could . . .

★

ILLONA'S CASE TOOK form early one Sunday after I explained in my Minneapolis Sunday Tribune column that to stay in this country she had to meet, woo and win a man in two short weeks. The telephone began ringing in my home. I counted 309 calls through Sunday. In some cases, I gave the callers Illona's telephone number in Minneapolis. They got in touch with her immediately. It was probably the strangest Sunday Illona ever had. By Sunday night she had personally interviewed five of her 1,786 prospects. By midnight Sunday she had two definite proposals. Both men had talked to her, looked her over carefully and said, in probably an unromantic way, "If you want to marry me, I will marry you." And that probably reaches an all-time high in whirlwind romance . . .

★

THROUGH THE WEEK, Illona had to be very careful about accepting dates. After all, these men were total strangers to her, she knew little of their background. She did accept three dates. One young ex-GI used a very clever device to meet Illona. He sent her a ticket to the Horowitz concert at the university. His seat was right next to Illona's. A pleasant surrounding to woo, indeed. Unfortunately, it didn't work because the delay in forwarding the mail brought the ticket to Illona just one day too late. Several men drove in from our surrounding areas. One young man drove 200 miles . . .

★

RICHES WERE WITHIN her reach, too. One of the prospects wrote from California, offered to pay her airplane fare to California for the meeting. Business prevented him from making the trip, but wouldn't she come out? He told her of his two homes, one in Minneapolis, a beach home in California. He has a new Buick. He told her of his bank balance, that his business was sound, his income sufficient to make them very comfortable and, he hoped, happy . . .

★

HERE'S THE FINAL WIND-UP on Illona: She married a native of North Dakota who was a graduate of the University of Minnesota. He was a captain in the army, is now a mechanical engineer, making good money. The two of them have had their honeymoon, are now living quietly and very happily in one of our Upper Midwest cities.

★

SPEAKING OF THE UPPER MIDWEST reminds me that I ought to pass on some amazing facts about the 1947 farm income for the 225 counties up here in our part of the nation. The farm income figure—nearly $3 billion! That's 32 per cent above the 1946 total and 206 per cent over 1941 . . . and just one more reason why the Upper Midwest is one of America's richest markets, a land of great business opportunity. The Upper Midwest's $3 billion farm income in 1947 is also one more reason for the continuing growth of the best-read, best-liked newspapers of the region . . . **The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 435,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 565,000).

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OF ALL THINGS

IT begins to look as if the old Republican dream of a two-party system in the Southern states might be realized this year. The only drawback, as far as the G.O.P. is concerned, is that neither of the parties would be Republican.

•

The President is reported to be undisturbed by rumors of a widespread Southern revolt. He seems to feel that there is nothing to worry about unless the rebels fire on Fort Knox.

•

Governor Dewey has again revealed himself as a forward-looking statesman. He has begun to pick his Cabinet, with the Presidency still two ifs away.

•

The new Franklin half dollar has made its appearance and is admired by all. Not only is the coin good to look at but it will buy a quarter's worth of goods in any store.

•

The Dewey-Stassen contest in Oregon is increasing in intensity every day. The candidates appear determined to leave no stone unthrown and no barn unstormed.

•

According to present indications, the Republicans will spend much of their time in Philadelphia sitting in stuffy. smoke-filled rooms. By way of contrast, many health-loving Democrats will be out taking salubrious walks in the fresh air.

•

The House of Representatives is reluctantly coming around to the idea of passing the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill. Congress may at last abandon its old slogan "A plague on all your housing."

•

Rhode Island is considering a bill making it illegal for newspapers to publish letters signed with pseudonyms. This law is designed to remove the false whiskers from such shady characters as Old Subscriber, Taxpayer, and Pro Bono Publico.

•

The Detroit Police Department is screening all comic books for indications of Communistic teachings, sex, and racial discrimination While the investigators are at it, they might examine the things for traces of comedy

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

IN GOD'S GOOD TIME

"INTELLECTUALLY mature," Adam Findlay's eighth-grade report card from the New Haven Country Day School said, "but still extremely careless as to details of his demeanor."

"What the hell do they mean by that?" his father inquired, and Mrs. Findlay said he knew as well as she did that Adam still toed in worse than anyone else in the world had *ever* toed in, and that he couldn't yet pronounce "r"—couldn't or simply didn't.

It was true that for the greater part of his thirteen years Adam had steadfastly declined to do anything about his feet and his "r"s, maintaining there was nothing in it for him if he set to work to try and change them. One winter, he had been sent to an expensive teacher of posture and, evenings after dinner, had had to go through a performance called "Indian walking," up and down, up and down the living-room rug for fifteen minutes. He walked as straight as a die along the edge of the rug, smiling indulgently on his family the while, and the minute the practice time was up allowed his feet, as if they were drawn by irresistible elastic bands, to flap back into their customary, deplorable, comfortable position. Mrs. Findlay sometimes imagined that she could see behind him, on pavements and lawns and rugs, the pattern his footsteps would have made, a running pattern like innumerable sharply closed parentheses, or like a special kind of hemstitching one of her grandmothers long ago used to make at the hems of linen towels.

"Feet *straight!*" his parents were apt to lash out at him at any time or place, and he would answer, with invariable amiability, "Yes," but his mind was always somewhere else, concerning itself with some good, solid subject like the coming Presidential elections, his chances on the baseball team, racial discrimination, or tree houses. He didn't care what his feet did, and in less than half a minute, in fewer than half a dozen steps after the anguished parental cry, they would be up to their old tricks.

"Maybe, when he grows big, they'll be so long they'll step on each other and then he'll notice," Mrs. Findlay once said hopefully. "I mean they'll overlap."

"I doubt if that would trouble him in the least," John Findlay answered. "There's certainly duck blood in him, from somewhere."

Along with this relaxed attitude toward his own appearance went Adam's great laxity in the use of the letter "r." For some words he employed it and for some he didn't. He always put one on "hair" and "car" and "far;" even in "cart" and "marsh" it lurked; it was when "r" came at the beginning or even near the beginning of a word that Adam fell back upon the letter "w." "Gwocewies," he would say calmly, as his sister and brother jeered. "Pwesidential elections." What he had done to the word "arrowroot" in his nursery days had amused nobody. "Don't you *hear* how you sound?" his father or mother would cry, and then, sometimes, aggravated past all restraint, "And can't you *see* how your feet look?" He would reply in a pleasant voice, "No, fwankly."

This spring, soon after the disparaging report card, a new project, fraught with an unexpectedly useful outcome for the Findlay family, swept the eighth grade of the Country Day School. Its vigorous current-events teacher, who was also a force on the committee of the New Haven Junior Town Meeting of the Air, made arrangements for a debate between three members of her class and three children from another school. "Should the United States Ban Communism by Law?" was the heady subject, and Adam and his nineteen classmates at once flung themselves into a passionate search for material; they had been given the negative side to sustain and they pounced on and snapped up every argument they could find, like bantam chickens snapping up spring worms. A few of the parents shied at the stand their children were preparing to take, but the members of the current-events class thrust their hands into their corduroy-pants pockets with decision, or, as the case might be, flung back their pigtails with a fine, free toss of the head, and said, "In a debate, it's the *way* you argue that matters."

"And besides it's a fwee countwy still, I should hope," Adam told his parents, adding that he was the leader of his side.

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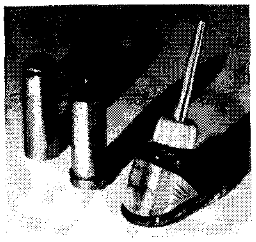

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a small theatre, before an audience of school children; it was recorded for the air and broadcast the following Sunday at one-thirty. At one-twenty, after a nervous hurrying-down of chicken and string beans, the Findlays carried their plates of ice cream into the living room and all except Adam crouched before the radio. The knob was set to the local station.

". . . for this is a fwee countwy!" came to them in ringing tones, and Adam, sprawled negligently on a couch, looked up, surprised.

"That doesn't sound like *me*," he said.

"S-sh!" Mrs. Findlay moved the knob a fraction of an inch. Then the family sat, heads bowed as in prayer, only absently, at intervals, lapping at their melting ice cream. Adam, nobly backed by his two teammates, had had the debate pretty much all his own way from the first. "To bar Communism by law would only dwive it undergwound," he said with conviction, and later, severely, in reply to a sharp point made by the opposing team, "The Supweme Court does not stoop to wecwiminations."

Adam, on the couch, was very quiet. When it was all over, he received his family's praise with reserve. "But I sounded so young," he kept saying, and shaking his head, as if mystified. He said it repeatedly to the friends who soon began telephoning the house and asking, "Does Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn Findlay live here?"

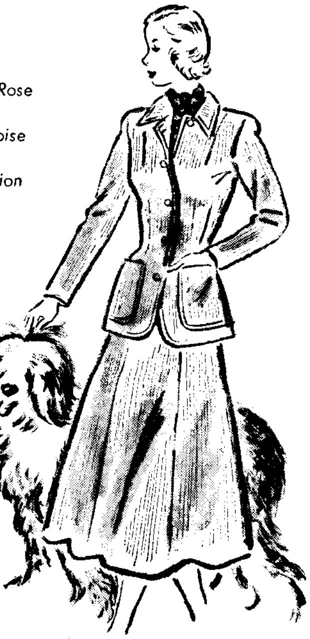
He said it again—"Heck, I sounded so young!"—to the Findlays' doctor, who telephoned to say that he had heard the broadcast.

"It's just your 'r's," the doctor said. "You can get that fixed."

EARLY on a bright, sunny spring morning, Adam and Mrs. Findlay entered the large pale-stone portico of a New York City clinic. With some doubts, Mrs. Findlay turned her son over to the clerk at the desk, who would guide him to the office of the doctor of corrective speech. "We have an appointment for ten-thirty," she said. "I'll come back in an hour." And she fled, trying to look like merely a terribly, terribly normal woman and not—as she was a little afraid she might—as if she had just willfully committed her elder son to a padded cell.

She went off in a taxi and bought two blouses, oatmeal soap, and, somewhat absent-mindedly, a pair of dotted-Swiss curtains for the cook's bedroom, and then hurried back to the clinic, not sure

Mary Lewis
746 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 19



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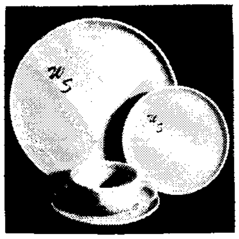

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3rd Ave. Near 53rd St.

what tense experiences Adam might have been subjected to in its suave depths.

Adam, quite his usual self, was waiting pigeon-toed in the sunny portico. By his side stood the doctor, a nice, eager-looking woman with flyaway hair and a knitted dress. She put her hand on Adam's shoulder and smiled at Mrs. Findlay. "He's just got this one speech defect," she said, "but it appears to be somewhat stubborn. It will take time to deal with it, but I weally think if he will pwactice, with *concentwation*—you know, wegularly—we will be able to contwol it." Mrs. Findlay, by mistake, caught Adam's brightly gleaming, sardonic blue eye and hastily looked away. "I'll see him again next Monday afternoon," the doctor said. "Goodbye."

The two Findlays set out for a restaurant for luncheon. "You know," said Adam as he ambled at her side, "while she was talking to me, I thought up an idea. Oh, *she* said I bent up my tongue too much or something, but look: If I say 'er-r' hard every time before an 'ar-r,' then it sounds O.K. Look: *Ger*-roton. *Ger*-randpa. *Ger*-rab-bag."

"But you're not going to Groton!" cried his mother, who was not quite herself that morning. "You're going to Westminster!"

"I know, silly. I'm just *per*-racticing. *Ger*-rand Cent-*er*-ral! *Ker*-ristmas! I don't need any more lessons. *Er*-robert Montgom-*er*-ry! Isn't that wonderful?"

The sun shone warmly down on them, the light leaves on the trees casting as yet almost no shade; the air moved in soft, irresponsible gusts that could not be called wind. Adam, much pleased with his invention, muttered away steadily to himself, and Mrs. Findlay, glancing by chance at his feet as they flip-flapped along the cement sidewalk in a pattern of hemstitching, said "Never mind" to herself out loud. "Even them, maybe. One of these days!"

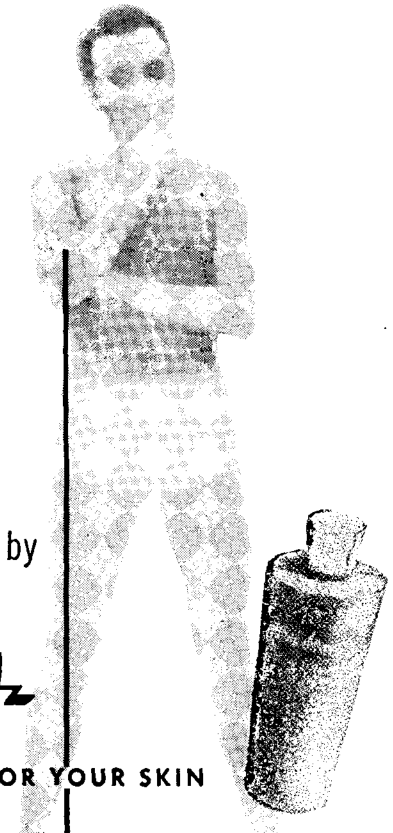
—Louise Field Cooper

•

"He said there was some foreign painter that painted women as if they were roses, and roses as if they were women."—*From "Violet," by Frances Towers, in Collier's for April 24, 1948, page 34.*

"I looked at the pictures, which I couldn't understand. The flowers all looked like people and the people all looked like flowers, if you see what I mean."—*From "I Have a Wallet," by Roderick Lull, in Collier's, same issue, page 100.*

We *ought* to see, by this time.



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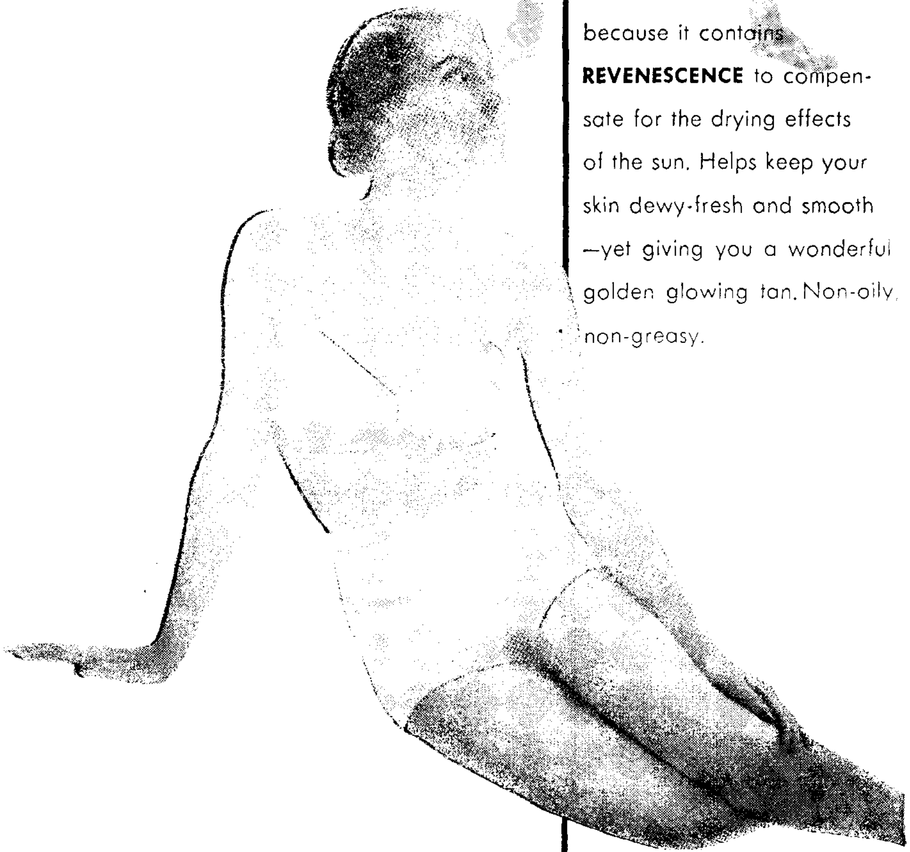

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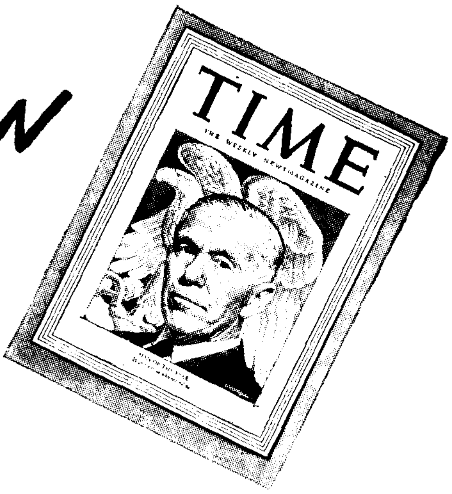

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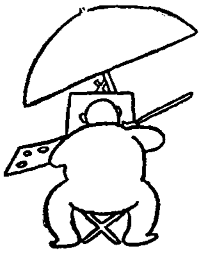
THE ART GALLERIES

Background Stuff



TWO men, both of whom have influenced the development of modern art, are exhibitors this week—Alexander Archipenko, who has a small retrospective of his sculptures at the Associated American Artists, and René Magritte, showing oils and gouaches, mostly new, at the Hugo Gallery. Archipenko, now sixty, was most active and most influential during the Cubist period, when, with Lipchitz, Zadkine, Brancusi, and a few others, he attempted to apply the rather hard-and-fast theories being evolved by the abstract painters to sculpture. The attempt was not very successful. There was a trace of illogic about it to begin with, for one of the things the early abstractionists insisted upon was a rigid adherence to the two-dimensional character of paintings on canvas, and to try to adapt the resulting formal patterns to the three-dimensional concepts of sculpture was just hunting for trouble. But, as is also true of so much Cubist painting, the ultimate effect of these sculptors' experiments on the whole field of design was far greater than their immediate impact, and it is unfortunate that in the collection on view there is only one example of his Cubist phase, the small, angular "Walking" (and that a 1935 revision of a piece done in 1918), to indicate how important Archipenko was in the history of the period.

As a matter of fact, the entire show has a thrown-together look. Some two dozen sculptures are included, ranging in date from 1909 to the present, but they have been selected with not much regard for tracing Archipenko's artistic development. Instead, the emphasis is on the purely decorative, and since little attention has been paid to chronology in the arrangement of the exhibit, the picture presented of his career is confused and helter-skelter. A few main phases in his development are apparent, to be sure. One gets a glimpse, in such pieces as "Flat Torso" and "Leaning Figure," of the long, slender, pseudo-classic figure studies he was doing around 1910, and while, as I've said, his Cubist period is almost overlooked, one sees, in "Melancholia" and "Promenade," the brief excursion into the baroque he made some years later, as well as his eventual return to classicism. A number of the pieces are superb. Archipenko has never attained the sublimities of simplification that Brancusi achieved, apparently without effort. But he has come close to doing so, and his investigations of the possibilities of contrasting forms and textures—as revealed in "Black and White," "Walking Woman," and the tall, very graceful "Concave"—have helped widen the scope of sculpture considerably.

MAGRITTE, though he is less well known in this country than Archipenko, has had an even more powerful influence—in his case, on the development of Surrealist painting. A Belgian, now about forty-five, he was one of the first practitioners of the movement, and his work has served to some degree as source material for such diverse artists as Yves Tanguy and Max Ernst. His show is an excellent illustration of his imaginative power and his technical resourcefulness as applied to fantasy. There has always been something deceptively simple about Magritte's work that tends to disguise the true maturity of thought that underlies it. Like the early Chirico, whom, intellectually, he somewhat resembles, he deals in large concepts and apt, uncomplicated imagery, and his Surrealist quality is obtained by devices so subtly worked into the fabric of the design that at first one hardly notices them. Frequently, only one detail in a picture is realistically "wrong"—the sun that is actually another earth hanging magically over the peaceful landscape of "Reflection's Empire," and the mountain that suddenly takes the shape of a bird in "Le Domaine d'Arnheim"—but once we have perceived it, it is enough to jar us delicately out of the world of reality and into the one of poetry that he has prepared for us. Again like Chirico, and unlike Dali, he never permits his enormous skill as a craftsman to get in the way of his message. But the skill is there, nevertheless, and it is a powerful reinforcement of the effect of such pieces as "The Fair Captive," with its adroit simulation of a painting within a painting; "Treasure Island," and the masterly "The Lesson of Things," with its improbably segmented sky and its uncannily expert rendition of flesh tones. There are times, as in "The Smile," when Magritte seems to expend his talents on themes that are too slight for them, and other times, as in "Eternal Evidence," when he strives too hard to accomplish what he wants to do. But for the most part real wit and poetic feeling are behind his work, and, combined with his extraordinary technique, they result in some extremely striking paintings. Certainly, Magritte is a man who deserves to be far better known over here than he is.

THIS has been a season for Picasso shows, and in the six weeks or so before summer brings an end to it there will quite possibly be one or two others. Durand-Ruel's entry is the fourth, I believe, in the series, and it's a tribute to the artist's unfailing invention that it is a fresh and interesting exhibit. There are fifteen pictures, all just acquired from the collection of the Galerie Louis Carré, in Paris, all done in the war years, and all new to this country. They are rather more "difficult" than most of the Picassos we've had lately, and at first sight the harsh colors and tense angularity of some of them may seem a bit startling. But Picasso can handle easily such dramatics as these, and although there are no major paintings in the show (one feels, indeed, in a couple of them—"Femme en Gris" and "Intérieur, Femme Assise et Nu Debout"—that he has been lax in exploiting his themes), they are all worth seeing. I noted particularly the richly painted "Pot de Tomates à la Fenêtre," "Buste de Femme au Corsage Rayé," and the dark, densely patterned "Nature Morte au Compotier de Cerises."

AT the Downtown Gallery, Jack Levine is showing a set of new paintings in his first big exhibition in nine years. For a time, his work indicated that he was thrown badly out of gear by the war; he lost confidence, it seemed, and the paintings that I saw in group shows had an odd, fumbling hesitancy. Now, however, his confidence and direction appear to have come back, and since his work has gained in compositional assurance and sonority, too, the new show is a very effective one. I liked especially his "Apteka," a slum street scene done more or less in his prewar vein but with even greater depth and dexterity; the small, lightly satirical "Battle's End" and "Mars Confounded;" and the large, carefully designed "Royal Family."

—ROBERT M. COATES

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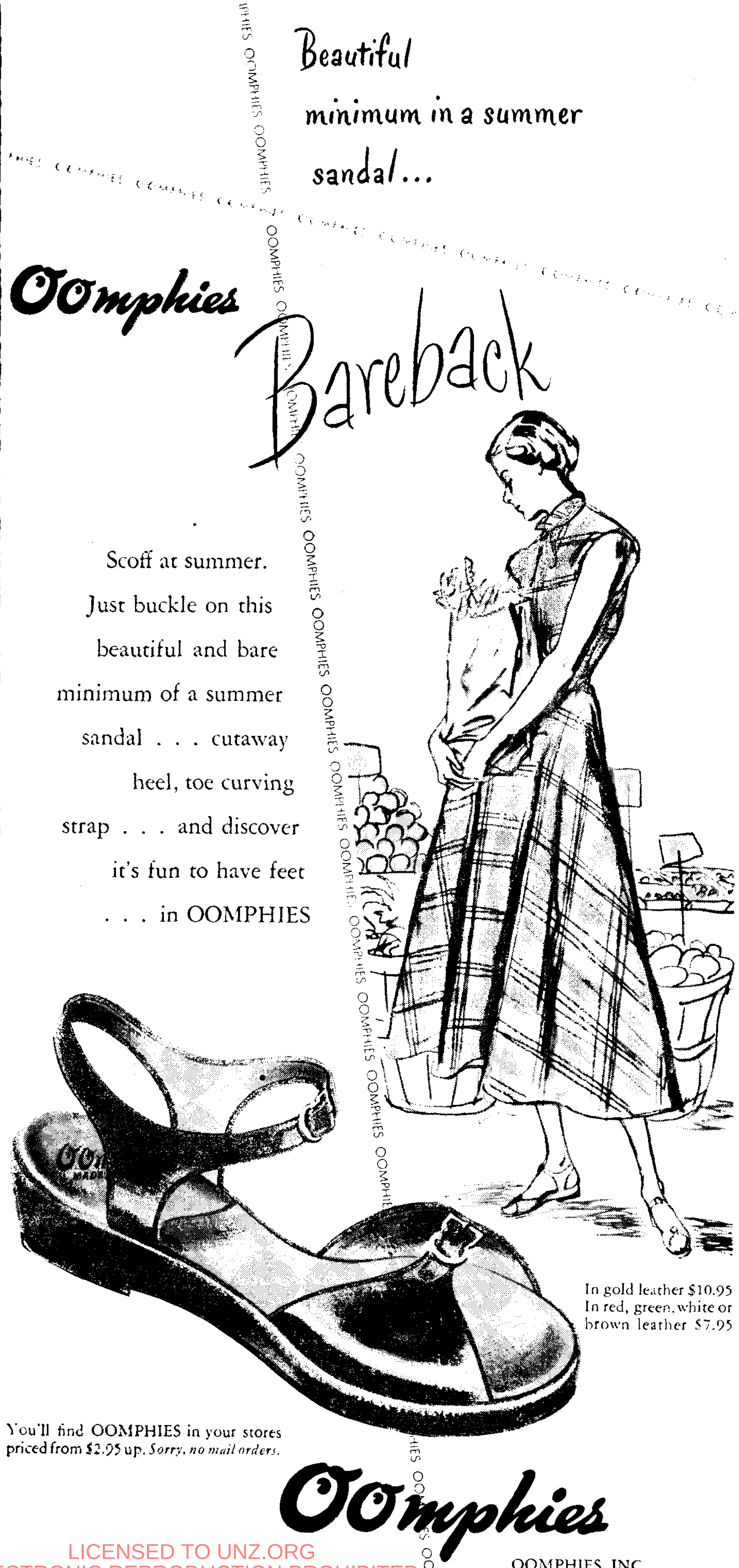

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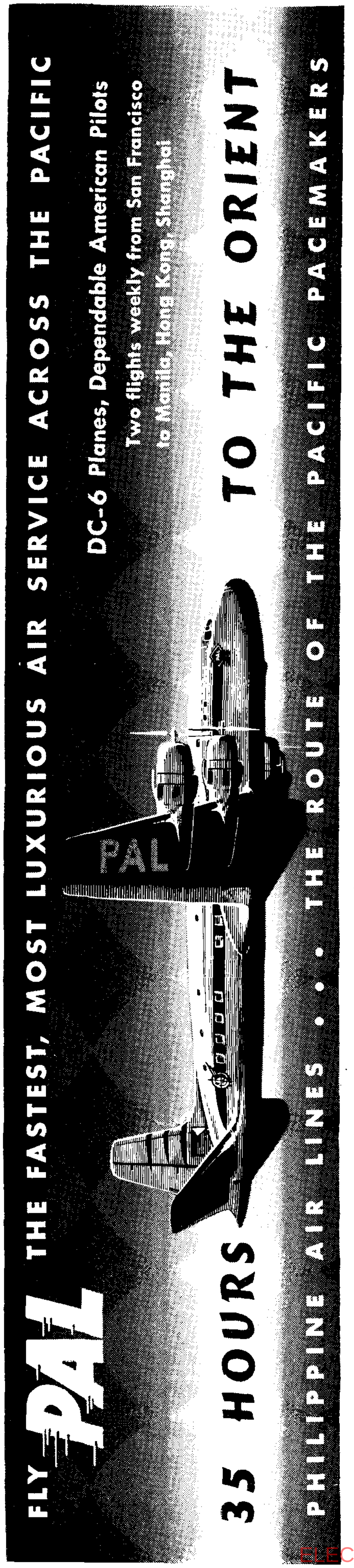
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THE RACE TRACK

Here They Go Again

THERE is no foundation for the rumor, which may or may not have reached your ears, that Calumet Farm is going to trot out Free America, as well as Citation and Coaltown, for the Preakness, at Baltimore, this weekend. I can assure you that the stable is still keeping Free America in light training and doesn't plan to race him until midsummer. If he were to join his stablemates in the Preakness, I expect that they would finish one, two, three. As matters stand, it seems to me that the Preakness will be just a carbon copy of the Kentucky Derby.

Since the Derby, I've heard a lot of talk, much of it irate, to the effect that racing will get pretty boring if Calumet continues to spread-eagle the important sweepstakes. In a way, I can sympathize with the more irritated horseplayers. Obviously, they can't win much by backing Citation and Coaltown, and they would be silly to bet on any other participants. A similar situation existed years ago, when Jimmy Rowe, who trained the H. P. Whitney horses, would start several of them in an event. Usually, one of his charges would win and another would run second or third. After a few instances of this, an indignant Jockey Club member, who had horses, too, and who didn't consider Rowe's tactics very sporting, suggested amending the Rules of Racing, so that no stable would be permitted to run more than one horse in a stakes race. The following season, the indignant member had a batch of good two-year-olds, which he delightedly ran in pairs at every opportunity. Oddly, he stopped pressing for his amendment; to my knowledge, it hasn't been broached since.

PUTTING the ethics of racing to one side, I might point out that Calumet Farm has not only an extraordinary but a large collection of three-year-olds. To begin with, Citation would, of course, be a topnotcher in any year, and Coaltown, as I've said before, is as fast a colt as I've ever seen. (The stable's plans for Coaltown, incidentally, are by no means settled. I hope he runs at Belmont, where the

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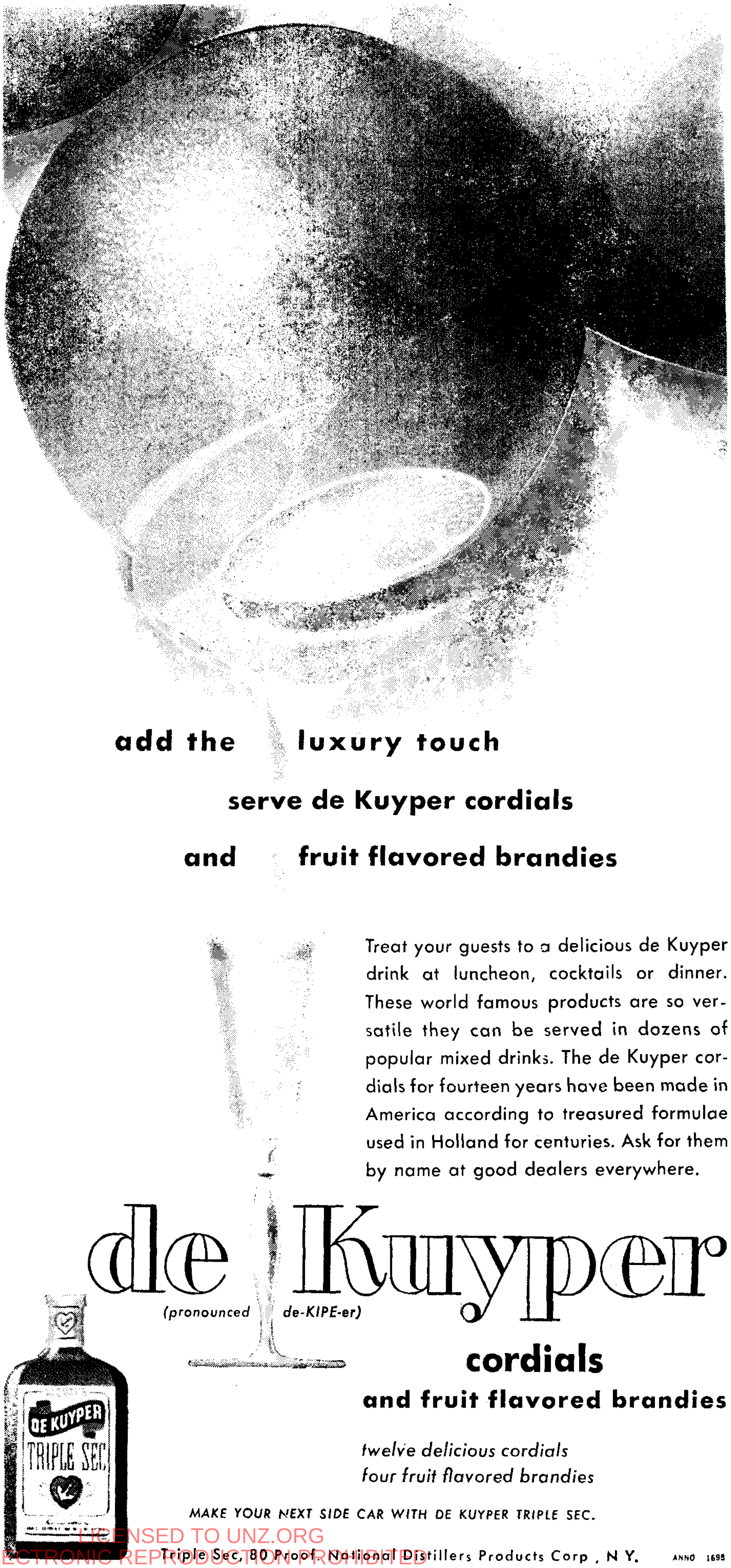
Withers Mile would provide him with a perfect speed trial.) The deeper thinkers at Calumet Farm have an idea that Free America, who is being saved to fill in for Citation in the Chicago races this summer, if that proves necessary, is a bit better than Citation for longer events, such as those that will come up in the fall. Then, there are Whirl Blast and Beau Dandy, to mention only two of Calumet's half-dozen other distinguished colts. As for the stable's fillies, I'd advise you to keep an eye on Whirl Some. You won't hear much from Bewitch, last season's wonder child, who is now afflicted with leg trouble or something. I'm afraid that she is only a sprinter anyway. Oh, well, even Calumet can't have everything. Still, it must be comforting for a stable to have as many competent substitutes for the first string as the Notre Dame football squad.

AS almost everybody expected, Calumet's Fervent took the Dixie Handicap, at Pimlico, last weekend. According to my favorite scout, however, Stymie was the hero of the race. He was last, and lengths out of it, until the stretch; then he buckled down like the Stymie of old and finished a fast-going second. I'm no longer in a quandary about the Gallant Fox Handicap, at Jamaica, on Saturday. Stymie's my choice. He'll be on home ground, and he'll carry a pound less than he did in the Dixie—two factors that ought to sway any handicapper.

IT'S a tossup whether the best race at Jamaica last week was the Firenze, won by Carolyn A., or the Sation, won by Mangohick. Sprints at five and a half furlongs, such as the Sation, are always spirited shows. There should be more of them and fewer of those mile-and-a-half processions that are so frequently offered for our diversion at Belmont. The Firenze Handicap was by no means overwhelmingly memorable, but it did provide some stimulating moments, especially to those who backed Carolyn A. and thereby collected a $19.20 mutuel. By the way, Ben Whitaker, the owner of Carolyn A. and My Request, hasn't done badly at Jamaica this spring. Without resorting to my lightning calculator, I'd estimate that their purses—My Request has won three races and Carolyn A. two—have totalled a hundred thousand dollars. That is not exactly a figure of Calumet proportions, but, on the other hand, it's not disreputable.

—AUDAX MINOR



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ONE OF THE VERY SMALL ONES

AMONG the less celebrated individuals involved in the activities of the United Nations out at Lake Success are the nearly three thousand full-time employees of the headquarters organization—mostly men and women office workers—without whose diligent, down-to-earth assistance the delegates would find it even harder than it is to carry on their delicate and high-principled business. For obvious geographical reasons, these employees, who constitute the permanent staff of the United Nations secretariat, are mainly Americans, but there are also a substantial number of citizens of other nations, serving in capacities of varying importance. The roster includes a French messenger, a Liberian stencil-cutter, a Polish bookkeeper, a Dominican proofreader, an Ecuadorian assistant clerk, a Yugoslav librarian, and secretaries from Mexico, Australia, Sweden, Belgium, China, and several other countries. A few weeks ago, a friend of mine with international connections introduced me to a young Czechoslovakian lady who has been a secretary at United Nations headquarters for a year and a half now, and she told me something about herself and about her life here in a strange city that she hopes will be her home for some time to come. Her name is Magda Engelova, and she is at present assigned to a United Nations headquarters staff section that handles distribution to the public of information on the subject of trusteeships. As soon as I showed interest in her work, she took pains to emphasize, just in case I was under any misapprehension about the nature of her role in the United Nations setup, that her opinions have as little chance of helping to shape the course of world affairs as those of the thousands of other secretaries who live in Manhattan and travel to work by subway. Frequently, when the General Assembly is in session, Miss Engelova said, in further depreciation of her professional stature, she is assigned to type the odd-numbered pages of speeches and other documents being prepared for distribution to the press while a second secretary takes care of the complementary sheets. "Sometimes we're so busy," Miss Engelova said, "that I don't get a chance to find out what the delegates are saying on the even-numbered pages until I read the *Times* the next morning. You can see that I am not much of an international figure."

eyed girl with a broad, animated face, became acquainted with this part of the United States well over a year before her enlistment in the United Nations. She has been living in this country since V-E Day. It was at that moment in history that she completed a nineteen-day voyage from Liverpool to New York, en route to Washington, where she was to take a job in the code department of the Czechoslovakian Embassy, which had arranged her passage. Right from the start, she wanted to live in Manhattan, although the rowdy municipal observance of V-E Day that she ran into shortly after disembarking might have unnerved a less determined immigrant. When her ship docked, the purser introduced her to a representative of the Red Cross, who had met it as a matter of routine and who managed to get her a room at the McAlpin. "It was a wonderful room," she told me, "on the twenty-fourth floor. I could look out of the window and see the Empire State Building." Tiring, after a while, of even this splendid vista, she went for what she planned to be a stroll and almost instantly became entangled in the crowds celebrating the victory. "I was swept up by a mob," she said, "and soon I came to a very big square. I figured from what I had heard of New York that it was probably Times Square, but I had never expected to find it *that* crowded. I almost got lost trying to get back to the McAlpin, and as soon as I got there, I went to bed."

Battered but impressed, Miss Engelova went to Washington the next day. She liked the capital and she enjoyed her work there, but her heart was set on New York. Since she had been admitted to this country on a government-official status, and not on an immigration quota, she was not in a position to take an ordinary commercial job, and anyway she had become too interested in international affairs to put up with the humdrum of sales reports and inventories. Consequently, when the United Nations pitched its camp within reasonable commuting distance of Manhattan, the combination was irresistibly alluring. In the fall of 1946,

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she asked her superiors in the Embassy whether they would mind if she tried to get a job at Lake Success, and they gave her their blessing. She applied and—she thinks because she had a wide knowledge of languages—was accepted. She made the switch in a hurry, emptying out her desk in Washington one Saturday, moving on Sunday to the one-room Manhattan apartment of a girl she had met in Washington, and reporting for work at Lake Success on Monday morning. Her life since the war broke out has been full of such sudden changes. "Everything I've hoped for came at five minutes to twelve," she told me. "But sooner or later it's always seemed to come through. I've been lucky." Listening to her enlarge on her idea of a Cinderella-like existence—in a recitation that included the matter-of-fact statement that she has not heard anything from or of her parents since the spring of 1942, when they were shipped from Czechoslovakia to separate Nazi concentration camps in Poland—I realized that there are varying degrees of being lucky. Miss Engelova thinks she is very fortunate to be working for the United Nations. Unlike many secretaries, she is gravely concerned about the welfare of her employer's business; it was her interest in the organization that made her decide to apply for a job with it in the first place. "I liked the thought of becoming one of those helping bring nations together to make them understand each other," she said. "Although I have had many disappointments in my life, I have been lucky enough not to lose my hope and faith in mankind, and I believe in the United Nations. I hope the U.N. is going to make history. Otherwise, I don't see any way out of the whole mess. That's why I wanted to work for the U.N., even if I am just one of the very small ones who are a part of it."

IN the nearly three years that Miss Engelova has been in this country, she has assimilated a good deal of the American idiom, which she handles with a slight Continental accent. When I asked her, toward the start of our chat, how old she was, she coyly declined to answer, but later she confessed to being twenty-nine. I said that didn't seem old enough for her to be secretive about it. "You're as old as you feel," she replied, "and I feel much older than that." She was born in 1919 in Humenné, a town of eight thousand in eastern Slovakia, a region predominantly agricultural. Her father was a well-to-do Jewish lawyer, fond of collecting paintings and chinaware. Her sister, Hedy, the only other child, is two years older. In the weeks just before Magda was born, the father kept saying that he wanted a son. He brought her up a tomboy and urged her to become a lawyer, so that she could eventually take over his practice. She decided to wait and see about that. After early schooling in Humenné, Magda attended a *Gymnasium*—a combination of high school and the first two years of college—at Košice. Her native tongue is Slovakian, a language similar to Czech. In school, she learned to speak Hungarian, German, and French, but she heard little Czech and no English whatever. (Today, she is fluent in both.) In November, 1938, after finishing up at the *Gymnasium*, she went to Prague for further study. By then she had decided to become a physician rather than a lawyer, because she wanted to live in Humenné and she reasoned that the peasants who make up a large part of its population might let their legal problems ride rather than take them to a woman lawyer but would forget about the double standard in the event of sudden acute illness.

Germany had already gobbled up the Sudetenland by the time Magda arrived in Prague, and the Czechs resignedly expected the Nazis to keep on gobbling. When she attempted to enroll in a medical school, it was gently explained to her that since she was Jewish, there was little to be gained by her starting out to learn a profession that she would almost certainly have to abandon shortly. "Somehow I felt that that was only the first smash Fate wanted to give me," she said. At that time, England was providing a special kind of refuge for young women on the Continent who were pessimistic about their chances at home by granting them permits to enter the country if they were qualified and willing to work as trained nurses or domestic servants. Magda, who knew nothing about nursing or cooking, felt that the latter subject could be mastered more quickly and began to study it in Prague. Hitler marched into that city on March 15, 1939, and three days later she decided she had better get out of there, so she went back to Humenné. After the German occupation of the Czech capital, Slovakia became, theoretically, an independent state, but Premier Tiso, its chief executive, was sympathetic to Hitler and allowed the Hlinka Guard, a Slovakian youth organization well versed in Nazi doctrine, to strut about and badger non-Nazi citizens. The Hlinka Guard thought Magda's father ought to close

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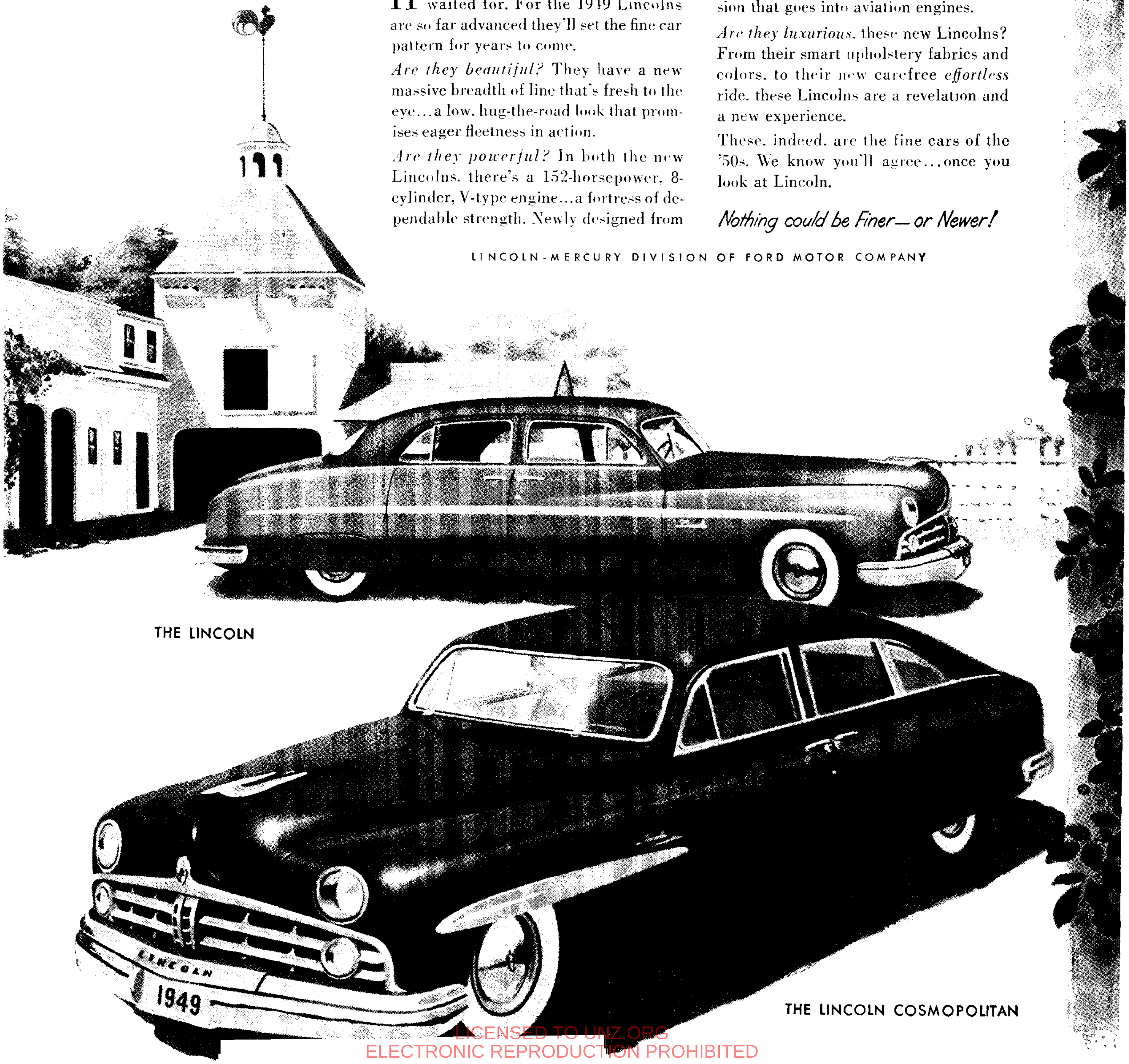

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86.8 PROOF • BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS his law office, and he did. At the end of May, Hedy went to England, as a prospective domestic servant. She and her father agreed that if she succeeded in finding congenial work, she would try to persuade a desirable English household to engage Magda in a similar capacity. "My parents were unselfish," Miss Engelova told me. "Many of our neighbors who had children our age said that when trouble began, if it did, they wanted their families to remain intact. 'No matter what may happen,' they would say, 'at least we'll all be together when it comes.' My parents were different. They decided to send their girls away to safety. Later, when my mother was being deported to Poland—they separated my mother and father, who had always been absolutely inseparable—a friend of ours sneaked down to the train, and the last thing my mother said before she went away was to get word to Hedy and me that she was glad we were in England. I have never known what happened to my parents, and I have never wanted to ask."

Before Magda left Czechoslovakia, she hated the thought of the hardships she imagined Hedy was having to put up with in a place like England. "Hedy had always loved canned pineapple," Miss Engelova explained to me, "and after she left, my father noticed that I looked unhappy whenever we opened a can of it at home. I didn't want to touch any of it, because it worried me so to think that Hedy couldn't have any. I had no idea that at the time you could buy a can of pineapple in England for threepence." After a few weeks, Hedy wrote that an English couple had offered to hire Magda as a domestic, and, bolstered by this prospect, she left for England in July. She was allowed to take practically no money out of Slovakia, and she decided she would need only a meagre amount of clothing, because she didn't figure on being away from home a great while. "We were hoping that war would come," she said to me, "because we thought that only war could save us, but we never thought it would last long. We had heard all the stories about how the Germans couldn't fight for any long period, and we believed them."

MAGDA, who was then nineteen, arrived at Liverpool Street Station, in London, penniless and unable to speak English. Fortunately for her, Hedy, who had acquired a skimpy but adequate English vocabulary, was waiting on the platform. Hedy told Magda that the couple who had planned to hire

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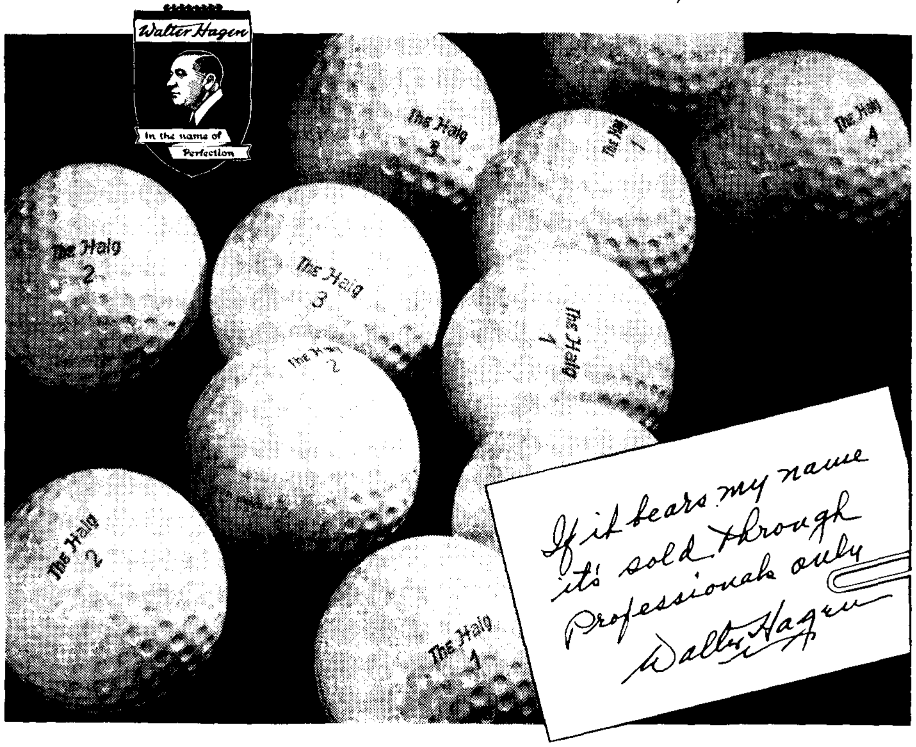

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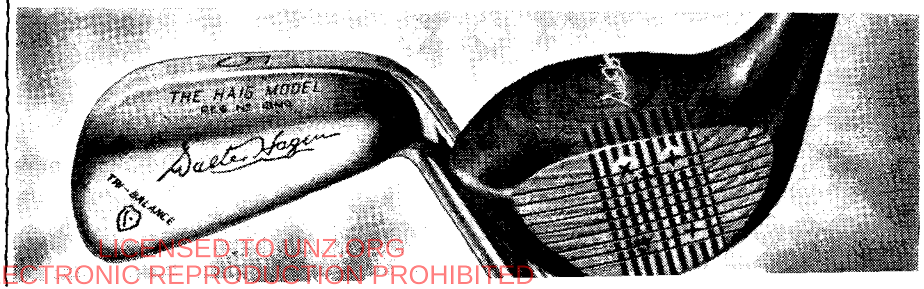

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her had changed their minds but that she had been able to line up another household job for her instead. This turned out to be only a temporary engagement. Then Magda became a parlormaid in an elegant London town house. The uniform she was required to wear included heavy black stockings, which irritated her skin. She asked the lady of the house—in what little English she had managed to pick up—if she might dispense with the black stockings until the irritation subsided. Her employer refused, and added that in the future Magda could receive no more personal telephone calls at the house. She had had only one call, from Hedy, to break the news that she was going to marry a Czech lawyer then living in England. Hedy was working in Chiswick, a suburb of London, and two or three times, on her day off, Magda went there to visit her. On her first trip, after boarding a Chiswick bus, she was unable to make the conductor understand where she wanted to go, and a well-dressed lady came to her rescue and straightened the man out. "It seemed to me," Miss Engelova said to me, "that she was practically the first person in England who had smiled at me. When the seat next to her became vacant, I sat down in it and asked her impulsively if she wouldn't hire me as a domestic. I didn't realize at first that she had a slight foreign accent. All I noticed was that she seemed expensively dressed and very kind. It turned out that she was a refugee and a domestic servant on her day off, too. We laughed and laughed over it."

After six weeks with the woman who was fussy about hosiery, Magda quit and got a job in Sussex with a lady of Czechoslovakian extraction who was married to an Englishman. Magda and her mistress became such fast friends that when, several months ago, the lady and her husband visited New York on a business trip, they looked Magda up and the three of them had a gay reunion that included several shows and visits to night clubs. "In England, that lady liberated me," Miss Engelova said. "I became one of the household. She was always telling me that no matter what I might have to do, I should never forget who I was. She really gave me strength again." Magda stayed with the Sussex couple for ten months, during which the lady tutored her in both Czech and English. "I was very particular about my grammar," she told me. "My principle with any language has always been to study the grammar first."

Magda left that job, somewhat reluctantly, to go to stay with Hedy, who, though married by then, was living alone, in London, because her husband had volunteered for service in the Czech army that was organized in England and saw service on the Continent, both before Dunkirk and after Normandy. Presently, Magda had to have her tonsils removed. Being short of money, she appealed for help to the Czechoslovakian Trust Fund, a privately supported agency established in London to assist indigent Czech nationals in England. The Fund agreed to subsidize her to the extent of twenty-five shillings, or five dollars, a week. She and Hedy began doing piecework at home—cutting flowers out of silk. These were used to trim feminine underwear. The girls got threepence for a dozen flowers. Before long, they had to move out of their rooming house when a time bomb landed nearby and the place was declared uninhabitable. Miss Engelova has a thorough appreciation of aerial warfare, having experienced both the blitz of 1940 and the rocket bombs. Casting about for a suitable analogy to describe how exhausted she sometimes becomes when things are really humming at Lake Success, she said, "I feel almost as tired as I did when the V-2s were falling."

After the time bomb drove the sisters out, they went to live near the camp at which Hedy's husband was stationed, but Magda soon came back to London and, through the Czechoslovakian Government-in-Exile, got a chance to study stenography. In three months, she felt confident enough of her secretarial qualifications to begin looking for a job. One place she looked was the Czech Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where an official handed her a letter written in Hungarian and asked her to translate it into English and Czech. That was easy, and a few days later, in February, 1942, she began working in the Ministry's Hungarian Department, reading Hungarian periodicals and clipping out and translating, for the edification of her employers, what struck her as significant passages. Later, she was assigned to the Code Department, and remained in it until the spring of 1945, when the Ministry asked her if she would like to do similar work for the Czech Embassy in Washington. She said she would indeed.

Hedy and her husband went back to Czechoslovakia at the end of the war. They write to Magda fairly regularly, and she has received two or three letters from them since the recent reorganization of the Czechoslovakian government. Like most family correspondence, their letters have always been concerned mostly with personal matters, and there has been no change lately. Magda's letters to them are in the same vein. She does not feel that in her present position she should write about or discuss politics. She has learned from Hedy that the house in Humenné is still standing but that it has been stripped of practically all its furnishings. Hedy attempted to trace some of their parents' belongings, but she succeeded in recovering only an empty picture frame and an old fur coat of their mother's. The daughters do not know precisely what property their father owned and have given up all thought of trying to salvage any family possessions to which they might be entitled. "I would love to go back to Czechoslovakia someday," Miss Engelova told me, "but not right now. The way I look at it, I have no home to go back to."

Miss Engelova's present home is a furnished room on West Eighty-sixth Street. It is the fourth place she has lived in since she moved to New York. The first was the single room, on West 123rd Street, where she was the guest of the girl she had met in Washington, an American of Swedish descent who was born in Canada and raised in Alabama, and with whom she, a nomad herself, thus felt a strong kinship. It was an uncomfortable arrangement, however, and a long way from Lake Success, so after a month she took a furnished room in Bayside, Queens, which she was tipped off to by a fellow-worker at the United Nations headquarters. Moving her belongings wasn't easy. The night she chose for it, she had to work so late that she didn't get under way until eleven o'clock, at which hour, she found, Manhattan cabdrivers were not eager to venture out to Bayside. The first three she hailed turned her down; the fourth one gallantly condescended to make the trip after setting a price of twelve dollars. In her new home, Miss Engelova quickly discovered that while travelling from Bayside to Lake Success and back took much less time, travelling from Bayside to Manhattan and back, whenever she wanted to spend an evening in town, was quite a trek. Consequently, when, after a month in Queens, a friend told her that there was a chance to share an apartment on West Sixty-eighth Street with another girl, she moved back to the city. She stayed put for about a year, and then moved to her present address. Now it takes her an hour and a half to get to work, by a combination of subway, Long Island Railroad, and bus, and she h

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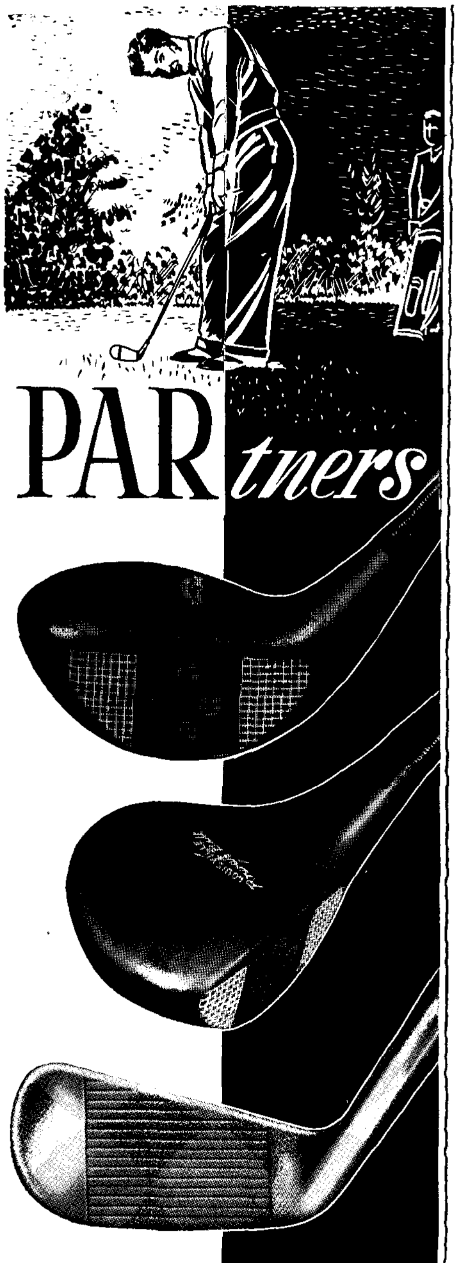

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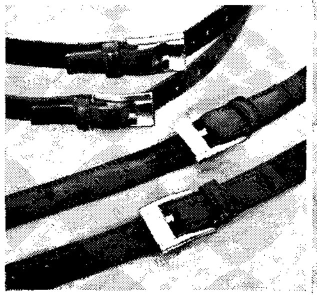
ninety cents a day on carfare, but she would rather put up with these drawbacks than live outside the city again.

Miss Engelova is classified as a Secretary 6 (Step II), which is about halfway up the ladder of her employer's secretarial categories. She draws an annual salary of $2,750. It is tax-free, for the United Nations assumes the income-tax obligations of all its employees. Her hours are, supposedly, from nine-thirty to six, five days a week, but are subject to considerable stretching. She has to get up at seven, and even when things are quiet at Lake Success, she has to scramble to keep a dinner date in town. "As much as I love the United Nations," she told me, "I hold it against them that if you are going out for dinner in the evening, you have to wear the same dress you put on at seven in the morning." The night I talked with her, she had, twelve hours before, put on a light-blue dress, a yellow sweater, a tannish tam-o'-shanter with a red feather, and some plastic earrings shaped like flowers. I said I thought she looked quite presentable. "I love to shop," she replied, clearly delighted that the subject of clothes had come up, "but I have very expensive tastes. When I first came to America, I went crazy buying things. I was amazed by the colors here. Abroad, mostly I had been wearing black. Here, I bought many colorful things—too colorful, it turned out when I put them together. Now I'm trying to make myself look a little more subdued by buying dark things again. The result is that I always seem to be buying *some*thing. You know, the other day I saw the loveliest little black dress at Bendel's, and I just couldn't resist . . ." I congratulated her on having become so thoroughly acclimated. "One trouble with working for the U.N.," she went on, "is that it's so hard to find a minute to *window*-shop. When the delegates are meeting, you've usually got so little time to shop that you have to buy what you want in the first store you go into. It spoils all the fun." Recently, she said, the situation has improved slightly. The pressure of work has decreased, and Thursday evenings she can get back to the city early enough to really browse around whatever stores remain open late. She hasn't entirely forgotten her first Christmastime at Lake Success, though. The General Assembly was just finishing up its agenda, and, instead of gifts, the best she could do was to send her friends hurried and apologetic notes explaining that them would be delayed

MEN'S BELTS FROM FRANCE



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until she got her desk cleared of such matters as the admittance of Siam.

Miss Engelova spends many of her weekends visiting relatives in Pennsylvania. A cousin, who is a doctor and who came over here a dozen years or so ago and married an American girl, lives in Hazleton. His sister, a gynecologist, lives in Reading; her husband is a doctor, too. Still another cousin is a chicken farmer near Bethlehem. Miss Engelova's cousins have called on her, too, from time to time, in both Washington and New York. The demands of her job and of her cousins have been so heavy, she told me ruefully, that she hasn't seen anywhere near enough motion pictures to satisfy her. "I'm thirsty for the movies," she said.

Miss Engelova has made enough friends in the city to be content on that score, and as for Lake Success she says, "I think I can call almost every girl out there my friend." One of the girls she works with invited her to dinner at her family's home last Thanksgiving. A Czech girl with whom Miss Engelova roomed for a while in Washington is now working for the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, and the two frequently lunch together. Like secretaries the world over, Miss Engelova scorns the no doubt carefully balanced meals offered by her employer's cafeteria, and she has developed the habit of lunching on Danish pastry and apple pie. She is looking forward eagerly to the eventual removal of the United Nations headquarters to its permanent home on the East River, for that will make it easier for her to inspect store windows, change her clothes before dinner, go to the movies, and all the rest of it. She is pleased that her colleagues at Lake Success take little or no interest in her nationality. "I am very proud of the fact that I am a Czechoslovakian," she said to me, "but I often wish that everybody could forget his nationality for a while and just call himself a citizen of the world. I guess the trouble is that people don't yet trust each other very much. Well, we have a lot of work to do." She paused and examined her face in the mirror of her compact. "I'm afraid it's going to take us a very long time."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

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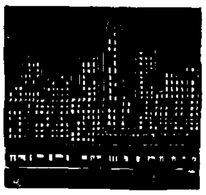
THE SKY LINE

Manhattan, Inside and Out

ONCE more the city is burgeoning with apartment houses, high, wide, and occasionally handsome. But somehow, now that spring is here, I'd gladly trade these luxurious barracks for the modest bit of reconstruction and embellishment known as Amster Yard, opening off the north side of East Forty-ninth Street not far past Third Avenue. The buildings involved had been, I gather, a shambles of condemned two- and three-story brick tenements, in the middle of which was a clutter of grimy carpenter shops and sheds. With what I judge to be only a minimum of alteration, except for the red-brick post-Adam street front, these buildings have been made neat and habitable, and because the reconstruction included the installation of a small but very reposeful garden, Amster Yard is a little pool of aesthetic decency in the welter of Manhattan.



One reaches Amster Yard by way of a passage cut through one of the buildings on Forty-ninth Street. This passage flanks the western wall of the structure housing the decorating firm of James Amster and ends at Mr. Amster's offices, which are in one of the houses in the interior of the block. The garden, a long rectangle with an east-west axis, is enclosed on the south by the Amster shop, on the west by a building that has been converted into apartments, and on the north by two-story buildings made over into offices, an artful row of structures with false mansard roofs and fanciful Victorian cast-iron railings before them. The garden, which is partly paved with flagstones, terminates on the east in a rounded brick arch in which is set a more than full-length mirror.

The scale of this nest of houses is so intimate, the garden is so pleasing and peaceful, the basic architectural ingredients are so good, that I am slightly upset because Mr. Harold Sterner, the architect who collaborated with Mr. Amster in this rehabilitation, was not content to make the best of what he had to work with in its own simple idiom. I can easily forgive—even approve—the mirror in the arch at the end of the garden, for it actually gives a sense of spaciousness as well as a surprise to whoever approaches it. Mr. Sterner might, however, have increased the pleasantness of his garden space by paying more heed to the color and tone of the walls that face on it and to the trim of the windows. The light gray of the brickwork and the dark green of the trim and of the metal garden furniture dispersed here and there seem to me rather cold.

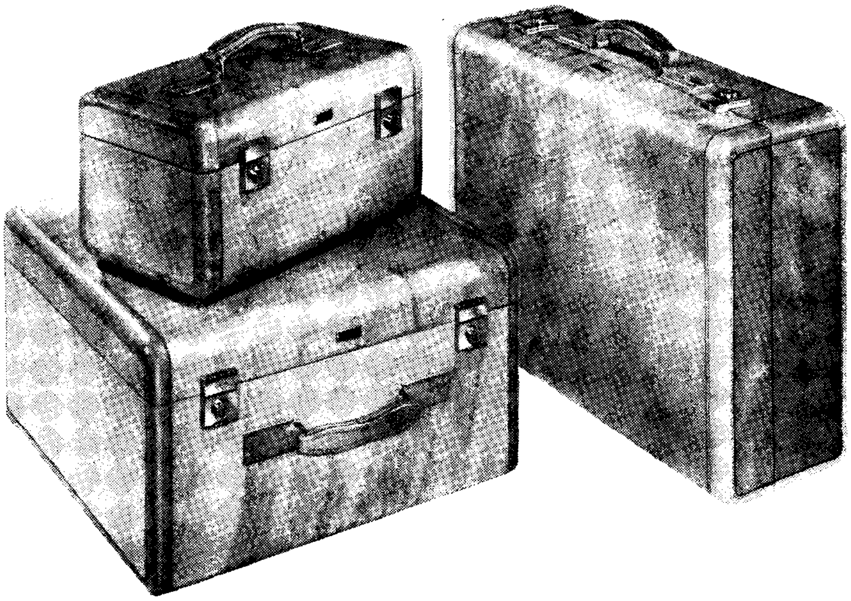
Some of Mr. Sterner's other decorative devices, which nudge one like a bore laughing at his own jokes, leave me much colder. He demonstrates that very simple and inexpensive materials, such as the concrete blocks he uses for a few bits of garden wall, can be effective in a well-conceived composition. But his achievement is not improved by setting little lead lions, couchant, one on each side of the arch, where they look—and are doubtless meant to look—like alley cats, nor is the charm of the open space enhanced by a figurehead that juts out from one of the walls. Perhaps one smiles the first time one sees such whimsical decoration, but the smile that endures is the one produced by the ordered contrast of the flagged pavement and the grass—an utter delight in our almost gardenless metropolis.

In England, the critics call calculated whimsey in architecture sharawaggery, which derives from "sharawaggi," a word that apparently covers anything an architect can get away with, provided that he is amusing. People who have been blitzed and who can't afford to build have an excuse for this sort of indulgence. British architecture is at the moment in the same state as British food. "We get enough to eat," they tell us, "but we want something sharp or savory that will spice our dull diet, please—pimentos and dried mushrooms and tomato sauce, and if there's any space left in the package, a bit of chocolate or candy." But in the United States, a land burdened with a surplus of architectural sharawaggery from Hollywood to Hell Gate, we should put ourselves on a stricter diet. We have not yet recovered enough of our earlier love for pure color, for fine proportions, for clean surfaces and the play of shadows across them, to indulge in elfin fantasy. And when once we do recover it, I hope that we will create fresh forms to express our high spirits and not take it for granted that architectural fun reached its peak in Victorian rococo. Still, I would embrace whole attics full of Victorian junk if a few more housing developments on the scale of Amster Yard, centered on open interior gardens, got under way in the heart of Manhattan. Someday we may realize that the only rooms in the city that guarantee a night's quiet sleep are those that face such gardens.

PERHAPS others, too, have been puzzled by the façade of the United States Plywood Corporation's offices, on West Forty-fourth Street between Fifth and Sixth. The puzzle is that the whole ground-floor front has been executed not in wood but in glass and stainless steel. It is divided into three sections, of which the center one is a huge, unbroken pane of glass forming a show window. This is flanked on the left by a sort of checkerboard panel of nine metal frames, each enclosing a tiny plaque of one of the firm's fancier woods, duly labelled. The window is flanked on the right-hand side by two tall glass doors, framed by an inverted U made up of more of those checkerboard metal frames. The question that came to mind as I stood across the street, studying the results, was why an architect who designed a showcase for a manufacturer of laminated wood should have used so much metal, even as framework. Hadn't he got two clients mixed up?

Well, I needn't have worried. On making inquiry inside, I discovered that the company and its architect knew very well what they were doing. Though the firm began by turning out just plywood, it is now also engaged in laminating all sorts of materials that can be made tougher and stronger and better insulated by that process. One of the results of this experimentation is a plywood with an outer skin of metal, a composition that combines strength, sturdiness, and a durable surface with lightness and high insulating qualities. So when the designer, who is Vernon Sears, one of the firm's own men, did his front in metal backed by wood instead of in laminated wood, he was on the right course. Though I might quarrel with his trick of making the samples of wood inserted in the metal squares so small that they look proportionally no bigger than a jewel set in a bracelet, the whole job is an appropriate as well as a handsome one. The showroom he has created is such a fascinating place—and the entire establishment, including the president's office, is, in a way, a showroom—that if I were an architect or a builder, I'd be tempted to spend a week on the premises.

THIS spring, after a long drought, there has been a rain of good books about architectu



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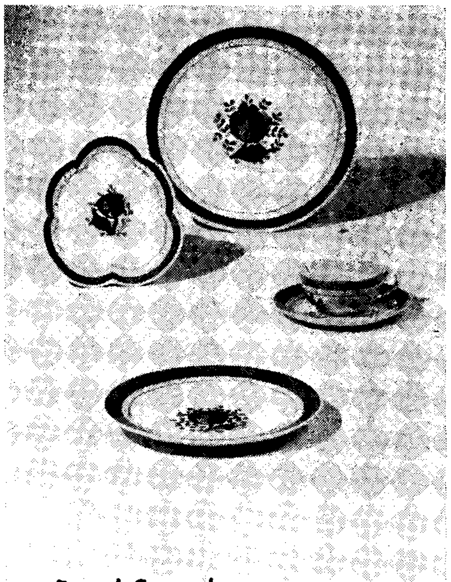

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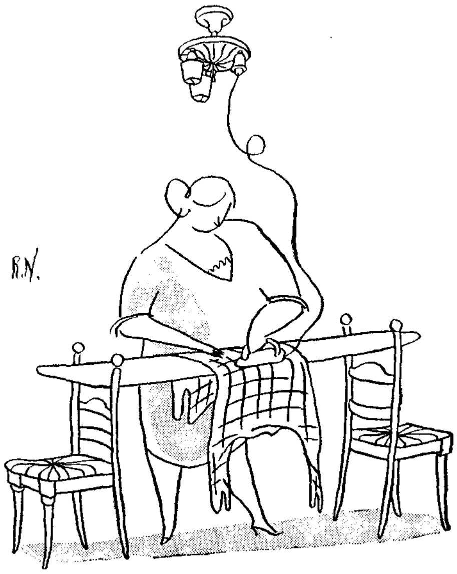
arts. They come along a year or so behind the enlarged edition of the late Louis Sullivan's "Kindergarten Chats," as revised by Sullivan himself. One of the new volumes, "Form and Function" (University of California Press), is based on Henry T. Tuckerman's memorial of Horatio Greenough (1853), which comprises extracts from Greenough's "Travels, Observations, and Experience of a Yankee Stonecutter"—a classic work unearthed by Van Wyck Brooks—as well as three other pieces by Greenough. The reappearance of these fragments serves to remind us that Greenough, not Sullivan, was the first American critic to apply to the arts the Lamarckian theorem that form follows function. Greenough had a brilliant mind, and his remarks on the subject, though fairly casual, will live on, because of the profundity of their insight into the nature of form. Before the middle of the nineteenth century, he gave the coup de grâce to eclecticism and rejected the notion that an architecture can be based on a system of decoration. Clipper ships, not fake-Doric façades, were, as he points out, the true forms of his time. "The unflinching adaptation of a building to its position and use gives, as a sure product of that adaptation, character and expression," he says. Yet neither Greenough nor Sullivan actually meant that form should be derived solely from mechanical function.

"American Building, the Forces That Shape It," by James Marston Fitch (Houghton Mifflin), is of quite a different sort. As an appraisal of the conditions and forces that affect contemporary construction, it is full of useful data, excellent observations, and intelligent judgments, but, like the majority of books on architecture and building, it is rather superficial in its treatment of plan. Its most serious weakness, though, is that Fitch is an architect rather than a social historian. He overestimates the influence of Ruskin in America, for example, and identifies him with a class whose methods and ideals he was forever denouncing. Moreover, Fitch attributes to Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture" (1849) an apparently retroactive influence on Barry's Houses of Parliament (1840). Anyone, of course, can make slips, but the occasional errors of commission in "American Building" are accompanied by graver errors of omission. Unless both my own head and the indexer's have nodded, there is no mention of the development of balloon-frame construction [illegible] the early improvements in hardware and building accessories, no dates for the introduction of prefabricated materials and parts, from wallboard and acoustic tiles onward, all of which have a bearing on a study of American building. But Fitch writes with gusto and love, and those qualities make up in some measure for what is lacking in definitiveness and precision.

Siegfried Giedion's new book, "Mechanization Takes Command" (Oxford), should cause American architectural scholars again to blush, for their lack of curiosity and zeal has once more forced this European critic to explore a rich store of material that lay at their feet, waiting for a prospector to stub his toe on it. This new book is worthy of being put alongside "Space, Time, and Architecture," and one would have to look long for another one written in the past decade that belongs on the same shelf. Giedion's study of mechanization is not a single treatise, dominated by one thesis; it is a series of related monographs on the way in which mechanization has transformed the human environment and, naturally, the human soul in the last century and a half. Much of the data for this "anonymous history," as Giedion calls it, has already been obliterated; in making inquiries of American manufacturers, he was astounded to find how little sense of history, how little respect for their own early achievements, how little interest in tradition or a sense of continuity even our major pioneers in mechanization had. Not recognizing that a new kind of chair or washbasin might be a cultural achievement, they for the most part burned their records. There have been a few happy exceptions, and with great pertinacity Giedion has salvaged and appraised some extraordinarily interesting material. By



no means all of this book deals with building and furnishing—one of the most exciting (and disturbing) chapters is on the mechanization of the meat-packing industry—but to such matters of concern to architects as the designing of the Yale lock, the transformation of the kitchen by the efficiency engineer, and the invention of adjustable furniture Giedion has made a rich and original contribution. A most important fact about his book is that, for all his patient research and audacious conclusions, he does not, like Le Corbusier, assume an attitude of pious adoration before the machine; as Henry Adams would put it, he is on the side of the Virgin as well as of the Dynamo. Refusing to swallow mechanization whole, yet certainly not rejecting it whole, he tries always to relate it (he relates it best of all, perhaps, in his chapter on the bath) to the human need for equilibrium and growth. No one has done this particular job before, and no one should have to do it again in our generation. Giedion, who has recently demanded a new monumentality in modern architecture, has himself created a monument. —Lewis Mumford

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the National Trailer Stores News*]

THE OUTCAST

How I rue the day I hit West Coast,
Because "Ideal" climate I heard all boast,
So crossed thousands of miles, reached journey's end,
Don't I like it here? Say, listen, friend,
When we bought a trailer, I wasn't sure at the time,
In sunny California to have a dog is a crime.
My dog's quite a traveler, been places galore,
Never met with rebuff or heard it before,
But past months have been one long perdition
Aiming to solve our living condition.
First court we spotted to apply for space,
Had a sign posted there, "No dogs on this place."
We came to another, so in we bowed,
To be curtly informed, "No dogs allowed."
Then, quite a pretty park we spied,
"Won't let in no dog," the owner cried.
A dozen other spots we found
All voiced the verdict, "No dogs around."
Just seemed to forget the days of yore,
Dogs gave life too, to win the war,
Helped save democracy for mankind,
This human gratitude they find.
Pal, you're an outcast. I'll be one too,
Somehow life's span we'll weather through.
Together we'll stay on this mortal sphere,
Time left won't number many a year.
Just to the day, left to our Master's choice,
When we wander afar to hear His voice
When that day comes, oh please say, God,
"Hello, come in, you and your dog."

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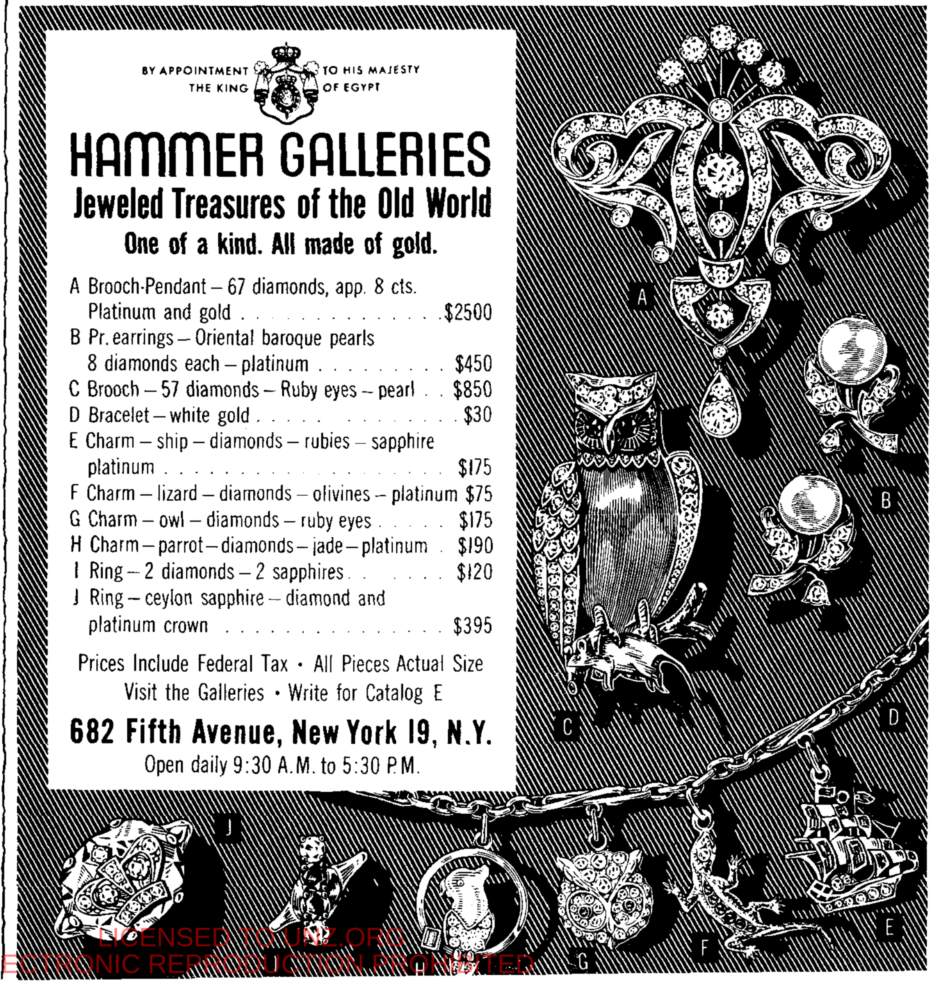

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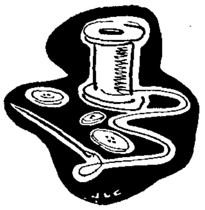
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

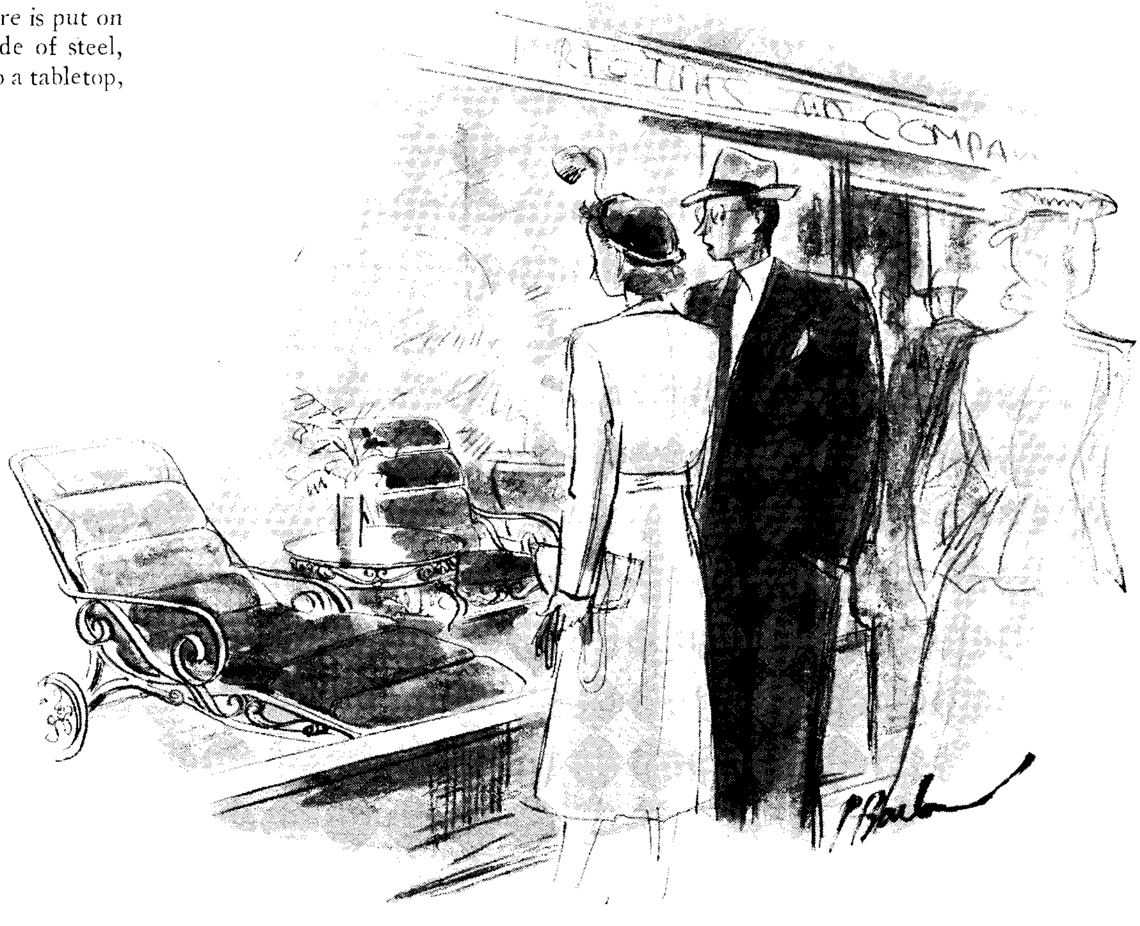


THERE is no doubt about it; the gadgets of the postwar world, which we were so complacently assured would be marvels of ingenuity and efficiency, are, on the whole, a bust. Every day, there arrive new household devices, cunningly contrived to do things you don't particularly want done. Still, you may be able to summon up a mild enthusiasm for three or four of them. One is a highly effective little implement called the Mouli grater, which Macy will part with for ninety-eight cents. As any cook knows, the grating of bread crusts, vegetables, boiled eggs, ends of cheese, and other foods that are soft or difficult to hold is one of the most vexatious operations encountered in the kitchen—as hard on the temper as on fingers and nail polish. The Mouli invention is nothing more than a revolving, drum-shaped grater, against which the material to be grated is pressed by a lever arrangement; the food can be ground fine or coarse, according to how much pressure is put on the lever. The thing is made of steel, doesn't have to be attached to a tabletop, and couldn't be easier to keep clean, since the drum lifts out with no trouble; the crank handle can even be switched to either right- or left-handed operation. Altogether, the kitchen's blessing of the month.

Something called the Tater-Baker (don't look at me that way; *I'm* not making up these names), which performs like a small oven on top of the stove, will undoubtedly prove extremely useful when the weather gets too hot for ordinary baking. It's made of chromium-plated steel, is about the size of a large dinner plate, and has a heavy, tight-fitting cover. There's a trivet inside to prevent scorching, an adjustable valve to let the vapor out, and a neat bakelite handle. Potatoes cooked in the baker are rather better than those done in a range oven, and rolls and any leftovers can be heated up most satisfactorily, with a saving of time and fuel. Five potatoes can be piled on the trivet, and four apples can be accounted for if they are first wrapped in aluminum foil to eliminate a baking dish. I think, though, that the manufacturer has been overly optimistic in his directions for cooking puddings, biscuits, and such, because food that requires any but a very small container will not fit under the cover. Furthermore, a pan of biscuits with which I experimented rose nicely and attained the right flakiness, but the top crusts did not brown properly, or, indeed, at all. Treated as scones, however, and turned to brown first on one side and then on the other, they did all right. But, biscuits or no biscuits, this is a handy contrivance, which will get handier as kitchens get hotter; $2.95, postpaid, from Home-Maker's Haven, 73-04 37th Avenue, Jackson Heights.

New, good-looking, inexpensive aluminum-mesh window screens, called Durall, which reduce the difficulties of installation and upkeep to a minimum, have recently put in an appearance at Macy. These simplified and practical screens are different from any others you ever saw, in that heavily reinforced edges of the mesh eliminate the necessity for wooden side frames. At the top of the window, each screen is fastened directly to the window frame, and at the bottom it is clamped to the frame by a horizontal bar, which is made fast with thumbscrews. To wash the window, you merely loosen the screws, which releases the screen. Prices run from $3, for a twenty-four-by-thirty-eight-inch screen, to $3.94, for one twenty-eight inches wide by fifty-four inches long. Macy begs you to remember when ordering them that it is the width of the window *sash* that is to be measured.

To people (me, for instance) who simply can't catch on to the trick of hanging those crisscross tieback curtains that require two rods, some curtains called Snap-a-cross, at Wanamaker and Macy, will come as a regular boon. What makes it easy for a child or



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Yes, rayon's usefulness is indeed growing in a number of fields, bringing ever better things to more people at prices all can afford. American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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not-so-bright adult to hang them is that they need only one rod; the outer panel of material snaps onto the inner one by means of rustproof fasteners, which keep every fold in place. The curtains come in natural marquisette and pebble-dot material, costing from twelve to twenty dollars, and any day now there will be off-white organdie ones.

At Lewis & Conger's Sleep Shop, attention is so focussed on the more dramatic aids to slumber that you will have to be very determined to ferret out a useful invention (useful, that is, to tall people) called Long Boys. The device, which makes it possible to lengthen the frame of a bed by ten inches, consists of two heavy pieces of steel that attach horizontally onto the bed's side rails and fasten securely onto the crosspiece at the foot, thus making a solid extension on which the mattress rests. Tall men who are curled up miserably in short beds will probably be delighted to pay the $12.50 that the Long Boys cost. L. & C. will fix you up with a bolster that you can sew onto the end of your present mattress, and an extension for your springs, for $9.50 each.

For several weeks, I have been supplementing a thermos ice container with an inexpensive, double-walled plastic ice bowl called B-r-r-r, so I know what I am talking about when I say that this new receptacle, which costs just under six dollars at Bloomingdale and Lewis & Conger, does a job comparable to that of a thermos bucket. B-r-r-rs (I guess that's the plural) come in two colors—mahogany and bright red—neither of which, I must admit, is much to look at. The red bowl just wouldn't do anywhere but in a kitchen or out-of-doors or on a bar, if there are any home bars still around, but the mahogany one is less conspicuous, and the ice, visible through a transparent cover, gives it a pleasant, frosty look. The inner container, which is practically unbreakable, holds over two and a half quarts and will keep ice cubes in a reasonable state of animation for more than twelve hours at room temperature; for picnics, the bowl performs satisfactorily in keeping hot foods hot. W. G. Lemmon, 816 Madison Avenue (68th), and Lewis & Conger have some handsomer plastic B-r-r-rs, with a metal finish, which cost $6.95.

FOR some reason, home furnishings offered by the usual sort of gift shop look as if they had been chosen by people who live on a raft, in a subway, or anywhere but in a house, so it is especially pleasing to find a genuine feeling for kitchen equipment at the Post Mart, a little gift shop at 230 East 78th Street. The newest item in the place is a Swedish wallboard of oak on which are hung eight pieces of fine Eskilstuna cutlery with stainless-steel blades and sturdy oak handles. The set includes carving, bread, and paring knives, a combination meat tenderizer and cleaver, a corkscrew, and a can opener, and costs $12.50. There is an extensive assortment of oval or round tin-lined copper *gratiné* dishes, which are substantial enough for baking without being unwieldy, and you will find copper skillets of various sizes, some of which I think are admirable for omelets, although I know there are omelet specialists who contend that an omelet cannot be made in a copper pan. Prices range from $2.50 to $11.95. For ambitious outdoor cooks, there is an enormous steel skillet, in which three chickens could easily be fried at one time. This piece, the price of which is $7.95, is recommended only to gentleman chefs, since it is much too heavy for frail, fair arms. If you need a wooden salad bowl, you might have a look at some generously large oval ones; $4.95. As these were made five years ago, to serve as chopping bowls for the Navy, you can be sure that the wood is reasonably aged and not likely to split or warp. Another nice wooden piece is a long, narrow maple board, just right for serving a slim French loaf on an informal, outdoor table; $2.95. For the girl, or the man, who not only lives alone and cooks but must do the inevitable dishes, the Post Mart has a twelve-inch cast-aluminum cooking and serving platter, at $2.95, that is all but invaluable. Theoretically, the utensil is wrong for broiling steaks, since there is no grid for draining off fat, but actually, if the fat is poured off once during the broiling, a Delmonico steak, a couple of chops, or a slice of fish may be cooked to perfection. The platter, which is so heavy that it holds heat a very long time, is just big enough to accommodate a vegetable alongside the meat, thus keeping a whole course hot on a single dish. The thing is certainly no beauty, but for general usefulness and the remarkable ease with which it can be cleaned it is unquestionably one of the working girl's best friends.—S. H.

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

MEXICO CITY,
MAY 3, 1948

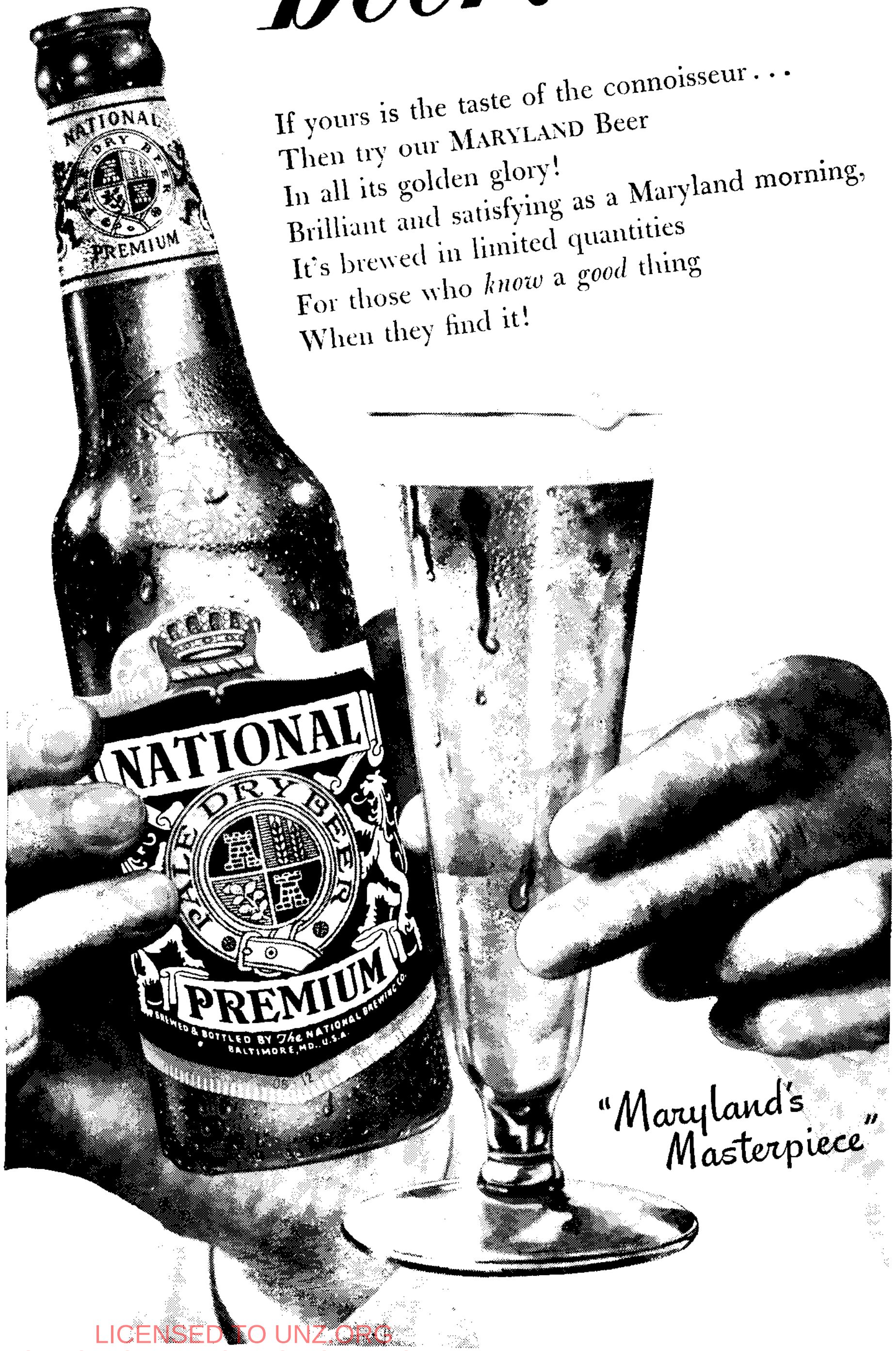
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

IN Joel Sayre's recent article in your pages, "Take Gide Out to the Ball Game," he told of the difficulties he once had concocting French terms for the game of baseball. Had Mr. Sayre ever lived in Mexico, his task would have been somewhat simplified, for baseball is played and watched here with great enthusiasm, and the newspapers have developed a complete vocabulary for it, most of which I am certain, even though my knowledge of French is limited, could be readily translated into that language.

At the outset, I will remark that Mr. Sayre can, if he still cares, put his mind at rest about his use of the word "*base*" for "base." "First base" in Spanish (or at least in Mexican) is "*primera base*" and Lou Gehrig was *un primera base formidable*. "Shortstop" is "*parador de corto*" and "center fielder" is "*bosque central*."

Some of the Spanish baseball terms are sheer genius; for instance, "*serpentinero*" for "pitcher," "*cuadrangular*" for "home run," "*tribey*" for "three-bagger," and "*roling*" for "grounder." "*Roling*" means nothing in Spanish except a ball hit on the ground in a baseball game. The translation for "pop fly," which caused Mr. Sayre difficulty, probably caused the Mexicans just as much trouble originally. A pop fly is generally called an *elevadito*, which is a diminutive of "*elevado*," a noun meaning "fly." A hit is an *indiscutible*, a literal translation of which is "unquestionable."

There are limits to the help Mr. Sayre might have had from a knowledge of below-the-border baseball, however, for some of the best words in the Mexican baseball vocabulary would be meaningless to any Frenchman I have ever met. These are mostly Hispanicisms lifted from the American sports lexicon, such as *estraic* and *mánager*. When a base runner attempts to *estafar una almohadilla* (or swindle a small pillow), his success or failure is announced by the *ampayer*, a man in a blue suit, who pronounces him either *seif* or *aut*. If it is the latter, it is, of course, a serious blow to his *tim*. Carrying the thing to almost ridiculous lengths, the ubiquitous averages, which take up nearly as much space in Mexi-



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One spraying mothproofs for a Whole Year!

There's one way you can be ABSOLUTELY SURE moths will *never* eat your precious woolen clothes, sofas and rugs. This is to mothproof the cloth itself with LARVEX.

It's Sure! LARVEX's magic spray penetrates each tiny woolen fibre and makes the cloth itself mothproof *for a whole year.* Tests prove moths will commit suicide by starvation rather than eat anything treated with LARVEX.

It's Quick! Just spray the garment with LARVEX and hang in its usual place. No mothball, camphor or cedar odor. LARVEX is *odorless* and *stainless.*

It's Inexpensive! It costs no more to LARVEX a suit than to get it dry cleaned. And LARVEX gives POSITIVE protection from moth damage. Only 79¢ a pint. $1.19 a quart.

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can sports pages as they do in American ones, are printed under the headings "*Bateo*," "*Fildeo*," and "*Pitcheo*."

In addition to thoroughly covering the activities of the Mexican League, the papers down here devote a tremendous amount of space to the doings of the *Rojos de Cincinnati*, the *Tigres de Detroit*, et al. The American team nicknames are translated literally. The official Mexican nickname of the Dodgers is *Esquivadores*, which means "escapers," but the boys are generally referred to as the *Maletas*, a Mexican approximation of "Bums." ("*Maletas*" also means "suitcases," which confused me at first.)

The average Mexican *fanático* feels as well qualified to pick the winners in the *Liga Americana* and the *Liga Nacional*, or, for that matter, the *Liga de la Costa del Pacífico*, as does his American counterpart, and there is a strong feeling in this storied Aztec capital that the *Yanquis* (as in the familiar phrase *el imperialismo yanqui*) *de Nueva York* are going to be tough to beat this year and that the *Cafés de San Luis* and the *Patipálidas de Chicago* (that is, the Chicago Pallid Paws) will be lucky to finish in the League.

Last fall, when *los Bombarderos del Bronx* triumphed over Brooklyn in the *Serie Mundial*, every play was broadcast in Spanish from the press box, and Lavagetto was almost as big a hero in Mexico City as he was in Flatbush. The Mexicans, who love a colorful nickname, also had a very tender feeling for *La Araña Jorgensen*.

The day after Lavagetto's historic ninth-inning double, I kept the radio at my home on during the game. With two out in the ninth inning, I unfortunately had to step outside to deal with a passing vender. When I returned, Margarita, the maid, who had managed to find work that would keep her in or near the living room all afternoon, looked at me sadly. "It's all over," she said. "*Pincharon a la Galleta*." There was a moment of silence while we both considered the cruel fate that had permitted Frank Shea to "puncture the Cookie."

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR N. HILL

•

At the Sunday morning service in Union Church, Rev. Cecil F. Petrie will preach on, Thomas: The Man Who Found It Hard to Believe Mrs. Adeline Gallant discovered six strawberry blossoms Wednesday while removing the mulch from the plants.—*Lewiston (Maine) Sun.*

A sermon we'd like to hear.

Henry the Gardener says
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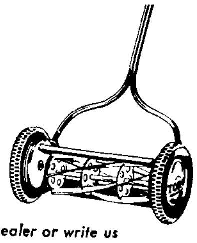

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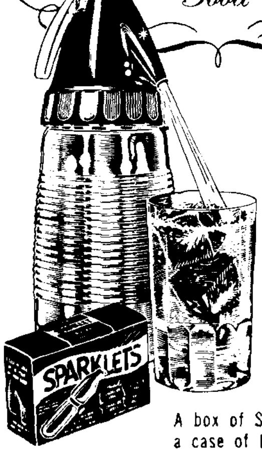

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THE BROWN-EYED ONE

"I'VE never seen such lovely country in my entire life," Mary Toussaint said.

My husband said nothing, but he looked gratified, as people do when you praise their favorite places. He carries it further than that sometimes, apologizing for bad weather quite as if all Dorset were his responsibility. Mary is a Canadian opera singer, married to a Dutch diplomat. She had come down from London for a four days' visit, with her three children and their French nurse. We walked steadily to the top of the field under the clear blue sky and turned around to look back.

"This is the best spot, I should think, for miles around," my husband said. "Over there's the heath—there beyond our woods. And now, if you look over there, you can see the sea—there where the white cliff just shows. It really is extraordinary weather for March, isn't it?" He spoke with modest pride. The sun beat down on us so that the ground, still bare in the spring, quivered as if it were midsummer.

"Where are we aiming for?" asked Mary.

"There, where that little house just shows. Over beyond that is the cove and the inn."

"The kids'll be there by this time," I said as we started along the level Downs. We had sent our children ahead by car. There were four of them—Mary's three and my one—and two adults to keep them in order. "Yours are used to the seaside, too, aren't they?" I asked. "I suppose the twins are a bit young, though, for paddling."

"Oh, no, they had a couple of months of it in Holland last year. This year, we're going to Normandy, where they can run wild. Not that they don't run wild anywhere."

"They *are* a handful," I said. "Funny the girls are so much tougher than the boy, but maybe it's always that way."

"Do you think so?" Mary pondered the matter. "Vincent's always been sweet and amiable. I suppose he finds life simpler that way. But the twins aren't both so rough—they aren't *really* alike. They couldn't be more opposite, actually."

"That blue-eyed one is going to be an awful flirt," said my husband. "Considering she's barely four, she's most oncoming. Flutters her eyelashes at me at table."

"Oh, Mariette! She's a terrible flirt, Charles. She's disgusting," Mary said. "Once in Paris—she was only three—we were eating ice cream in a shop and she looked over her shoulder and said, '*Maman. Il y a un monsieur là.*' I said, 'Sure, now eat your ice cream.' In another minute, looking over her other shoulder, she said, '*Maman. Il y a un monsieur là, aussi.*' I hate to think of Mariette's future, but she'll wriggle out of anything. Now, Patricia's quite different. She's always getting into trouble, in a blundering sort of way. She's very sensitive, though you mightn't think it."

"Sensitive children are the devil," I said.

"Why, is Carola very touchy?" Mary asked.

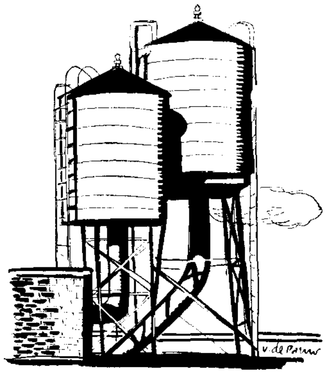
"No, no, thank God," I said. "She may look like Charles but she doesn't take after him that way. Carola and I are alike—tough. Everything rolls right off us."

"You're lucky."

Bored with this maternal discussion, Charles had swung down the hill ahead of us to the road, which led into the village. He held the gate for us. "We'll have to go by road the rest of the way, I'm afraid," he apologized, proprietor-like. "It's not far."

"Oh, it's marvellous!" Mary said.

Steeply winding between a few houses and many trees, the road thinned down to a path that led us to a crisp and sudden drop. We stood on the cliff edge looking down past a wiggling pathway to the shingle beach. It was a pleasantly messy beach, with lobster pots piled everywhere, and there was a concrete dock that belonged to the inn, which lay in the cove at our right. Only one family of strangers was in sight, creeping cautiously down the path; the crowded beach was given over, otherwise, to our party. They were all barefoot; the children's buckets, spades, and shoes littered the shingle. Monique, the French nurse, with her slacks rolled up to her calves, was picking her way toward the receding waves on slime-covered boulders, holding one of the twins by the hand. The other twin stopped



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over a shell or a crab nearby, poking at it with her finger. At this distance, I could not tell which was which; their round little bodies in bright sweaters and their brown plaits were exactly alike. Vincent, who is eight, was trying in a dreamy way to scale the cliff where it was steepest. Carola, my six-year-old, seemed to be rubbing at her face with her fists. Lorraine, an Australian girl who is a distant cousin of my husband and who lives with us, was hovering over her. Though one could not tell where it came from, there were cries in the air, a strange cacophony of sounds—children or sea gulls crying. None of them saw us for a moment.

"Hullo!" I shouted from the edge of the cliff, and Carola looked up and cried in relief and terror, "Mummy!"

"What's up?" I shouted.

"Anything wrong?" Mary added.

"It's all right," Lorraine shouted. "Just a little trouble. She's all right now. She—she hurt her foot on a stone."

We went down the path to them, commenting on how beautifully private the beach was. "The petrol ban," said my husband. "Bad for the hotels but pleasant for us. Now, then, what's the matter?" Carola had hobbled over the shingle to throw her arms around my knees.

"She just hurt her foot," Lorraine said. "This beach isn't very comfortable, I must say. We tried to reach that patch of sand over there, but there's a lot of barbed wire in the way."

"I hate shingle," I said. Mary pulled off her shoes and stockings, picked up the other twin under her arm, and ran for the waves beside the concrete dock.

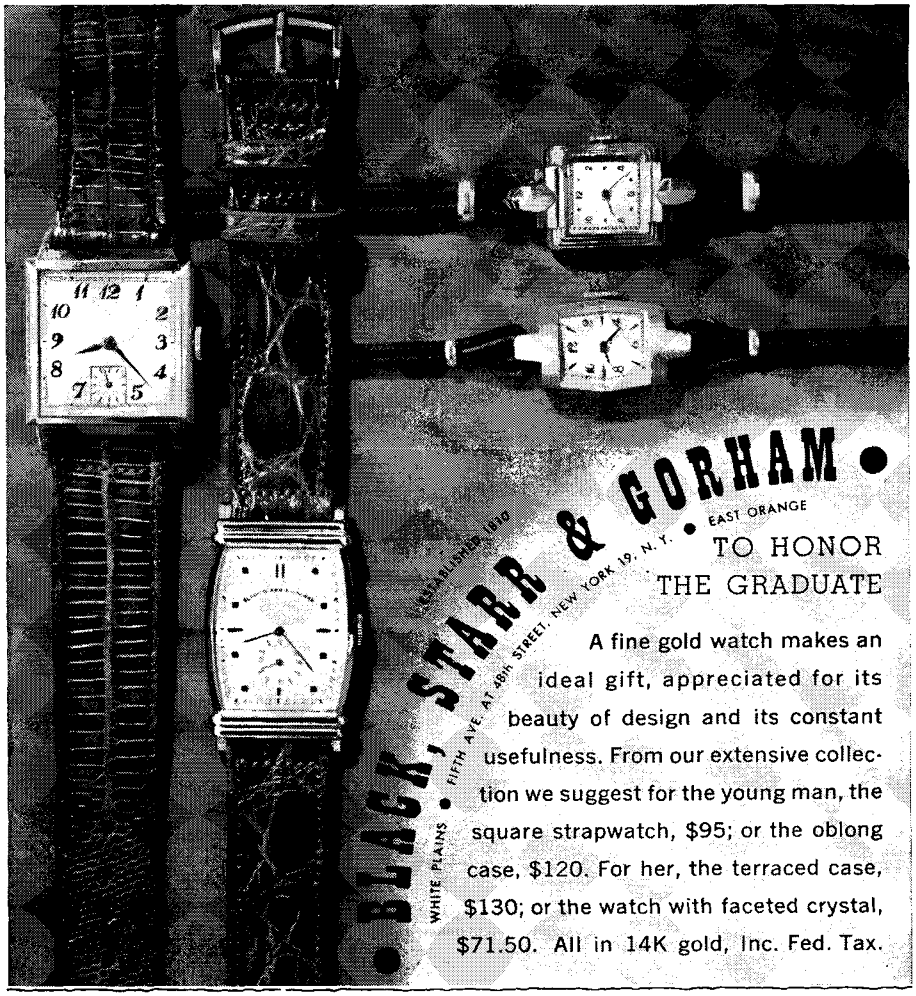
"Mummy, can you carry me?" Carola asked. I hesitated. Carola is always apt to get babyish in the presence of younger children, and ever since the twins' arrival she had been more and more irritating, toddling instead of walking and talking a persistent baby talk.

"I'll carry you over the rocky part," I said, "but you're a big girl now, you know. You ought to be helping Monique take care of the twins."

"I'm not copying the twins. I'm not, Mummy. It's just that these little rocks hurt my feet frightfully. Anyway, the twins cry much more than me, so there."

"Well, I should think so. They're only just four."

I carried her to the smooth concrete and she wriggled to get down. "Thank you, Mummy," she said, without a



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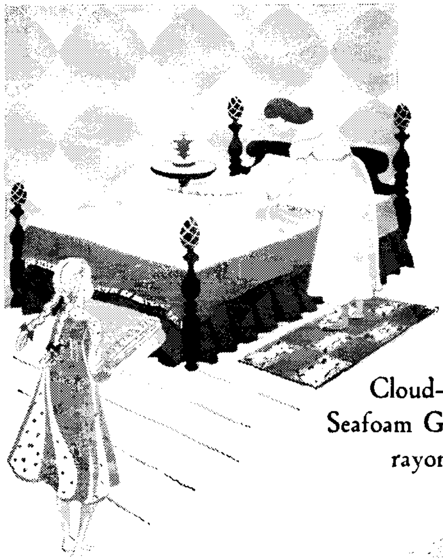

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trace of baby accent. She ran at her own gait down to the water.

IN the inn garden, we sat at a long, sun-blistered refectory table and ate lobster. It was actually warm enough to make one sleepy, had there been no bored children to cope with, but there were.

The brown-eyed twin, Patricia, got up to run in circles around the table, and Vincent followed. He shouted, heading her off from a pram in the corner of the garden, where a strange baby lay sleeping. Mariette climbed on Mary's lap. Carola promptly climbed on mine, a thing she never does ordinarily. The sun continued to concentrate on us. In the little quiet pool of air, out of the wind, we eventually fell silent. Suddenly, there was a mechanical squawk from the road above us. "The car!" I said. "Come on, children."

"Patricia!" Monique called. "Patricia! *Vite!*"

An angry wail came from the pram, where Patricia was investigating the baby and had waked him up. Monique rushed over and hustled her back to us.

"That's a bad bump on that child's forehead. Was it there before?" asked my husband.

We all looked at Patricia. Sure enough, there was a bump, a vicious swelling.

"I didn't see it before," Mary said. "Monique, do you know anything about it?"

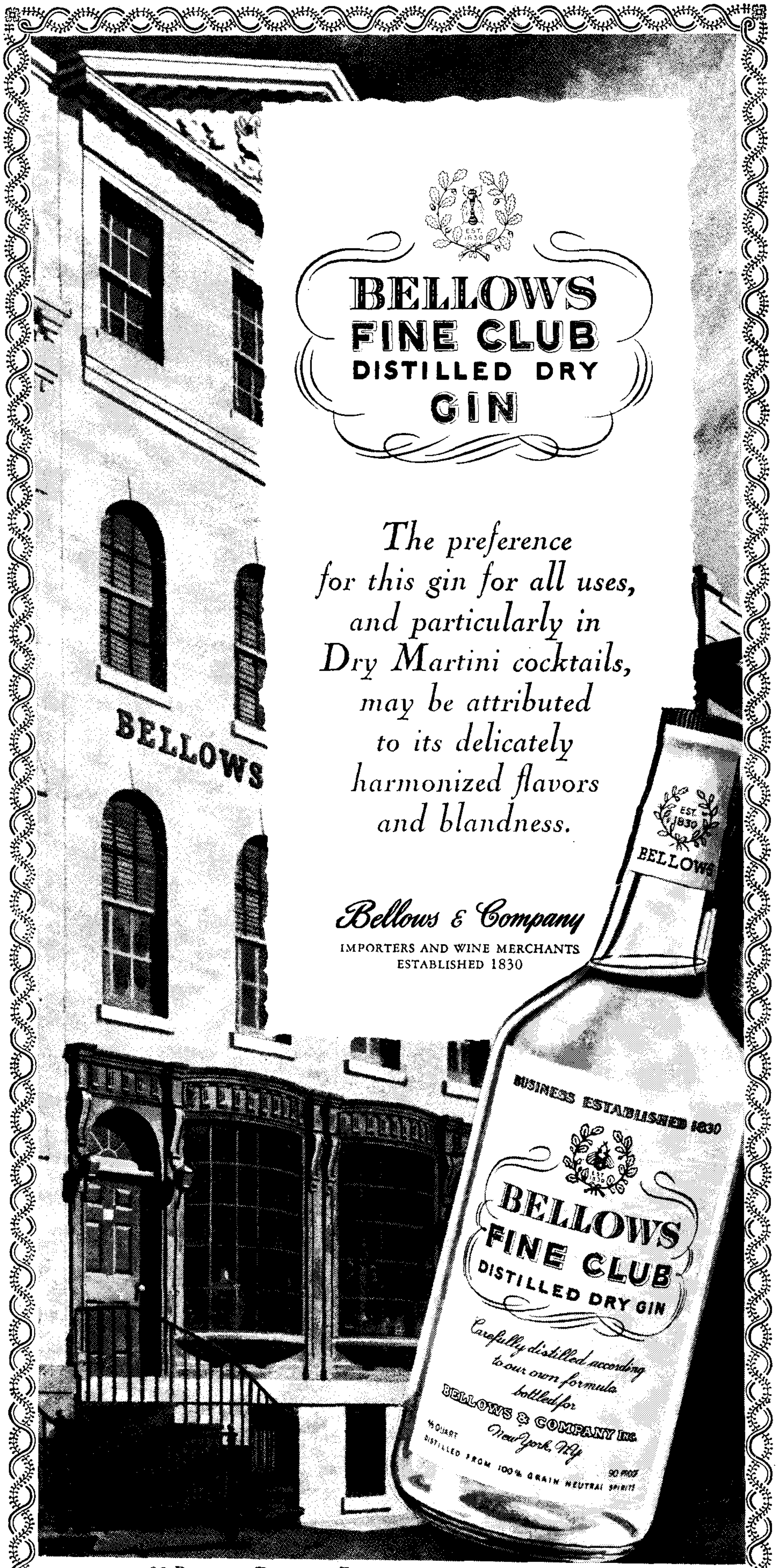
Monique shook her head. Patricia stared at us, her brown eyes round and worried.

"Well, anyway, come on. Up you get!" Mary seized one of the small children and swung along up the stone steps; the other trotted after, and Vincent ran here and there as we went. Carola wanted to be carried.

"Do stop being so silly," I said. "Run along with Vincent. Really!" I stared after her in exasperation. "She's simply awful today," I said to Mary. "I don't know what's got into her. She was fine yesterday, playing with the twins as if they were new dolls."

"Oh, they get these phases," Mary said. "Look at the water now. I hate to go away. I could stay here forever. It's been a perfect afternoon, hasn't it?"

EASTER in England is a more important festival than it is in the States. For one thing, the schools close for a month, and for another, as has been pointed out by better writers, spring in England is more than a matter of sentiment. It is a joyous reminder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that winter not only comes but goes. Maybe not by Eastertide, maybe not for weeks, but anyway, sooner or later, there comes a rapturous time when it is not quite so cold as it was yesterday. This year, Easter was almost warm. In the pure joy of this warmth, I got up early to arrange the traditional symbols on the breakfast table—the cotton chickens in their baskets, the plastic eggs with a few knickknacks and saved-up ration chocolates inside, the hard-boiled eggs that the children had attempted to decorate, and, on each plate, a toy.

"You can take some of the cotton chickens and rabbits," I decreed at breakfast, "but the special things—those ducks with hats on, and the black bird—go back into mothballs for next Easter. They belong to the *house*."

One of the new decorations was the duck-with-hat pair—a large duck wearing a bonnet and a knitted shawl, and a small one with a scrap of embroidered bib around its neck. Lorraine had not seen these objects when I bought them and brought them home; she picked them up now to examine them more closely.

"They're not yours," Carola said in shrill tones. "They belong to the *house*."

All of us were surprised by the emphasis in her voice. Lorraine flushed. "Well, I can look at them, I suppose," she said. Deliberately, in revenge, she played with the ducks through the meal, cuddling them, watching Carola maliciously. Carola kept staring at the ducks with jealous eyes; she couldn't eat.

"Carola, stop worrying about those ducks," I said.

"Well, they're not Lorraine's," Carola insisted.

"Never mind," thundered her father. "Eat your egg and stop being nasty."

In Carola's plastic egg was a tiny camera, which allegedly worked. I had, of course, bought it because I liked it myself. The camera was now passed from adult hand to adult hand, with appropriate exclamations.

"Army stock," I explained. "They've just been released."

As Lorraine's turn came to examine it, Carola said sharply, "It's mine!"

This time, there was no possibility of ignoring the matter tactfully, but we did ignore it, with a terrible silence. From the other end of the table, my daughter's eyes searched mine in agonized pleading. She knows she's behaving disgracefully, I said to myself. What on earth is the matter? It might be simpler just to decide to dislike Carola, as Vincent had obviously done already. I played futilely with the notion, but a mother is not her own arbiter; I could not dislike Carola. Come what may, I was committed to her, *no matter what the shame.* I ignored her eyes and majestically led the retreat from the table. Behind us, tinted eggshells and discarded wrappings littered the cloth. With a joyous howl, Vincent pounced on the bow and arrows Lorraine had made for him and rushed out the front door. Carola started to follow, hesitated, glanced distrustfully at Lorraine, put down what she had been clutching—the duck with the bib—and then she, too, ran out.

"Did you see that?" Lorraine demanded. "Isn't she killing? What ever's the matter with her?"

"I don't know. Jealous of all these new children, maybe," I said vaguely. "Whatever set her off, though, you carried on with it. You ought to be ashamed. Hanging on to that duck. A woman your age."

"I couldn't help it, she was so awful," Lorraine said.

"She *was* awful," I said. "She's been awful since yesterday. I wonder—"

The telephone rang, interrupting us.

THE day unfolds before the child as an immense, nearly endless journey, during which anything may happen. He does just see the end, far off on the horizon, but the path itself, leading toward bed in the dusk, is not at all visible. There will be lunch, in time; perhaps, years later, there may be tea. Like growing vegetables, the baby twins lived for the moment, but Vincent, worried by the superior wisdom of his years, by the brooding consciousness of going home to the city on the far-distant morrow, tried to forget his seniority in violent action.

He shot arrows into the air; he collected pine cones and left them in a little heap on the lawn, next to his mother, sleeping on a rug in the sun; and then he ran off to look for birds' nests. It was such a fine day that Nora, our Polish gardener's wife, brought out her blond baby and left him, bouncing in his pram, under the hedge.

"The damned place looks like a crèche," said Charles, peering through the library window. "Won't that baby of Nora's fall out?"

"Yes, he always falls out," I said. "Lord, what a mob of kids!"

"It's just as well we have this spell of fine weather," Charles said. "I don't think I could take it all indoors." He sat down at his desk and prepared to

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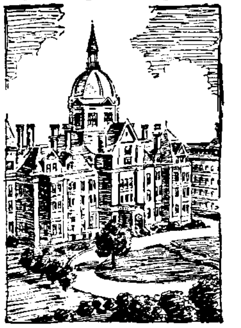
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lose himself in the seventeenth century, but a twentieth-century thought caught him and held him back.

"Have you seen Carola lately?" he asked.

"No. Have you?"

"Well, she *was* reading to herself, moping in the corner of the day nursery. Hadn't she better go out to play in the sun with the others?"

I found Carola still in the corner, still reading, and drove her out-of-doors, following close behind to make sure she did not escape. Mary had waked up and sat blinking on the rug as I came across the lawn. She smoothed her hair and caught Patricia as that little twin staggered by. "Let me take a look at you," she said. "Baby, where ever *did* you get that bump? It's turning plum color."

"*Sais pas*," said Patricia.

Carola, standing there, far away in another world, kicked at the turf. Vainly, I waited for her to go and play with somebody.

"I DON'T see why you didn't tell me then," I said, putting down my book and sitting up straight. "When was it, did you say? Yesterday?"

"On the beach before tea," Lorraine said. She stood on the hearth, fidgeting as if she were in a hurry to be off. She talked in a hurry, too. It is her way of being embarrassed. "I simply forgot to mention it later. Anyway, I didn't know the bump would come up so dreadfully. You came along just afterwards and called to us from the cliff, don't you remember?"

"Yes, of course. I still don't understand," I said. "Did Carola do it on purpose?"

"Heavens, no!" Lorraine said sincerely, and forgot to fidget. "It wasn't a bit like that. She'd been perfectly charming with the twins, giving Mariette a hand down the cliffs and all that—quite the little nurse. Then she began to throw stones, imitating Vincent, and Patricia ran into the way of one and got hit, that's all. Patricia

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howled like a banshee, but you couldn't hear her for the noise Carola put up. I really believe Carola thought she'd killed her. They'd both just got calmed down by the time you arrived, and I didn't dare start Carola up again, that's the truth of it. She'd have had hysterics again. I didn't exactly lie, anyway. I said she'd hurt her foot. Well, she *had* hurt her foot, just before she threw the rock and hit Patricia."

"But it would have been better, I think, to tell me in front of her," I said. "This way, don't you see, you've told me a lie, or she thinks you have, and you're a grownup, and—"

"I meant to explain as soon as things had been calm for a bit," Lorraine said. "I only wanted to protect her. Good heavens, it's not all that important."

"No, of course not. I'd better go and tell Mary about Patricia's bump. That poor baby. Pretty good, not telling on Carola, wasn't it?"

"Maybe she forgot," said Lorraine, the cynic. "I'd better go and see what there is for their tea."

The clamor from the lawn had become so regular that it was almost the same in one's ears as silence. It was as if this silence had been broken when Carola appeared at my elbow.

"Hello," I said, startled. "I didn't hear you coming."

She looked pale and angry. "The brown-eyed one drank nearly all Nora's baby's milk," she said accusingly.

"What was that, dear? Patricia?"

"Patricia, the brown-eyed one. She drank all Nora's baby's milk, and she didn't put the bottle back in his mouth, and she felt his head where the hole is. I told her not to, but she did anyway. And she drank all his milk. She's much naughtier than the other one."

"Well, I—"

"She felt the hole in his head. You can hurt a baby that way. I'm not saying I know who did it, but some things in my doll's house are broken. For all I know, some other things are lost. I'm sure I don't know who did it. She drank all Nora's baby's milk—"

"So you said. You'd better go and tell Nora, and then ask Lorraine to give Nora some of our milk to make up for it."

Carola hesitated. "I don't want to talk to Lorraine," she said. "She's making secrets about me. She and Vincent were whispering secrets against me. Lorraine doesn't like me any more."

I pulled Carola down on my lap, and she lay there unresisting and then began to cry. "I'm not crying about that," she said. "I'm crying about a story I re-

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member." She peered up at me and repeated fiercely, "I'm *not* crying about that, Mummy."

"Of course you aren't," I said. "That wouldn't be anything to cry over."

Carola cried quietly for several minutes. She almost never cries, I reflected. She must be ill. A yelp from one of the twins on the lawn reminded me of something.

"By the way, Lorraine told me about Patricia's bump," I said.

Carola stopped sobbing for a second and then went at it again, harder than ever. "I didn't mean to," she said.

"Well, I know that. Lorraine told me all about it. It was an accident, of course. You can tell Patricia's mummy yourself, if you like."

The sobs stopped.

"I should think you'd want to play with Vincent on a nice day like this," I said. "Daddy wants you to go outside."

I heard her shouting Vincent's name long before she got out of the house. Her shoes clattered on the staircase like clogs. It's a good thing, I said to myself as I picked up my book, that Carola isn't one of those difficult, sensitive children.

—EMILY HAHN

•

SLIPCOVER TIME

Summer is icumen in,
Leaf and grass grow greener;
Blossom rose and jessamine,
Loud sings vacuum cleaner.

Shabby now the fine antique,
Dirty the Oriental,
The landlord seeks, or does not seek,
Your lease for next year's rental.

Poets wing forth at eventide,
And moths and flies begin to,
The screens keep outside dust outside
And keep what's inside in, too.

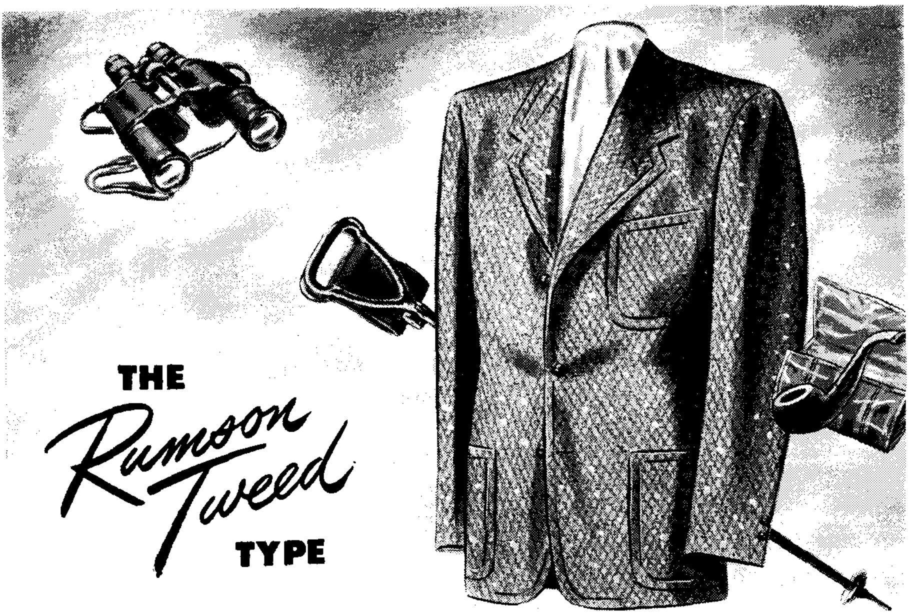
Now irritates the stool of wool,
The velvet chair's unbearable.
Quick! Slip bright covers, linen-cool,
Over divan the terrible.

—CORINNA MARSH

•

Stump and tSumpy clever Ebony Club comedians, have never met a linotyper, but they're feuding with plenty nevertheless. They've been listed in print as: Jump and Jumpy, Bump and Bumping, even Dump and Dumpy. They have a bet we won't get it right, which we'll be pocketing by the time you come to the period—*The Mirror.*

Well, we're there.



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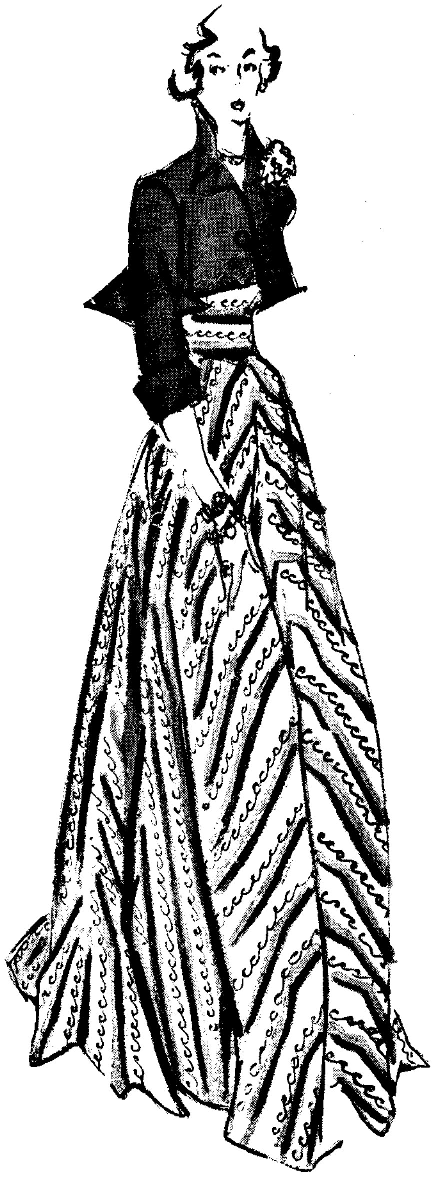

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Jane engel

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mixed Bag

AN international trio of pictures—French, English, and American—has turned up this week. Of the lot, the Gallic entry, "Marius," which is fifteen years old, is far and away the liveliest. It is the first section of a three-part work dealing with life in Marseille, and was directed by Alexander Korda and written and produced by Marcel Pagnol. It manages, without any straining for effect, to account for the careers of a few prominent citizens in the lethargic atmosphere of the south of France. The cast is the same as that of "Fanny," the only other segment of the trilogy to have been released over here. Raimu again dominates the proceedings, making of a simple saloonkeeper the kind of diverting, understanding, and heartwarming individual that most bartenders are imagined to be by hazy customers who are, with some justice, dead set against facing reality. As in "Fanny," Pierre Fresnay and Orane Demazis can't seem to arrange their lives on a basis that satisfies even the elastic standards of Marseille, and, as before, the extraordinarily capable actor Charpin, playing a ship chandler, hangs onto his dream of marrying the heroine, despite the fact that she is young enough to be his granddaughter. There is never any hurry about "Marius;" Mr. Korda, when he directed it, had evidently never heard about the tradition, so deeply revered by some of our local boys, of racing, with no asides to develop character, to that happy osculation representing the merger of two invaluable properties.

IN "Dear Murderer," the English present us with a gentleman married to a staggeringly handsome wife (Greta Gynt) whose interpretation of the marital vows might be regarded with some disapproval even by the notoriously carefree Eskimos. This lady, while her husband is in America on business, cultivates a couple of lovers. When her spouse returns unexpectedly, he overhears her exchanging steaming pleasantries with one of the cuckoos that have invaded his nest. The results of his discovery are fierce. He kills one of his wife's discarded sweethearts, ar-

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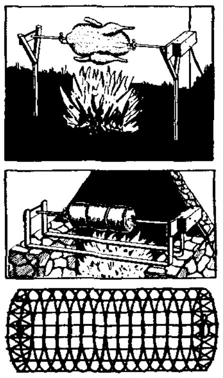

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ranges to have the matter charged to the suitor on whom he eavesdropped, and then gets so upset over what he has done that he becomes a victim of insomnia. Finally, just to get some sleep, he confesses all to his wife and admits that he can't do without her. He certainly makes a mistake there. There isn't enough suspense about "Dear Murderer" to induce you to gnaw at your nails, but the dialogue is civilized and the acting workmanlike. Besides Miss Gynt, who is the sort of girl almost anybody might understandably commit a couple of murders for, the cast includes Eric Portman and Jack Warner.

FROM the factories in Hollywood we are favored with "The Woman in White," the Wilkie Collins number, which has found its way into celluloid a couple of times before. You may recall that the story concerns a pair of bounders who try to swindle an heiress of her cash by using everything from drugs to bright, spinning objects. As the villains, Sydney Greenstreet and John Emery are just foolish. As their victim, Eleanor Parker is driven to an asylum. I guess she was lucky to be able to remove herself from the proceedings as easily as that.

—JOHN McCARTEN

●

Max Schlesinger, of the Yardstick store on Congress Avenue, always has a smile when he greets you, but these days it's an extra special one. An eight pound baby girl named Adeline is the reason. When two enterprising young hobbyists get together anything can happen.—*Glimpse, New Haven's Weekly Magazine.*

You needn't harp on it.

●

Every Saturday night a young man comes to the bar, waits until Cherba isn't busy and hands him a necktie.

Cherba loops the tie around his own neck, makes a Windsor knot and hands the time back to the young man, who puts it on. The scene is without dialogue except for the fellow's parting, "Tranks, Joe."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

That's enough dialogue for us.

●

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Arkansas Democrat*]

BOSTON—Teeth chattering, Mrs. Caroline Giograne reported to East Boston police that an intruder was trying to get into her bedroom window. Patrolmen sped to her home, saw a figure in the back yard near the window, knocking loudly. They drew their guns and

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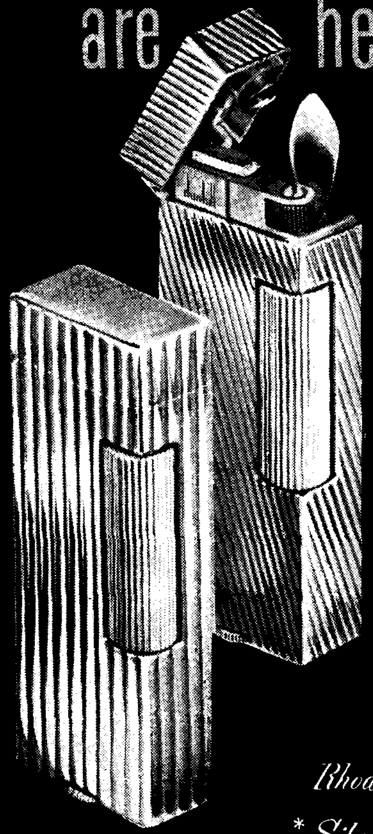

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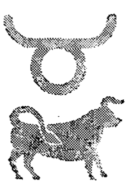
She's a daughter of Taurus



APRIL 21—MAY 21

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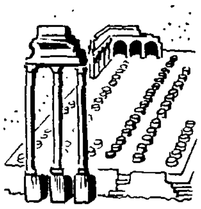
LETTER FROM ROME

MAY 6



FOR a fortnight now, the Romans have been digesting their electoral news with mixed sounds of surfeit and distress. Both come from the winning Christian Democrat side. Among its unexpected millions of supporters were deserters from the older, traditional, lay political parties, who, in the crisis between Communism and democracy, mugwumped for the Christian Democrats, and thus for the Church. These voters and Italy's many *mangiapreti*, or priest-eaters—though no more cannibal than France's Radical Socialists or, indeed, any nineteenth-century anti-clerical-Catholic bourgeois group in Europe—are now ruefully pondering the influence in state affairs that the Italian clergy can wield as a result of the inchoate, unlooked-for landslide. One of the satirical weekly magazines has run a cartoon forecasting the legislative scene on May 8th, the date of the new Parliament's opening. The picture, drawn in the worldly manner of the eighteenth century, when angels had become part of decoration rather than illustrations of faith, shows the stately Chamber surrounded by an angelic host of flying priests, winging it horizontally, like blackbirds, their loose robes buoying them up as they aim for the Parliament's portico and windows.

Certainly the priests were active during the electoral campaign. For the colony of American journalists quartered here over the electoral weekend, this was probably the first election in which Hell figured as anything more than an expletive. Premier de Gasperi himself reportedly played up eternal damnation, 1948 style, in one election speech, declaring that "Communism means Hell, and no help from Russia, either. A Christian Democrat vote means your choice of Heaven, and American help besides." The day before the Sunday election, the entire back page of the Communist daily *Unità* was a warning against priests and their power over lay life and its innocent joys, providing, as proof, a picture of a copy of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," a photograph of Charles Chaplin as Monsieur Verdoux, and one of a young couple jitterbugging, all three of which items of entertainment, according to had already banned. And what wouldn't they ban tomorrow if they got a real, free-for-all, Christian Democrat chance?

The famous, unpopular Article VII of Italy's new Constitution renewed Il Duce's 1929 Concordat between Church and State, once more confirming Catholicism as a state religion. It was voted against last year in Parliament by almost every party except the Christian Democrats and the Communists, but it was pushed through by this odd pair—by the first because it believes in state Christianity and by the second because Moscow used to believe in no Christianity at all. Since the Italians are deeply religious even when they are noisily anti-clerical, Italian Communism felt that it must clear itself by making contact with the *mystique* of the faith, even in the political company of its arch-enemies, the Christian Democrats. On account of Article VII, the main post-election topic of conversation here is the prospect of clerical influence in the new government.

THE second big post-election topic is what the new government will do about social reforms. One reform, which is agrarian, has been needed for exactly two thousand years. The great *latifondo* estates of the south were a scandal in Julius Caesar's time. They were owned by pagan Roman patricians, absentee landlords, like the later Episcopalian English lords in Ireland and like today's Catholic Italian princes, dukes, and duchesses, living and lunching distantly and comfortably in *palazzi* in Rome and Naples. The condition of the unfortunate peasants and hired hands on these estates is still feudal. Americans could best compare the misery of the peasants in southern Calabria, Puglia, and Lucania with that of our Southern states' poorest sharecroppers, white and black, plus the troubles of the old-time Northern coal miners in the days when their employers told them what to think, how many hours to work, and where to live. Except that here the misery is worse. On some Italian lords' lands, the peasants' homes, which are part cave and part stone, are often perched on hills weary kilometres away from the malarial, fertile fields in which they work. While *mezzadria*, or share-cropping, as enjoyed by the prosperous peasants of Tuscany, now rewards them, as a consequence of their organized pressure, with three-fifths of their production, instead of half, the backward southern Italians still struggle under the *gabellotti*, a medieval system of multiple-rent collectors. During the election campaign, the two landlords of the south most frequently and unfavorably mentioned were the Archbishop of Naples and the liberation Mayor of Rome, Prince Doria-Pamphilj. The southern peasants and the southern nobles are regarded as Italy's two most backward classes. The night before the election, some of the Roman aristocrats and rich industrialists assembled at Passetto's, the city's most lusciously lardered restaurant, and ate what they laughingly called a Last Supper. Luckily for them, and for democracy, it was not.

Even though Communism was crushingly defeated at the polls, masses of voters, whose piety is the one thing greater than their poverty, still remember the election threats and promises of the Communists. Last month, in the southern agrarian districts, Communist leaders, equipped with detail maps of the region, told the land-starved peasants to choose for themselves whatever of their masters' acreage they and their families could reasonably work, then outlined the choices on the maps with a symbolically red pencil and declared that that land would be theirs if they helped the Party to win. The seizure of the nobles' estates in Poland four years ago was cited as proof that such political miracles can indeed happen on this old European earth. Any relief proposals offered by the Christian Democrats will be more sedate. Ever since Premier de Gasperi became Italy's government chief, two and a half years ago, he has been committed to two reforms—a confiscatory tax upon Italy's few plutocratically rich families, mainly industrialists, and a land reform involving the great inherited estates. These reforms, he has always said, must be achieved by "slow, cautious, legal procedure." On the other hand, Italy's Communists, in or out of Parliament, will continue to proclaim their offer of an immediate division of wealth. On the walls of the buildings in Trastevere, Rome's workers' quarter, the Communists' most appealing slogan is still to be seen, undimmed: "Vote for Communism and a Better Society to Live In." It is the promise of this quick and easy utopia that the Western democracies have to compete with, each on its own home ground. Otherwise, the election, by which all democracies everywhere benefited, will, in time, add up to little more than so many tons of Italian paper ballots cast in optimism in 1948.

DURING the election, almost no one was interested in anything but the campaign. Among the neglected

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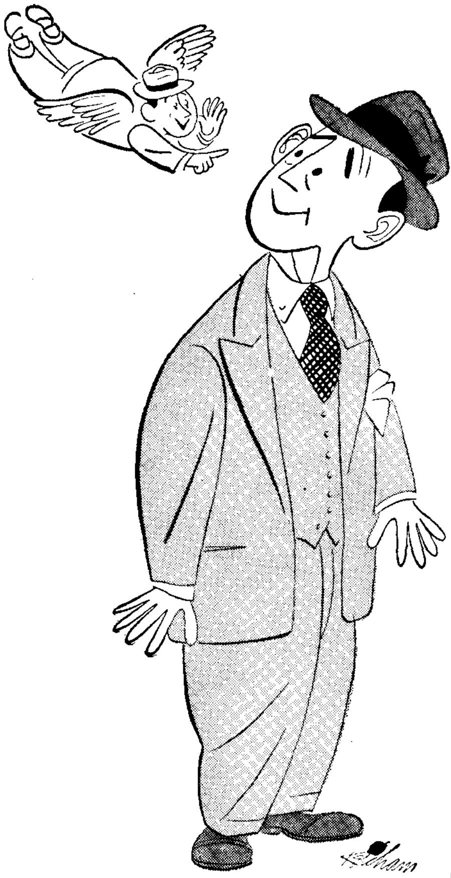

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events was a private showing of one more extraordinary new film, "Germania—Anno Zero," made in Berlin, and in German, by the master Italian film director, Rossellini, creator of "Open City" and "Paisan." His detractors claim that again he has turned out nothing more than a superb documentary. The truth is that, as in his other postwar films, he has used contemporary history as a documented background for his *human drama*. The hero of this opus is played by a blond boy of thirteen, Edmund Menschke, a Berliner and, like the rest of the cast, an amateur. The drama unrolled in the film is tragic, simple, and devoid of sentimentality. It details, amid the Berlin ruins, the sad development and end of Edmund, young and shapeless enough to be forced into the rotten Berlin black-market struggle by his bourgeois family—his old-fashioned, bedridden father, his pro-Nazi hero of a brother, and his refined sister, who nobly refuses to become a prostitute. In the boy's confusion over his growing burdens, and at the amoral advice of friends, he poisons his father to eliminate one hungry mouth, and, after having been slapped by a teacher for his crime (since he is so young a murderer), hurls himself to his death from his family's bombed-out apartment into the bombed-out street below.

Once again, Rossellini has worked out a theme that ranks with those of the great novelists. Once again, he has followed his procedure of directing and photographing a film without a script, relying only on his imagination and an idea, which he develops as he goes along. The German dialogue of the film is diffuse, probably because Rossellini does not know the language. Technically, the film shows some of the earmarks of its director's sudden success. It is loosely put together and needs emphasis and cutting. Nevertheless, it is still the most remarkable European film of this year.

OF the half-dozen major movements that the mind and heart of Western man have created in the past two

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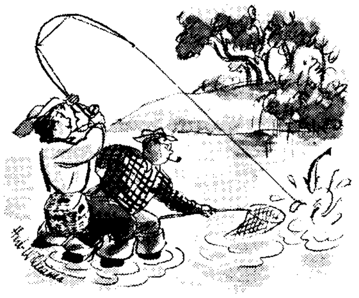

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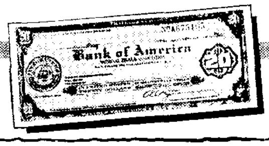

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thousand years, three (a high percentage) were born in or cradled in Italy. These three are Christianity, Humanism, and Fascism. That leaves two movements to the Teutons (Luther's Reformation and the Socialism of Dr. Karl Marx) and one (popular-revolutionary Democracy) to be divided about evenly between France and America. In any successful United Democracies of Europe, Italy must be accorded deep consideration, because she is poor, she is overpopulated, she is older than any other segment of Western civilization except Greece, and she sits strategically upon the Mediterranean. The worldwide concern over the Italian election still bewilders Italy, not accustomed in recent centuries to being courted. As many Italians bitterly recall, the last time their country was patted on the back by the democracies for having stopped Communism was when the loquacious Mussolini marched on Rome. —GENÊT

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(GET IT BY THE TAIL DIVISION)

[*From "The Notebooks of Henry James;" Oxford University Press, 1947*]

I catch hold of the slip of a tail of my action . . . —*Page 112.*

I seem to catch hold of the tail of an action . . . —*Page 116.*

I have been sitting here in the firelight . . . trying to catch hold of the tail of an idea . . . —*Page 138.*

I seemed to myself to catch hold of the tail of an idea . . . —*Page 143.*

I seem to get hold of the slippery tail of a fine idea . . . —*Page 156.*

I seem to get hold of the tail of a pretty idea . . . —*Page 171.*

Another little possibility dances before me—I only just catch the tip of its tail . . . —*Page 184.*

The mere tail of the image which I catch hold of . . . —*Page 185.*

I seemed to catch hold of the tail of a dim idea . . . —*Page 201.*

I seem to catch hold of the tail of a glimpse of my own personality . . . —*Page 202.*

I seize the tail of the little latent action . . . —*Page 236.*

I seem to catch hold of the tail of the very central notion . . . —*Page 241.*

. . . revert to what I seem to have got hold of the tail of . . . —*Page 275.*

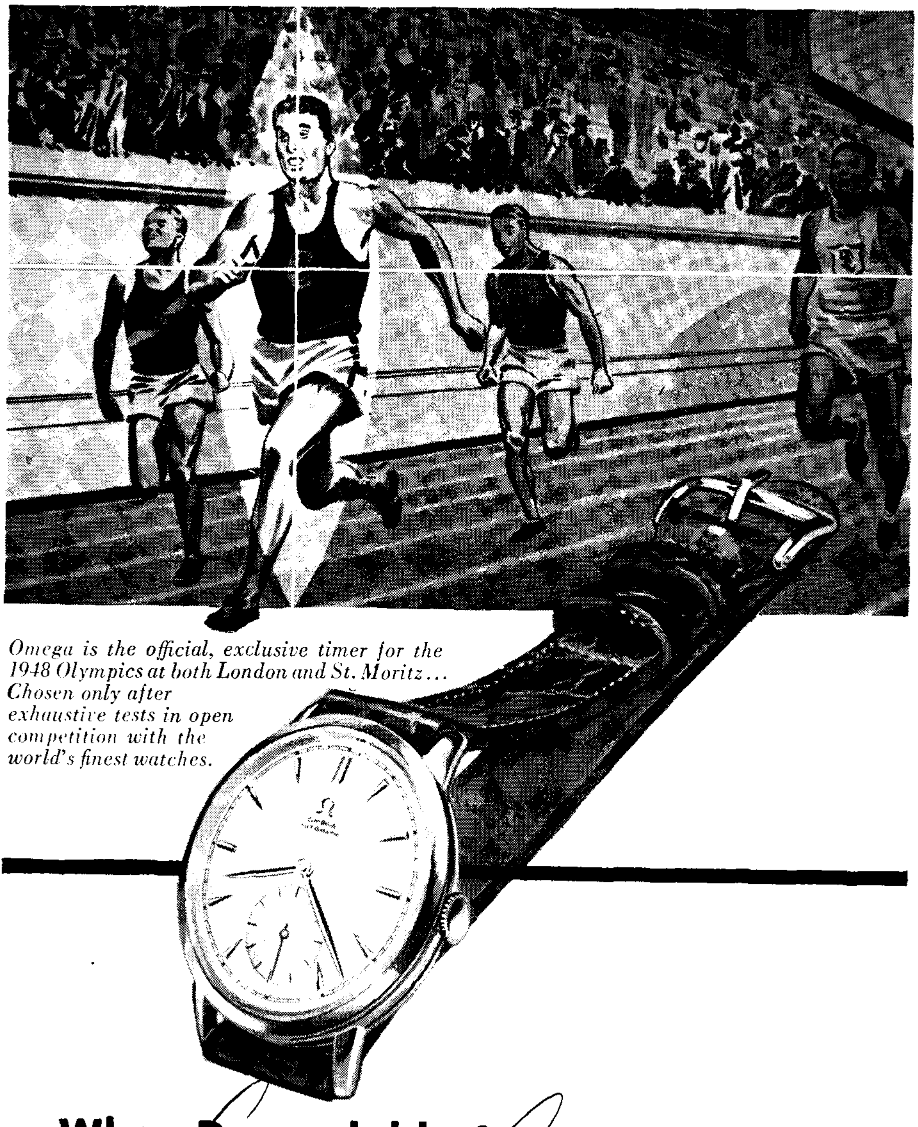
(Don't lose, after this, the tail of the little *concètto* . . .) —*Page 281.*

Well, I seem to catch hold of the tail of something . . . —*Page 297.*

There are *tails* of things that one must, with one's quick expert hand, catch firm hold of the tip of . . . —*Page 299.*

Here truly *is* the tip of a tail to catch . . . —*Page 300.*

Just to seize the tip of the tail of the idea . . . —*Page 336*



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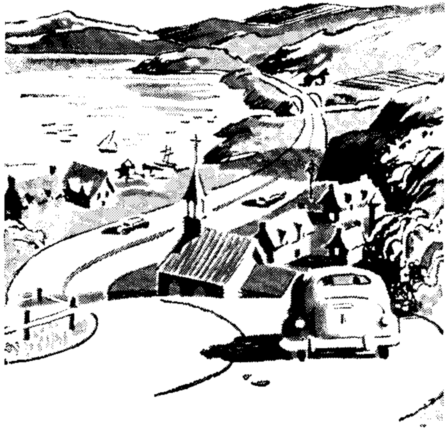

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TEE AND GREEN

High Wind in New Rochelle

IF the 1948 Goodall Round Robin Tournament, which was held last week at the Wykagyl Country Club, in New Rochelle, accomplished nothing else, it may well have established a world's record for the number of broncho-pulmonary ailments contracted on one golf course over a four-day period. On Friday there were unexpected torrents, and on Saturday there were arctic gales. (On the day it rained, I doubt that more than fifty of the five hundred people in attendance were dressed for anything more formidable than a medium dew.) The Goodall, you may remember, is that annual statisticians' festival, devised and presided over by Elmer Ward, in which sixteen outstanding professionals play five rounds each, in foursomes so arranged that sooner or later every contestant plays against all the others. A player receives plus or minus points on the basis of holes won or lost against each of his opponents, and nobody, with the possible exception of the wizards in charge of the scoreboards, can figure out who is ahead until the match is over.

Herman Barron, of Westchester, who came up with the best set of statistics this time, can (and, for all I know, does) attribute his victory to novocain, a knowledge of the course, and steady nerves. He slipped and sprained an ankle during his first round, on Thursday afternoon, and by evening it had become so painful that he couldn't swing without flinching. When he remarked that this misfortune would probably force him to default, a distressed official, realizing that the complex tournament would be thrown out of gear by the collapse of one player, persuaded him that all he needed was a few shots of novocain. The suggestion was a good one: Barron splashed around Friday morning in sixty-nine strokes, the lowest score of the day, and on Saturday he said that his ankle had never felt better. The fact that Barron, who has lived most of his life near Wykagyl, has played the course under all possible conditions did him no harm, either, considering the general awfulness of the weather for three of the rounds. The steadiness of his nerves became evident during the last one, on Sunday afternoon, when a group of self-appointed informants took to dashing

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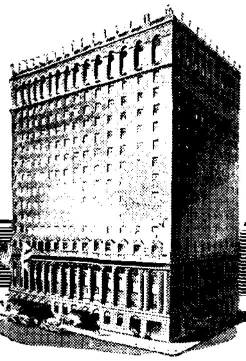

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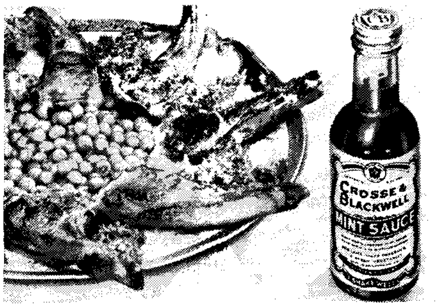

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back and forth between his foursome and one of those up front, in which the South African, Bobby Locke, was playing. Locke, they kept notifying Barron, was burning up the course; Locke was hotter than a pistol; he was eight up, twelve up; he was sixteen up at the end of the first nine. Since this spurt almost put Locke in a tie with Barron, who had been leading the field by a comfortable seventeen points at the start of the round, and since Locke had made much the same kind of finish to win last year's Goodall, these bulletins were scarcely likely to improve Barron's performance. However, Barron, a golfer of notable composure, who won the All-America Tournament in Chicago in 1946 before a rowdy gallery reported at somewhere between thirty and fifty thousand, played as if he found all this gloomy intelligence soothing. He won with five points to spare.

Locke's big opportunity came, and went, on the fourteenth hole of the last round. Behind by only three points, he played a lovely second shot to within perhaps twelve feet of the pin. His opponents—Lloyd Mangrum, Chick Harbert, and Jim Ferrier—all had probable fours. If he could sink the twelve-footer, he would gain three invaluable points. He went at it too boldly, wound up more than a yard beyond the cup, missed coming back, and finished up a five. An informal estimate of the decibels of dismay produced by the gallery after this performance indicates that he may well have lost some of his hearing, too.

To give you an idea of how much the peculiar Goodall variety of match play differs from the competitions that the pros ordinarily engage in, Mangrum, who finished twenty-nine points behind Barron, was only four strokes behind him in the total medal scores.

GOLFERS interested in lowering their scores (there still must be a few of these fellows around) could do a lot worse than to read Ben Hogan's book, "Power Golf," published recently by A. S. Barnes & Co. The chapters on play in bad weather and the selection and use of clubs are unusually good, and there is a section devoted to the psychology of match play that could be read to advantage by experts and duffers alike. —P. W. W., Jr.

•

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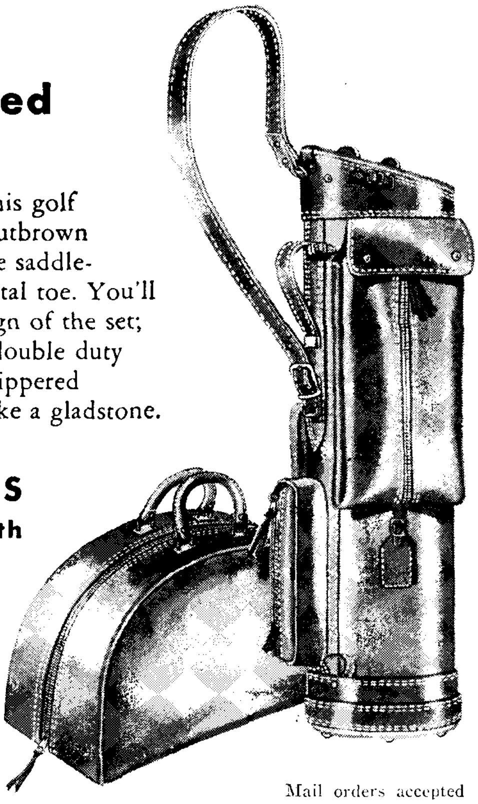

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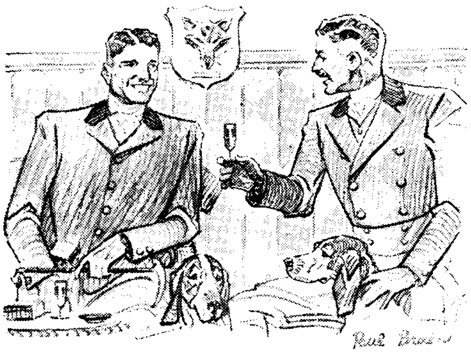

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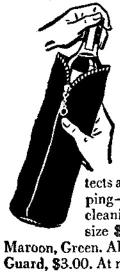

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LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 4

MAYBE because the world feels so insecure anyway, people seem disinclined to risk giving up any safeguards of their everyday security at home, no matter how good and humane the reason. The experimental five-year abolition of the death penalty contained in the Criminal Justice bill just passed by the House of Commons has put the Government in a jam and the public in a twitter. Judging by the talk going around, the majority of Britons are unquestionably in favor of keeping the sentence of death, like a massive bulldog chained in a householder's front yard so that passing shady characters can see it and ponder. The more temperate citizens appear to take the view—as they do of many other social reforms the Labour Government plans to leave as its memorial in English law—that the idea is fine but that the times are not yet ready for the change. In this case, the decision to suspend capital punishment comes at a moment when lawlessness is showing an alarming rise. As a matter of fact, this is one reform that the Government obviously does not wholeheartedly approve, and its supporters in the House put their leaders in an awkward position by not listening to the hints on which way to vote. The situation was not improved by the House of Lords, which, in its preliminary debate on the subject, came out strongly for keeping capital punishment on the books. As the Lords will probably use their veto power to strike out the no-death-penalty clause when it comes to a vote, the Government will soon be in the still more ticklish spot of having to uphold the authority of the Commons against a reversal with which it in part agrees. There is the possibility of a compromise, a splitting of differences that may or may not reassure the public and may or may not encourage recruiting for the police force, which goes about its job unarmed.

AT the moment, it seems very likely that the Government is about to do something in regard to raising the purchase value of ration coupons, particularly in the field of low-priced "utility" clothes, which are of no impor- During the past few weeks, the authorities have been harassed by an onslaught, backed by most of the newspapers, of shopkeepers and wholesale traders who are clamoring that rationing should be eased, or perhaps even done away with. Potatoes were taken off the ration the other day, after howls of distress from growers in Cornwall, who complained that their crops were rotting for lack of buyers. The event caused jubilation in the queues and instantly started people wondering whether the Government could not also liberate bread and eggs if it chose to. The Tories sailed right in with a promise, delivered by Lord Woolton, that if they were returned to power, they would immediately cut out rationing of bread, sweets, and shoes, eliminate the direction of labor, and relax the controls on building. The demands of the clothing and shoe manufacturers, however, are more likely to force action from the Government. Stocks of goods have been piling up on store shelves, where they are eyed longingly by shabby Britons who haven't the coupons to buy them. It is arguable, the experts maintain, whether this surplus is due to a shortage of coupons or to the suddenly far more discriminating mood of the public, which is beginning to price things, wince, and walk away, rather than wince and buy in the exhilaration of finding any goods available. It is only the *nouveaux riches* who have the cash to meet today's mounting prices.

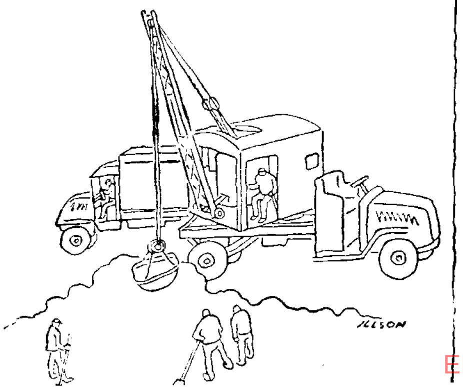
The anticipated increase in the purchasing power of coupons will be especially cheering to men, who may look neat enough on the surface but who would mostly agree with a recent essay by Harold Nicolson in which he sadly described his underwear as having reached "the filigree stage." Housewives would welcome a letup in the rationing of household linen, which has to come out of the family's allotment of clothing coupons. A London club not long ago spread consternation and gloom among its members by passing the hat for coupons to be used on sheets and towels, without which several floors of bedrooms would have had to be closed down.

Meanwhile, London is crowded with foreign visitors who—even if Londoners are holding off—are anxious to buy tweeds, beautiful cashmere sweaters, and Jermyn Street shirts, which, as every shop announces, can be sent to any address abroad without coupons.

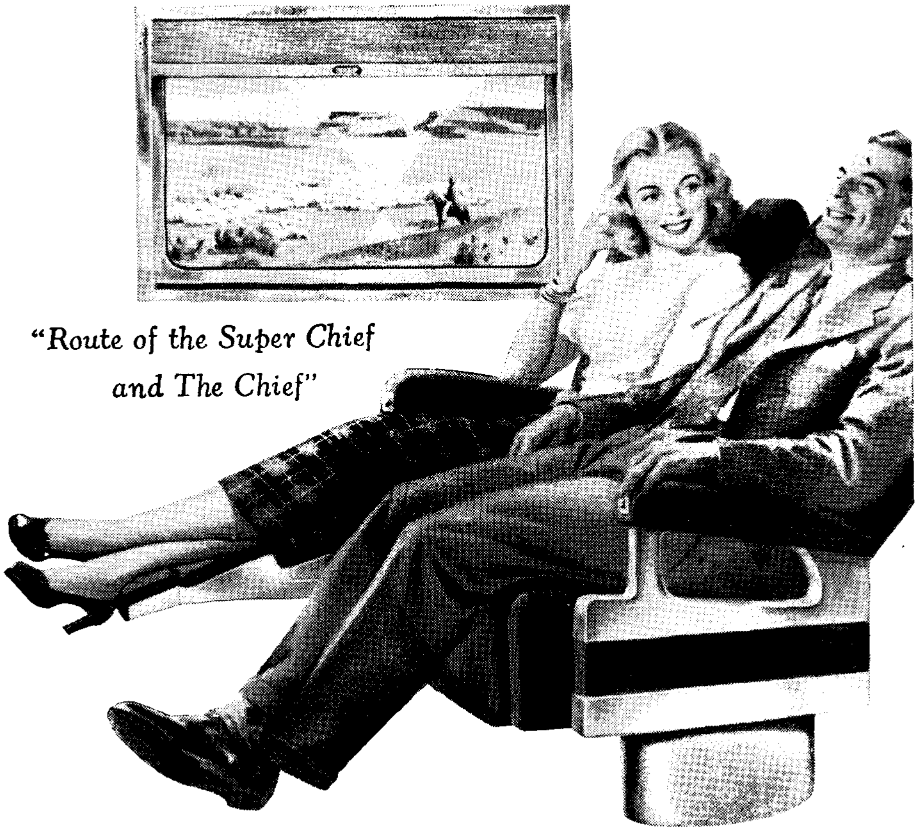
THE recent lovely weather has sent thousands of these foreign visitors, as well as Londoners, down to Kew, where the warm sunshine has caused the normally later blooming of the chestnuts to collide decoratively with lilac time. What used to be called the London season opened last week, as usual, with the private viewing of the Royal Academy show. Two of the most pleasant pictures in an otherwise encompassing desert of spirit, shortage of serious painting, and lack of new talent, were a study of a goldfish pool at his Kent home and another, of a tapestry-hung room in his ancestors' palace of Blenheim, by the Honorary Academician Extraordinary, a title just conferred on Mr. Winston Churchill.

Opera and ballet are drawing big crowds both at Covent Garden, where the main Sadler's Wells company is dancing, headed by the enchanting Margot Fonteyn, and at Sadler's Wells, where the younger company is. Two of the most popular ballets at Covent Garden are "Checkmate" and Massine's "Mam'zelle Angot." In the first, Pamela May, as the formidable Black Queen who murders the Red Knight and finally does in the feeble old Red King, too, dances and mimes like an icy little pocket-edition Fury. The Massine ballet, with First Empire décor and costumes by André Derain, is extremely good fun. Robert Helpmann is appearing only as a guest star in the London company this season, since he is also acting in the current Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, where he plays one of the alternating frock-coated Hamlets (the other is an interesting young actor named Paul Scofield) in the much-discussed Victorian Gothic production by Michael Benthall.

If Helpmann, who created the ballet "Hamlet," should happen to dance the role at Covent Garden later on, there would be quite a choice of Princes of Denmark around, because the Laurence Olivier film "Hamlet" is finally opening at the Odeon this week, with the customary indispensable sendoff of a big first night—this one to be attended by the King and Queen. Olivier is touring



Ah-h-h! what comfort..



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with the Old Vic in Australia and has not yet seen the finished production, which recently had a private showing here. "Hamlet" probably will not have the popular appeal of "Henry V," but artistically it is a triumphant success. As edited by Olivier, who wisely cut, among other things, those monumental bores Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, the film runs for nearly two and a half hours. Roger Furse has designed an ingenious Elsinore that consists of a series of platforms connected by gloomy stone staircases, up and down which the camera constantly conducts one. Occasionally, all this gliding around the castle may make the audience feel that it has dropped in to visit Claudius on roller skates. Hamlet's chase of the ghost up these dizzy steps, among swirling sea mists, has, however, a lot of eeriness and excitement. The soliloquies are spoken effectively and naturally, and are presented as the voice of Hamlet's tortured thoughts while Hamlet himself sits silent. Olivier, in the classic sable velvet and with his hair bleached to startling Scandinavian blondness, looks handsome and speaks superbly. In a cast studded with well-known British stage names, even among the bit parts, Claudius and Gertrude are outstandingly performed by Basil Sydney and Eileen Herlie, the latter a beautiful actress who made a sensation a year ago in Cocteau's "The Eagle Has Two Heads." Jean Simmons, the little Estella of "Great Expectations," gives a quaint freshness to Ophelia, who is finally shown floating among the river weeds as in the Millais painting. All in all, it's a magnificent job. There is now nothing much left to do with "Hamlet" except to sing it.—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

. . . I [Dr. Watson] even took a pencil and jotted them down. I could not help smiling at the document when I had completed it. It ran in this way:

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1. Knowledge of Literature—Nil.

—*"A Study in Scarlet," by A. Conan Doyle.*

" '*Wir sind gewohnt dass die Menschen verhöhnen was sie nicht verstehen.*'

"Goethe is always pithy."—*Holmes in "The Sign of Four."*

. . . " 'L'homme c'est rien—l'œuvre c'est tout,' as Gustave Flaubert wrote to George Sand."—*Holmes in "The Red-headed League."*

. . . "You may remember the old Persian saying, 'There is danger for him who taketh the tiger cub, and danger also for whoso snatches a delusion from a woman.' There is as much sense in Hafiz as in Horace, and as much knowledge of the world."—*Holmes in "A Case of Identity."*

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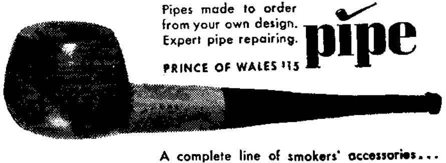

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Back to Longfellow

THE Columbia Theater Associates and the Columbia University Department of Music, which have the commendable habit of presenting either a new opera or an unusual revival at this time of the year, last week staged the première of "Evangeline," an interesting three-act work by Otto Luening, at Brander Matthews Hall, on West 117th Street. This opera, the first written by Mr. Luening, a composer and teacher who has for a long time directed the Morningside productions, contains some good music, especially in its choral passages, but it doesn't quite come off as a stage piece. Longfellow's poem about the Acadians who were dispersed when the British took over the French colony at Grand Pré does, to be sure, offer certain ready advantages to a composer. It provides excellent opportunities, which Mr. Luening has made the most of, for local color and for folk songs and dances as Evangeline journeys from Acadia to Louisiana and beyond in search of Gabriel. On the other hand, the story is deficient in the sort of personal action and reaction that help generate drama. Mr. Luening, who is his own librettist, has made a number of changes in the Longfellow legend for the sake of historical accuracy but none, apparently, for the sake of a more theatrical plot. He wisely abandoned Longfellow's hexameters in favor of lines that permit greater variety in the musical structure, and it seems to me, in spite of my usual doubts about pushing a classic around, that he might, while he was at it, have built up the story. The music lacks consistent impact, largely because of the opera's dramatic weakness, but the solos and choruses are melodious and easy to sing, and the orchestral scoring is well done. In concert form, perhaps with a narrator supplying connective excerpts from Longfellow, much of this "Evangeline" might become popular with choral organizations.

The performance, which was directed by Mr. Luening, was marked by able choral singing and by smooth teamwork, except that now and then the instruments overpowered a solo-

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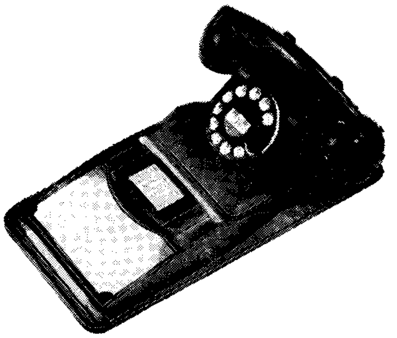

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ist. Teresa Stich, who sang the role of Evangeline, exhibited a dramatic-soprano voice of unusual possibilities, and her colleagues were, for the most part, efficient. Nona Schurman's staging was well planned, and Karl Bruder's handsome settings were so designed that they could be shifted without causing long unscheduled intermissions. The lighting, by Gretchen Burkhalter, was another valuable element.

Igor Stravinsky, whose works, as I've observed a couple of times before, are in high favor on local bills this season, was represented at Times Hall last week by a concert suite from his "L'Histoire du Soldat," which concluded a long program of music for instrumental combinations by the Wolff Chamber Players. Ordinarily, "L'Histoire," a tale of a soldier's difficulties with the Devil, is put on by a small cast as well as an orchestral ensemble. The suite that was presented by the Wolff group consisted of almost the whole score, and, considering the fact that some passages require stage business or verbal explanation to come across fully, the music was enormously impressive. It was played brilliantly, under the direction of Robert Craft, who was guest conductor. The most notable instrumental contributions were made by the percussionist, Alfred Howard, who handled an arrangement of drums, cymbals, a tambourine, and a triangle that might have dismayed even a jazz drummer, and by the violinist, Isadore Cohen. Before attacking "L'Histoire," the Players set forth a variety of chamber music, ranging from a seventeenth-century trio to agreeable modern items by Marion Bauer and Hugo Kauder.

—Robert A. Simon

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[*From a letter received from the New York Council of the Pioneer Women's Organization*]

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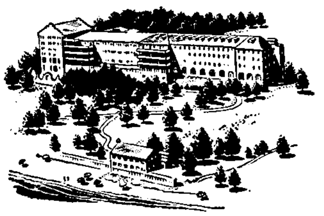

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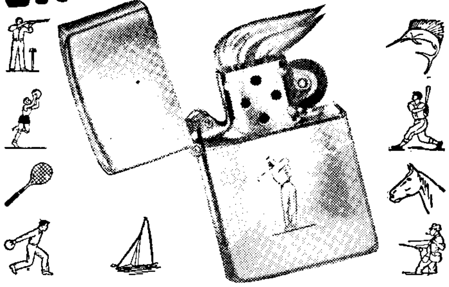

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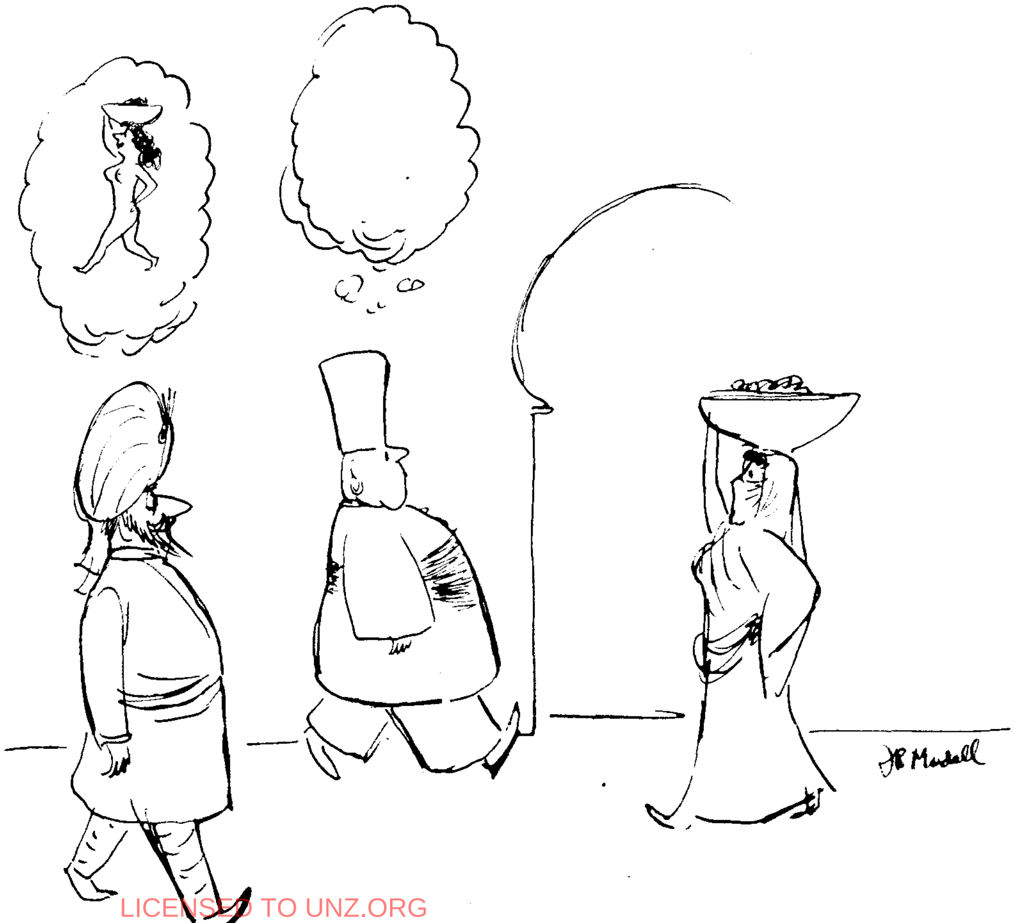
BOOKS

Pacific Battle, Good and Big

“The Naked and the Dead,” by Norman Mailer (Rinehart), is an impressive and in many ways a highly satisfactory novel about combat in the second World War, but it shares the tendency of most current novels toward undersimplification. It is too long and it is too complicated. “War and Peace” is long and complicated, but not too much so; the Tolstoy book has the quality of simplicity if you throw out its philosophical afterpiece, as many readers are happy to do. I want to add that I do not much blame Mr. Mailer for the faults I’ve mentioned. It seems to be almost impossible for a novelist today to deal with any broad theme through the medium of clear-cut individual characters. He must use mass experience, streams of types, which is not character-drawing in the old sense. He must frequently resort to words like “pattern,” “complex” (the noun), and “connotation.” It may well be that the present world, at war or halfway at peace, cannot as yet be broken down into terms more precise than these. The very fact that writers speak of our world “connotatively” means that they have no exact idea of what it connotes and probably would be more comfortable if they didn’t care about finding out. Mr. Mailer cares. He is a serious and ambitious writer, a tryer and a doer. His prose, therefore, abounds in “complexes,” “patterns,” and especially “connotations.” It is studded with flashbacks, the flashback being, as you know, the most popular modern technique for injecting quick doses of character into a mass-experience theme. However, “The Naked and the Dead” does represent one new step in today’s postwar fiction. Treating the war broadly, it tries at the same time to organize it, to fit it into the plotted form of the war books of Tolstoy and Hemingway. When I spoke of “War and Peace,” it was not to belittle Mr. Mailer’s novel gratuitously. “The Naked and the Dead” is closer to Tolstoy in its sharp colors and orderly plotting than it is to Crane and Remarque, whose war stories are, by design, formless and impressionistic and have influenced modern battle-writing more deeply than anyone else’s. I think it’s beside the point that Crane himself was influenced by “War and Peace.” He was influenced by one segment of it, not by its whole structure, as Mr. Mailer has been.

In “The Naked and the Dead,” an American Army division invades the Pacific island of Anopopei, held by the Japanese under a General Toyaku. The time, presumably, is 1944, not long before the second Philippine campaign. When the book ends, the Japanese force has been destroyed and the island secured. Mr. Mailer devotes most of his attention to the members of one undersized platoon of the invading division (the Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon of the Headquarters Company of the 460th Infantry Regiment) and to the relations of certain divisional officers with the platoon and with each other. The action of the story is divided into three main parts, three dramatic stories: the landing on the island, a Japanese counterattack in the jungle by night, and a daring patrol by the I. and R. Platoon behind the enemy lines. The patrol ends abortively after the campaign has already been won—won by a seriocomic accident that fills the American commander, Major General Cummings, with distaste but does not disturb his poise. The spaces between the story’s main episodes are larded with the philosophy of Cummings; his duel of mind and will with his aide, a second lieutenant; and the casual adventures and miseries of the enlisted men. There are ten flashbacks in the course of the novel, each sketching the past life of one of the leading characters. There are five “choruses,” or isolated patches of Army conversation on familiar Army topics. The manner of interpolating these flashbacks and choruses seemed to me a trifle pretentious and overstylized; each flashback passage, for instance, is titled “The Time Machine.” Also, there are moments when Mr. Mailer’s writing is pointlessly lush: “A little more suppurated with the caries of the street,” he says, and “They functioned in the busy complex mangle, the choked vacuum of American life.” He employs the word “fetor” at least twice and overworks the term “bivouac” for camp or command post. (To the best of my knowledge, “bivouac” was not often used at any Army level and especially not at the lower ones.) But “The Naked and the Dead” has a fine, exciting sweep



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in its narrative passages. It is surprisingly well informed about every aspect, mental and physical, of the combat action it treats of. Its dialogue is true and straightforward. At times, in spite of the unwieldy size of the cast, its types become real characters.

One difference any steady buyer of war fiction will immediately note between Mr. Mailer's novel and its contemporaries, excepting "Mister Roberts," is that it considers the thoughts and reactions of officers as well as those of enlisted men. The effect of this dual observation in "The Naked and the Dead" is one that will be repugnant to some readers, for intellect is confined to the officers—to a few officers—and the men are almost uniformly animal. It's true, as the author takes pains to point out, that the Army way of life tends strongly to produce such a condition. Then, too, if the startling contrast between Mr. Mailer's officers and his men is deliberate, it may be an attempt to show the damage that earlier poverty and lack of privilege have done; there is a development of this idea in the flashbacks. But the men of the I. and R. Platoon appear to me to run to an unusually low average of brains and talent. As for General Cummings, the book's evil genius, he is a stimulating but not wholly plausible fellow. It is no secret that Fascism exists in the upper ranks of the American Army, not only in an unthinking, imitative, responsive form, as with Lieutenant Colonel Conn in "The Naked and the Dead," but rationally, intellectually, as with Cummings. Still, the General is less alive than I think Mr. Mailer meant him to be. The author tries to explain Cummings' state of mind, his cynical view of war and of our war aims, by Freudian devices—he had a weak, dishonest mother, he himself is narcissistic, a borderline homosexual. Mr. Mailer obviously considers him real and dangerous, but at the end the General enjoys less prestige than that with the reader. There is a funny climax, when Major Dalleson, a bumbling staff man, suddenly conquers the Japs in one day, through incompetence and stagefright, while Cummings is absent from the front completing his cerebral plans for victory. The result is to destroy the reader's respect for the General, rather than just to point up a military irony. I doubt that Mr. Mailer intended this, for all along he displays the highest regard for the General's brains and abilities, if not for his social code.

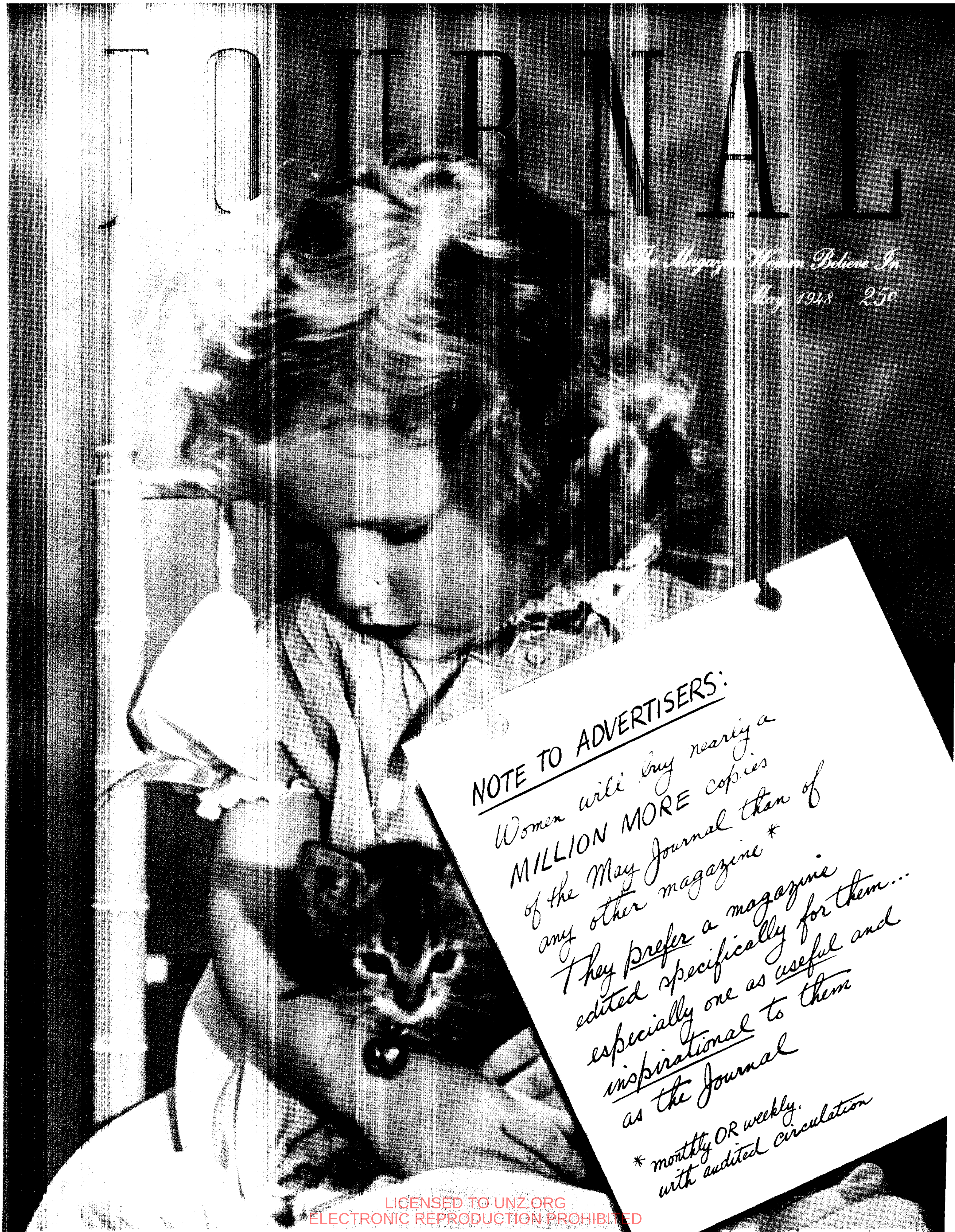
It is a matter of record, set down twice on the jacket of "The Naked and the Dead," that the author is twenty-five years old. I don't think that that is a fact of much significance, unless it means that Mr. Mailer's next novel will be a bit less ornate than his first one, that at twenty-seven or twenty-eight he will be too tired to write seven hundred and twenty-one pages at one clip. His age has no bearing that I can see on the fact that he is a man of wisdom and perception, who tells a good story powerfully and well.

—JOHN LARDNER

VERSE

A NEW poetic style, based on the practices of good poets, both experimental and conservative, has been developing in the last twenty years, and it has been commented on from time to time in this department. The style, made up of the turns and cadences, the technical approaches to their material, of the period's favored poets—poets as different as Mallarmé and Hardy, Rimbaud and Yeats, Hopkins, Eliot, and Stevens—is, at its best, commodious, complex, and yet flexible. It permits a Rilkean tendency toward the large, lovely abstraction as well as occasional flights of Surrealist dissociation, and it is shot through with Auden's acerbity. It is a style that the young poet, if he is an assiduous student of his immediate elders, can easily absorb. It is taught in those seminars to which the young become rather dangerously addicted. When used upon a real theme by a real talent, it can produce poetic effects undreamed of by the Victorians. When used as a sort of cosmetic coating to disguise mediocre or apprentice work, its synthetic side becomes at once apparent. It shows up with particular harshness when a poet who lacks temperament and theme turns it on and off at will.

Randall Jarrell, in his new book of verse, "Losses" (Harcourt, Brace), lacks neither theme nor temperament. He is learned and intelligent, and he operates well outside the shadow of the artificiality that we might call Middle Twentieth Century Anglo-American Poetics. He has already written brilliantly about his war experiences. In the poems about soldiers and children in "Losses," he sets down his emotional responses and his reactions to reality in a language and a tone that are simple, direct, and moving. He writes somewhat less well of adults trapped by circumstances or neuroses, but it is only when he takes a subject from legend or when he goes in for a sort of topical reference that the new style begins to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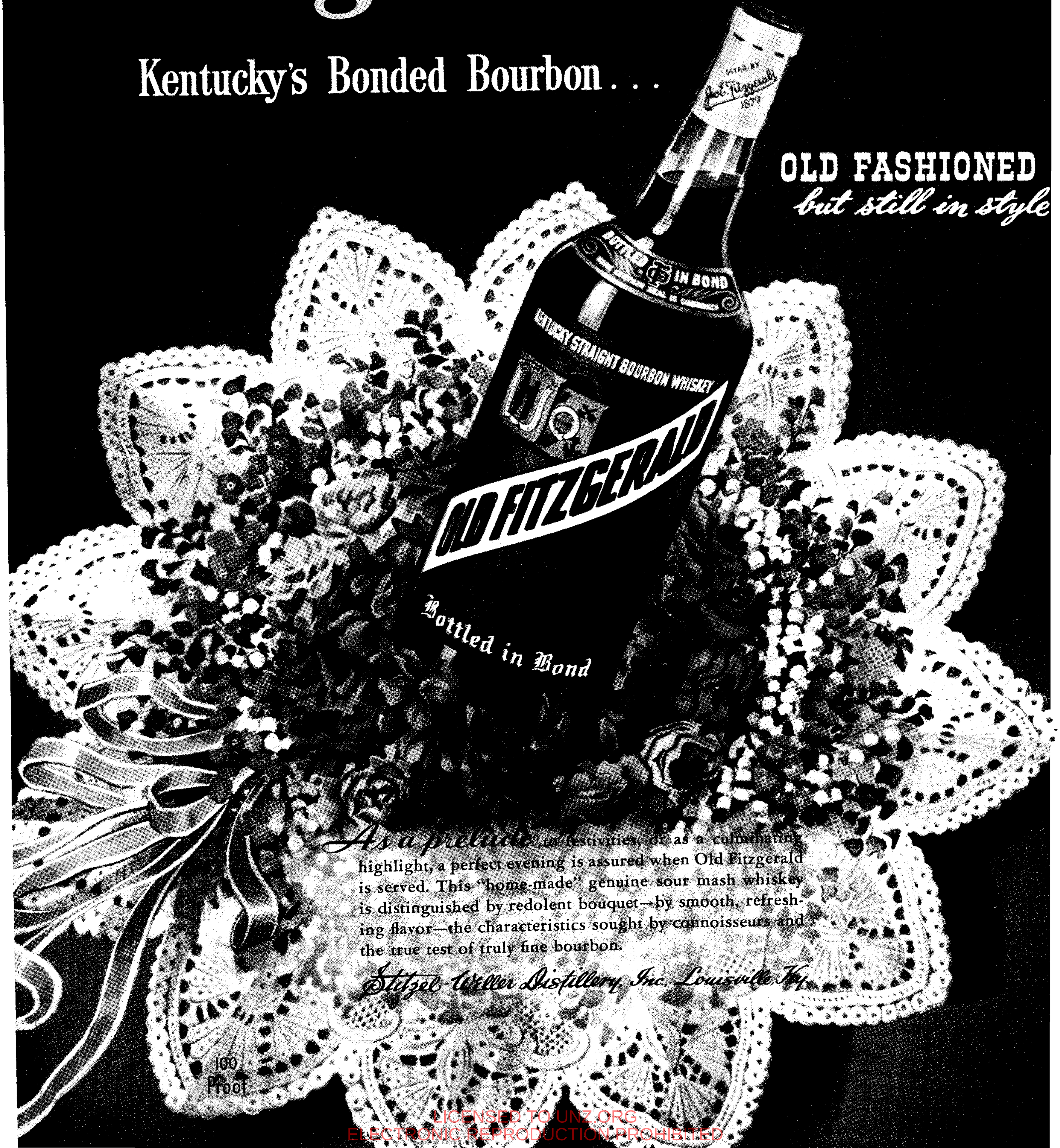
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obscure sense and sensibility. Images and concepts, and words themselves, crowd and stifle one another. Even the rules of English prosody are sometimes obscured. (It is not a good idea to finish off lines of verse with adverbs ending in "ly," for example.) Jarrell's war material is running out, and he is clearly looking for new themes. This search, unfortunately, often betrays him into mere anecdotage and into the easy references to the disasters of modern times that are so empty when mouthed by those who have not undergone them.

Theodore Roethke's "The Lost Son" (Doubleday) gains a good deal of coherence by sticking to a few absolutely personal themes. In the long poem that gives the book its title, he plunges into his subconscious as into a pond, and brings up all sorts of clammy and amorphous material. He often frames it in the language of the adage, the proverb, the incantation, and the nonsense rhyme. He is made, that is to say, almost inarticulate by the fears and pressures in which he has submerged himself. Where Jarrell frequently only describes, Roethke relives. "The Lost Son" is written with complete conscious control. The effects have been manipulated, as all art is manipulated, but the method aids in the understanding of the material instead of befogging it. Throughout, true emotion gives the chosen style coloration and shape. The pattern of "The Lost Son" is ancient and satisfying as well—the pattern of light-found-after-darkness. The poet rises, at the end, to the surface of his obsessive dream to see the world in the light of day. This exploration of primordial experience is surely more effective than the putting down of detached items on the "state of the world." Roethke's complete documentation of his childhood and of his father's florist trade also proves fruitful in emotional reference. And he never pads poems out to conventional size or shape.

Jarrell and Roethke should be read together. Few seasons bring us works in which the virtues and faults of our enlightened younger poetic generation appear in such sharp relief. Roethke is full of virtues that are instinctive, or that can be acquired only with great difficulty. Jarrell also displays innate talent, but he is occasionally full of brilliant tricks that can be learned all too easily. Even in the new style, it is the temperament of the individual that counts. Young talents should not be pushed by the snobberies of the academic and the "intellectual" worlds into deal-

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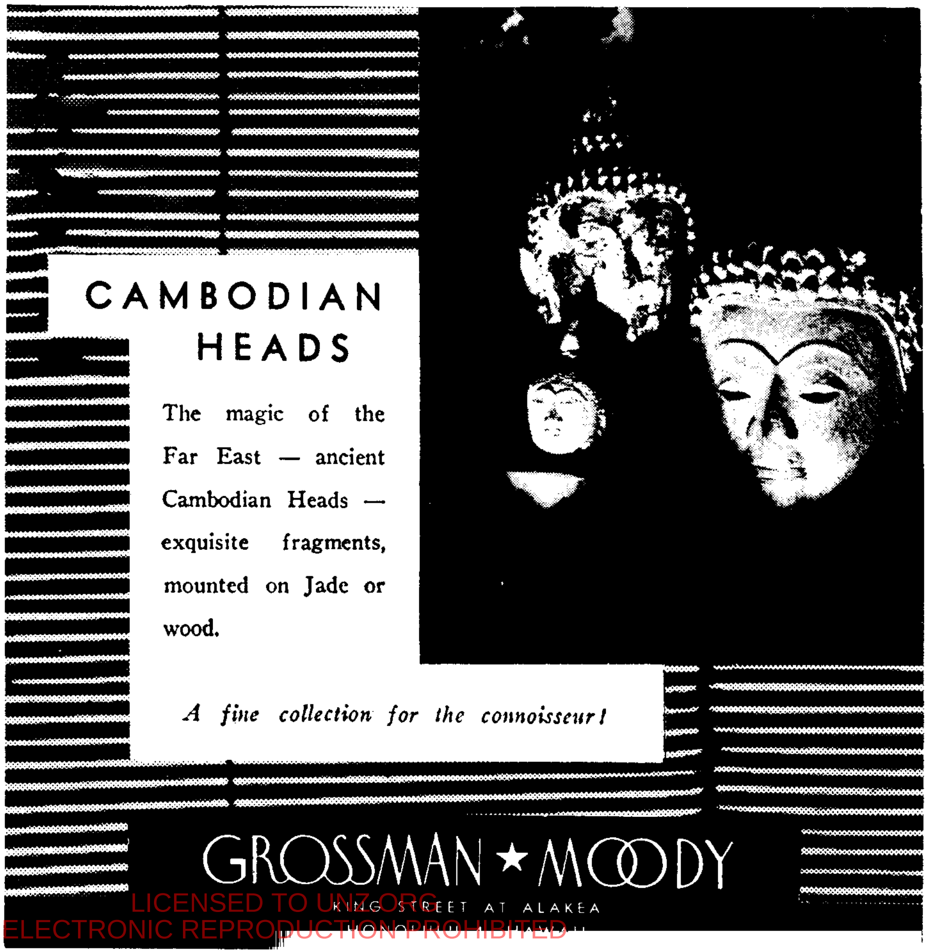
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ing with subjects that involve them only partially, or into too much adherence to too many poetic texts, no matter how admirable those texts, by themselves or in combination, may be.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PEONY, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day). China as Mrs. Buck presumes it was a hundred years ago—picturesque, serene, and tantalizingly enigmatic. The principal figure of this evocation is a young maidservant who falls in love with her employer's son. The son returns her ardor with comparable intensity, but their plans for marriage shatter against the bland, unyielding wall of social custom. To circumvent the barrier, the hero marries a girl of his own class and installs the woman he really wants as his housekeeper, a position she holds until they both find the arrangement morally disquieting and she departs for a nunnery. Not a very stirring love story, but quite interesting for a number of secondary reasons, such as the implication that the hero, a Jew who has lost touch with his cultural origins, represents the strain of Judaism that has been absorbed into the mainstream of Chinese culture.

SPINDRIFT, by Jesse L. Lasky, Jr. (Prentice-Hall). Anecdotal scrapings from the recent war, kneaded into an unleavened novel about the exploits of an Army photographer. He never takes any pictures, but he is unsparing of himself socially, spending his time, which is divided into sojourns of approximately equal duration in Sydney, San Francisco, and New York, in the resolute pursuit of quality whiskey and extramarital romance. The end of the war finds him tolerably sober and reunited with his wife, who was temporarily estranged by his conduct.

THE SHROUDED WOMAN, by María-Luisa Bombal (Farrar, Straus). The life story of a beautiful Latin-American woman, narrated by the subject as she lies in her coffin surrounded by mourning relatives and friends. At the conclusion of an exhaustive audit of her mortal journey, which discloses a balance of unhappiness, most of it chargeable to her husband's congenital infidelity, she avers, just before slipping off into the trackless cosmos, that she wouldn't go through it all again for anything. Commendable for spurts of good descriptive writing dealing with the atmosphere of hacienda life and the splendors of Latin-American vegetation, but only moderately successful as an account of grand passion and suffering.

THE LIVING IS EASY, by Dorothy West (Houghton Mifflin). A novel about a young Negro woman who is determined to escape from a life of legalized bondage in the South. She moves from South Carolina to Boston, marries an ambitious Negro businessman there, and lays plans for an assault on the gathering places of the city's most recherché Negro society. The attack, though depleting and frequently humiliating, is successful, but only briefly, because her husband fails in business. Mainly notable for its descriptions of internecine warfare among the Negroes, particularly over the question of how best to improve their position in an unfriendly society—whether to fight the race question out or to concentrate on a line of innocuous behavior calculated to charm concessions from the white man.

GENERAL

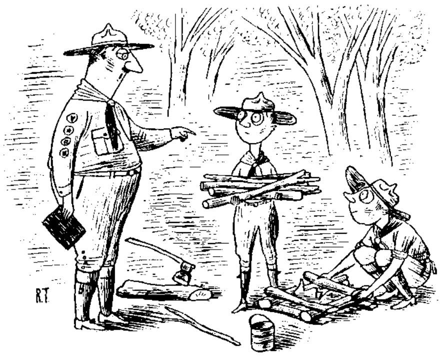
THIS WAS NORMALCY, by Karl Schriftgiesser (Little, Brown). A history of the Republican era that began in 1920, with the nomination of Harding, and ended in 1932, with the defeat of Herbert Hoover. Mr. Schriftgiesser does not take a detached attitude toward his subject; on almost every page he sets forth his indignation at the hypocrisy, conniving, complacent stupidity, and solemn clowning that his researches have convinced him were the salient characteristics of the three administrations of the period. He is, however, a meticulous fact-gatherer, and in this book he has certainly gathered an awful lot of facts.

PAUL ROSENFELD: VOYAGER IN THE ARTS, edited by Jerome Mellquist and Lucie Wiese (Creative Age). A composite portrait of the critic, written by the many novelists, composers, poets, and artists whose work he criticized at various times. The fifty-odd pieces, most of them by people who knew Rosenfeld personally as well as professionally, constitute an unusual biography of a dedicated, uncompromising man, who, his friends claim, wore himself and his resources out in attempting to foster an American culture and who was rewarded in the end by being politely pushed aside. Among the contributors are Edmund Wilson, Malcolm Cowley, Aaron Copland, and E. E. Cummings.

I'LL NEVER GO BACK, by Mikhail Koriakov (Dutton). The autobiography of a young Russian, a former Red Air Force captain and military correspondent, who, when captured by the Germans a few days before their surrender, decided to break away from the U.S.S.R. for good. The book is often naïve, but it contains some strong and convincing indictments of Soviet practices. There are, for example, his eyewitness report on the behavior of Red troops in Germany after the breakthrough and a first-hand account of the activities of the N.K.V.D. in Paris after the war, when Russian agents for a while enjoyed almost extraterritorial license to hunt down and deport or kill displaced persons and "non-repatriate" Soviet citizens.

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE PENDERGAST MACHINE, by Maurice M. Milligan (Scribner). The author, appointed a U. S. District Attorney for the Western District of Missouri by President Roosevelt in 1934, tells the story of his prosecution of the Kansas City vote frauds of 1936, which led to the liquidation of the Pendergast machine and to the jailing of the boss. In the course of this sordid but lively tale, he makes many pointed references to the ambiguous role of Harry S. Truman in the Missouri politics of that time and maintains that a revitalized Pendergast machine, under the leadership of the old man's nephew, a close and publicly acknowledged friend of the President's, is in the ascendant. Mr. Milligan has been a bitter political opponent of Mr. Truman (he was once defeated by him for the office of U. S. Senator), but he disavows any vengeful motive for writing the book.

THE ENEMY AT THE GATE, by Major Reginald Hargreaves (Military Service). Twelve famous sieges, starting with the siege of Rome by Alaric the



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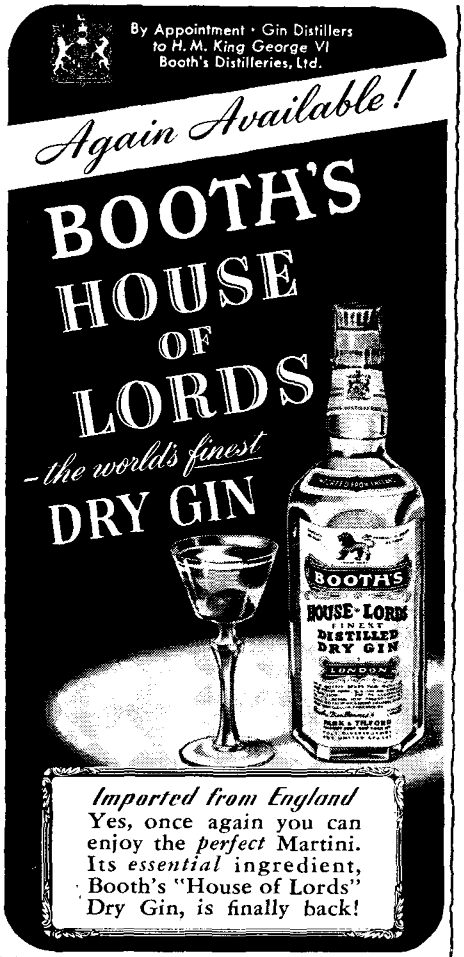
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THE BEST OF CLARENCE DAY (Knopf). Close to half of Mr. Day's total output, including "God and My Father," "Life with Father," and "Life with Mother," plus his long essay on man's wobbly trajectory toward the good society, called "This Simian World." There are also a few pages of jingles, embellished with drawings by the author, from the collection "Thoughts Without Words."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SIN OF ANGELS, by Anna Mary Wells (Simon & Schuster). An English actress who has decided to play a revival of Boucicault's "The Octoroon" in New York finds herself the central figure in a series of troubles. On opening night, she is paralyzed with stagefright, on the second night she finds a corpse in her dressing room, and from then on things get so tangled up that it takes a psychiatrist, a newspaper feature writer, and the police to sort them out. Not very plausible, but smoothly presented.

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